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ON A BUST OF GENERAL GRANT.

By James Russell Lowell.

STRONG, simple, silent are the [steadfast] laws
That sway this universe, of none withstood,
Unconscious of man's outcries or applause,
Or what man deems his evil or his good;
And when the Fates ally them with a cause
That wallows in the sea-trough and seems lost,
Drifting in danger of the reefs and sands
Of shallow counsels, this way, that way, tost,
Strength, silence, simpleness, of these three strands
They twist the cable shall the world hold fast
To where its anchors clutch the bed-rock of the Past.

Strong, simple, silent, therefore such was he
Who helped us in our need; the eternal law
That who can saddle Opportunity
Is God's elect, though many a mortal flaw
May minish him in eyes that closely see,
Was verified in him: what need we say
Of one who made success where others failed,
Who, with no light save that of common day,
Struck hard, and still struck on till Fortune quailed,
But that (so sift the Norns) a desperate van
Ne'er fell at last to one who was not wholly man.

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A face all prose where Time's [benignant] haze
Softens no raw edge yet, nor makes all fair
With the beguiling light of vanished days;
This is relentless granite, bleak and bare,
Roughhewn and scornful of æsthetic phrase;
Nothing is here for fancy, naught for dreams,
The Present's hard, uncompromising light
Accents all vulgar outlines, flaws, and seams,
Yet vindicates some pristine natural right
O'ertopping that hereditary grace
Which marks the gain or loss of some time-fondled race.

So Marius looked, methinks, and Cromwell so,
Not in the purple born, to those they led
Nearer for that and costlier to the foe,
Newmoulders of old forms, by nature bred
The exhaustless life of manhood's seeds to show,
Let but the ploughshare of portentous times
Strike deep enough to reach them where they lie:
Despair and danger are their fostering climes,
And their best sun bursts from a stormy sky:
He was our man of men, nor would abate
The utmost due manhood could claim of fate.

Nothing ideal, a plain-people's man
At the first glance, a more deliberate ken
Finds type primeval theirs in whose veins ran
Such blood as quelled the dragon in his den,
Made harmless fields and better worlds began:
He came grim-silent, saw and did the deed
That was to do; in his master-grip
Our sword flashed joy; no skill of words could breed
Such sure conviction as that close-clamped lip;
He slew our dragon, nor, so seemed it, knew
He had done more than any simplest man might do.

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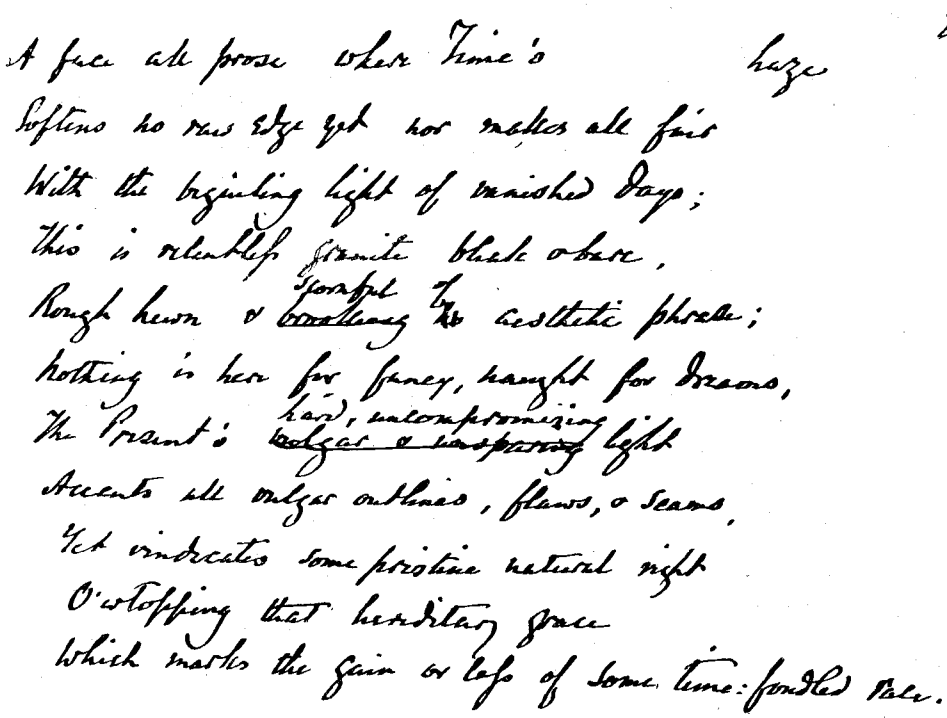
Yet did this man, war-tempered, stern as steel
Where steel opposed, prove soft in civil sway;
The hand hilt-hardened had lost tact to feel
The world's base coin, and glozing knaves made prey
Of him and of the entrusted Commonweal;
So Truth insists and will not be denied.
We turn our eyes away, and so will Fame,
As if in his last battle he had died
Victor for us and spotless of all blame,
Doer of hopeless tasks which praters shirk,
One of those still plain men that do the world's rough work.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A face all prose when Time's haze
Softens its rugs & yet not makes all fair
With the beguiling light of vanished Days;
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NOTE.—This poem is the last, so far as is known, written by Mr. Lowell. He laid it aside for revision, leaving two of the verses incomplete.

In a pencilled fragment of the poem the first verse appears as follows:

"Strong, simple, silent, such are Nature's Laws."

In the final copy, from which the poem is now printed, the verse originally stood:

"Strong, steadfast, silent are the laws,"

but "steadfast" was crossed out, and "simple" set in its place.

A similar change is made in the ninth verse of the stanza, where "simpleness" is substituted for "steadfastness."

The change from "steadfast" to "simple" was not made, probably through oversight, in the first verse of the second stanza.

There is nothing to indicate what epithet Mr. Lowell would have chosen to complete the first verse of the third stanza.

C. E. NORTON.

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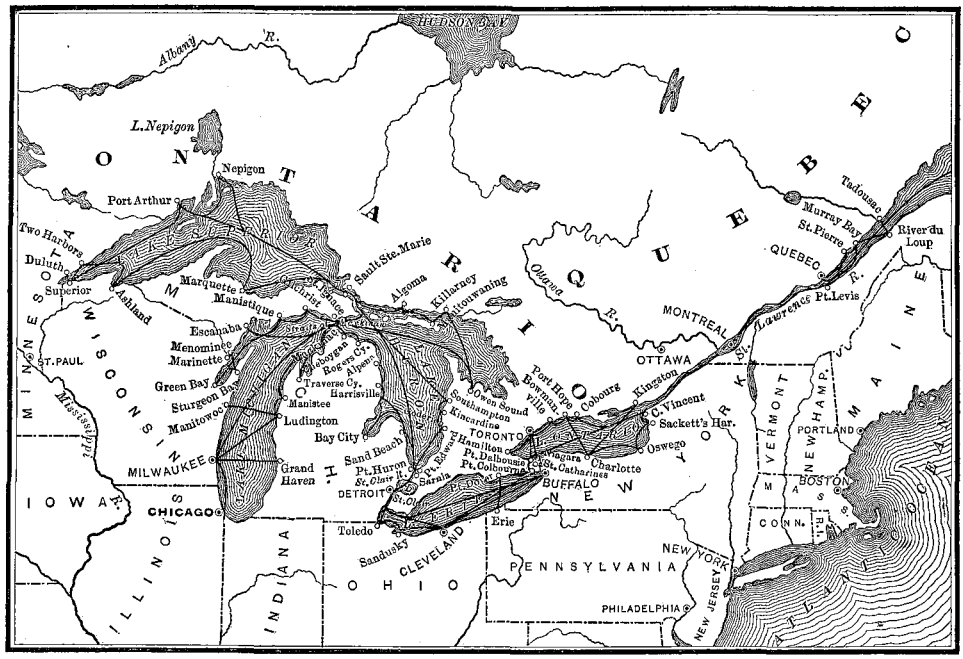

THE WATER-ROUTE FROM CHICAGO TO THE OCEAN.

By Charles C. Rogers, U. S. N.

IF a thread be stretched upon a globe from any point in the English Channel to Toledo, on Lake Erie, it will be found that the deviation of the St. Lawrence from it does not exceed thirty miles, this straight line connecting the greatest food-consuming country in Europe with the greatest food-producing country in America. The distance from Chicago to Liverpool by this river is 4,500 miles, one-half of which is covered by the great inland route through the Lakes to the Straits of Belle Isle. This line of communication comprises four of the great lakes, with the connections between them and the St. Lawrence River, about seventy miles of which are obstructed by obstacles in the channel.

With respect to the Atlantic, these waters are closed by ice from the 25th of November to the 25th of April; the irregularity of the tides and currents, the severity of the climate, and the frequent fogs, are also difficulties which call for vigilance and ability in navigating the gulf and river of St. Lawrence. Upon the lakes the conditions are milder, and the ice season shorter by, perhaps, one month; for, while the tourist there is often reminded in summer of the equator and in winter of the poles, yet the thermometers show that the warmer means are not excessively high nor the colder ones unbearably low.

Chicago is more than 1,200 miles inland from Montreal, the nearest seaport of the St. Lawrence. As if to accentuate its commanding position as the head of the greatest internal water-route in the world, and as the depot and distributing point for the products of the great Northwest, it has an elevation of 578 feet above the Atlantic terminus. Its shipping is second only to that of New York; from it the cereals of the Northwestern States are transported

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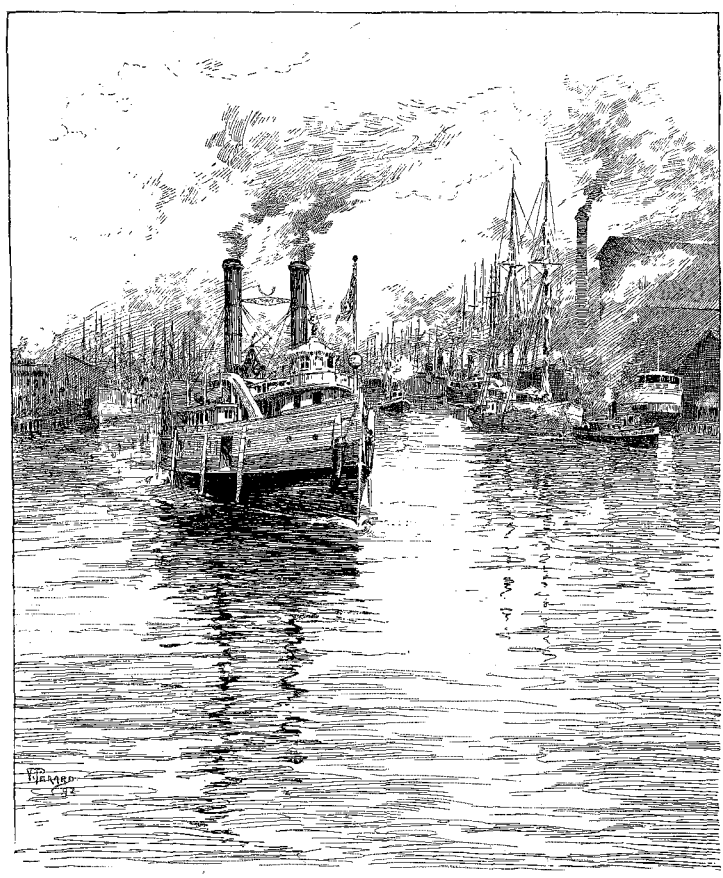
through Lakes Huron and Erie to Buffalo, whence they are forwarded to New York by rail or by the Erie Canal; grain intended for Montreal may be carried over the lakes and down the St. Lawrence without once breaking bulk; and it is contemplated even to run steamers direct to England.

Some idea of its lake traffic may be formed from the statement that the aggregate entrances and clearances in 1890, for the great lakes, numbered 88,280, of which 21,054, measuring 10,288,688 tons, were at that port. The corresponding aggregate for New York is 15,283, and for the entire seaboard of the United States, 37,756. The tonnage has nearly doubled itself in the last ten years; and it is possible to conceive of a like increase by 1900, for 54,411 miles of railway terminate here, and in a year move 43,000,000 tons of freight. Besides, in the central Northern, and the Northwestern States, the total freight moved is 196,000,000 tons, a fair proportion of which goes to Europe.

Each year shows a steady increase in the trade of Chicago, which not only maintains its standing as the centre of manufacture and distribution in the West, but promises in time to acquire that position with regard to the entire United States. The situation of the city, its facilities as the centre of the greatest railway system in the world, stretching westward into fertile and immense grain fields, bringing to its storehouses their almost inexhaustible products, and supplemented by great waterways feeding both domestic and



The Chicago River, near Rush Street Bridge.

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foreign markets; combined with its proximity to supplies required by manufacturing establishments, are remarkable advantages for trade and commerce, which account for a growth almost without parallel, and assure a still greater activity and wealth.

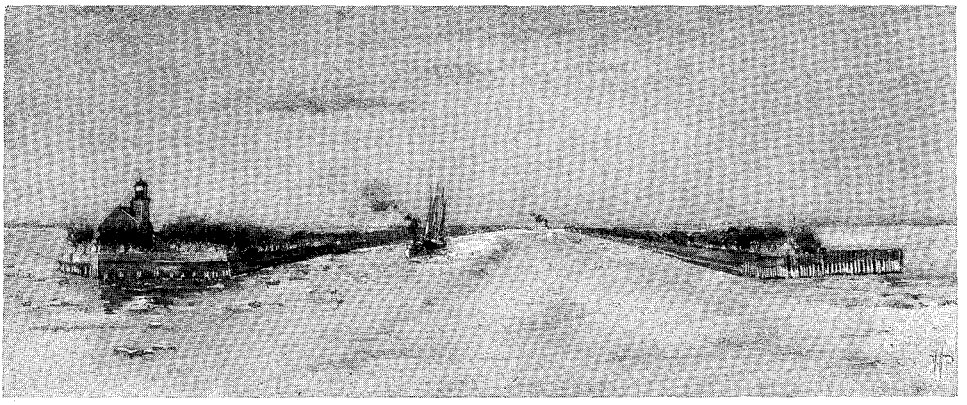
Its total trade for 1890 is estimated at $1,442,500,000. The wholesale trade is stated at $462,500,000; but it is as a manufacturing city, especially in iron and steel, that Chicago shows the greatest advance. There are now six rolling mills, twenty-eight foundries, eighty-nine machinery and boiler works, seventy galvanic iron, tin, and slate roofing works, besides car-wheel, stove, steam-fitting, and many other manufactories. In all there are 3,250 manufactories in operation, and their total output is valued at $555,000,000. Ship-building too is becoming an important industry; a fine steel steamer of 4,600 tons displacement was launched last February from the yards of the Chicago Ship-building Company for the Minnesota iron trade, and three others are now building.

The waters of Lake Michigan, which now flow northeastward to Lake Huron, are prevented by an elevation near the lake of only eight feet from flowing to the Illinois, and thence to the Mississippi. Communication with the latter has existed since 1848, through the Illinois and Michigan Canal, which extends southwesterly ninety-six miles to La Salle, on the Illinois River.

This city of industry, indomitable will, and immense material resources, has been well chosen as the site of the Columbian Exposition; over the waterway to it will be borne much of the treasures and exhibits of foreign nations, and this highway thus attains a prominence more than ever in keeping with its magnitude and importance.

The course from Chicago to Lake Huron measures 330 miles; its greatest width is one-fourth of this distance, and lies between Milwaukee and Grand Haven; its only interruption is Manitou County, which consists of Beaver and several other islands near the northern end of the lake, but which cannot be regarded as obstacles, for the channels are wide and deep, the bottom in many places being far below the level of the ocean. The southern shore is but a few feet above the lake level, its chief feature lying in unprepossessing and far-stretching vistas of lumber yards.

Perhaps the most pleasing prospect of the lake is Milwaukee, whose cream-colored buildings produce a peculiar and most agreeable effect. Eight railways centre here after traversing a rich and rapidly improving country, whose grain forms the chief element in the city's prosperity. In entrances and clearances, it follows closely upon Chicago, the number last year exceeding 20,000; one of the chief contributors to this record is the line of wooden steamers to Ludington, in the service of the Flint & Pere



Government Canal, St. Clair Flats, looking East.

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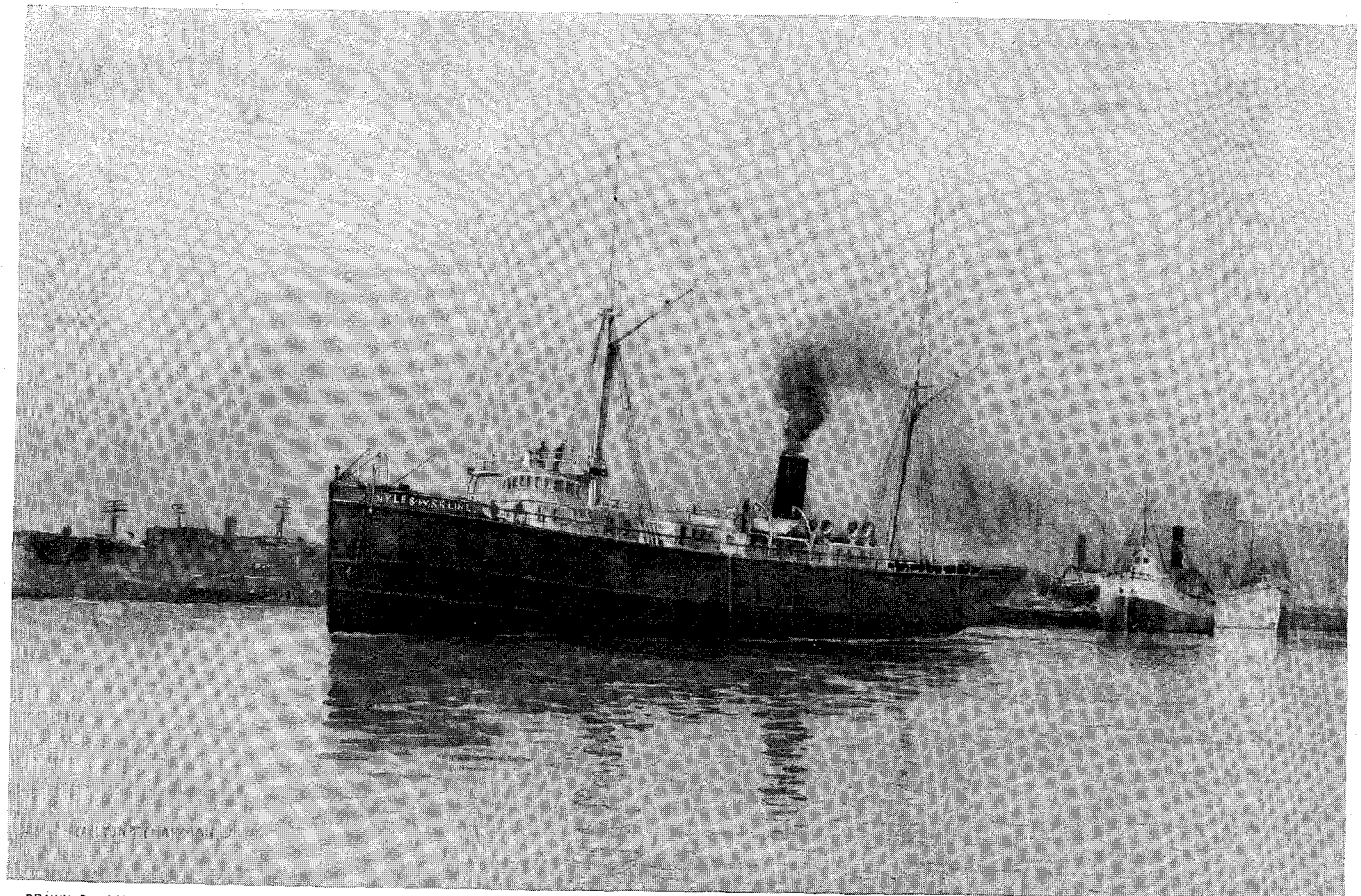

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

The Largest Steamer on the Lakes.

[The steamship Owego, Union Steamboat Company: Length, 353 feet; breadth, 41 feet, 2 inches; depth, 13 feet, 10 inches; capacity, 2,550 tons. In the harbor at Buffalo.]

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Marquette Railroad. Its vessels are built especially to contend with the lake ice; they run regularly in winter and are never detained more than a few hours.

The most important shipping port for the Lake Superior iron-ore district is Escanaba, also on Lake Michigan, from which 3,003,632 long tons were shipped in 1889, this amount being nearly one-half of the total shipments by vessel of Lake Superior ores during the year. The docks here are operated by the Chicago & Northwestern Railway Company, and represent an aggregate length of 4,898 feet and 828 pockets, which will contain a total of 95,500 tons.

The steamers of the Lake Michigan & Lake Superior Transportation Company, running through the centre of the lake, afford the inhabitants of this region the novelty of being in mid-sea for twenty-four hours; a better opportunity to view the industries is found in the northern Michigan steamers, which stop at the important points on the east coast. The passage to Lake Huron is through the Straits of Mackinac, which are formed by the Michigan shore on one hand, and by Bois Blanc and Mackinac Islands and Point St. Ignace on the other.

The chief point of interest on Mackinac is the headquarters of the American Fur Company, built in 1809 by John Jacob Astor, and within which the nucleus of the Astor millions was formed. The approach to the island is beautiful and impressive; it rises abruptly from the clear waters of the Strait, and its jutting crags, perfect harmony, and brilliant colors are a pleasing contrast to the extreme monotony of the more southern coast. Its atmosphere is bright, pure, and invigorating. The view from it is Italian—a deep sapphire in a cloudless sky; a delicate emerald extending along shore; and beyond the azure and the lilac resolving into an endless sheet of darkest blue.

Incidental to this trade-route, and entering Lake Huron almost within sight of Mackinac, is the St. Mary's River, the outlet of Lake Superior. The St. Mary's Falls Canal, somewhat aptly termed the keystone of the great arch of water transport on this continent, is over a mile long and absorbs eighteen feet of the fall between the lakes. A lock, 575 feet long and 80 wide, was opened in 1881, but the traffic doubled in the next four years, and has increased so rapidly that greater accommodations are necessary. A new lock, 800 feet long, 100 feet wide, and 21 feet deep on the sills, is now building at an estimated cost of $4,738,865. When finished it will be the largest single lock in the world. One-eighth of the entire commerce of the United States passes through this canal. In 1880, its traffic measured 1,734,800 tons, valued at about $29,000,000; in 1890, it had increased to 10,557 vessels, of 8,454,435 tons, carrying 9,041,213 tons of cargo, valued at $102,214,949. The freight for last year exceeded by 2,257,876 tons the entire tonnage of all nations which passed through the Suez Canal in 1889.

A smaller lock (600 feet long, 85 wide, and 19 deep) is building on the Canadian side of the river; as the United States has a supremacy of shipping on the upper lakes amounting almost to a monopoly, it is not probable that much traffic will be diverted thereby from New York to Montreal.

During last October, a blockade near the canal was caused by a collision, in which a steamer sank and closed the channel. As nearly a week was required to release the steamer, a fleet of one-hundred and forty vessels, most of them of the largest class, was delayed for that period in the river or on the lake.

It is 270 miles from Mackinac to the St. Clair River, the outlet of Lake Huron. A run of seven hours along the southern shore brings Alpena into view, where nothing is to be seen of the city but immense piles of lumber, flanked by towering black funnels emitting much odorous smoke. The annual product of its mills is 175,000,000 feet of lumber. Another journey of equal length across Saginaw Bay, and Sand Beach is reached, unless a visit be made to Bay City, which, again, owes its prosperity to lumber, and where wooden shipbuilding has reached such perfection, that the steamers of its yards are marvels of structural strength. Sand Beach has a special interest to mariners on account of its fine har-

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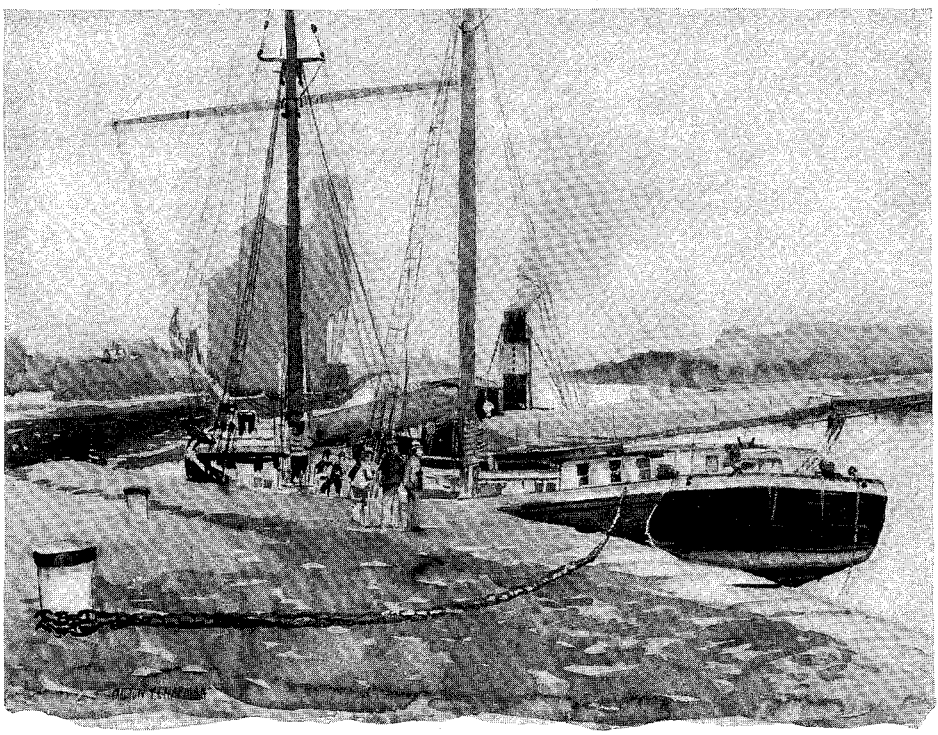
bor of refuge, formed by a breakwater eight thousand feet long ; it is the only port on the lower lakes to which vessels can fly in case of storms. This is the last stopping-place for the steamer on its way to Detroit, in full view of the comparatively flat, and extremely fertile shores. It is interesting to note on this lake, the terraces corresponding to former levels, and extending for miles at heights of 120, 150, and 200 feet. On Georgian Bay, entirely within the region of Canada, are Collingwood and Owen Sound, two points of departure for the upper lakes. From them the steamers of the Canadian Pacific, of the Owen Sound Steamship, and of the Canada Transit Lines, wend their way through the countless islands, north of the Manitoulin group, to Lake Superior. The attractions of the southern shore are served by the Northern Steamship Company, from Buffalo, and by the Northwestern Transportation Line from Detroit, after stopping at Goderich and Kincardine, where salt-works and railway connections supply valuable freight.

Port Huron, at the foot of the lake, is important as a railway terminus, a marine headquarters, and the site of a shipyard, dry-dock, and machine shops. Across the St. Clair is Sarnia, a popular resort for Southerners. A railway tunnel under the river connects these towns. After a course of thirty-eight miles, the St. Clair spreads out into the lake of the same name. The navigation of the river is easy throughout. The regular steamer stops at St. Clair and Marine City, two small communities of interest as summer-resorts ; the latter has a ship-building establishment, and a vein of rock-salt gives it a place among the producing centres of the State.

The mouth of the St. Clair is a wide marsh, penetrated by several deep and tortuous channels. To improve this entrance the Government has constructed a ship canal, 8,200 feet long, 300



Entrance to the Welland Canal and Basin at Port Colborne, Ont.

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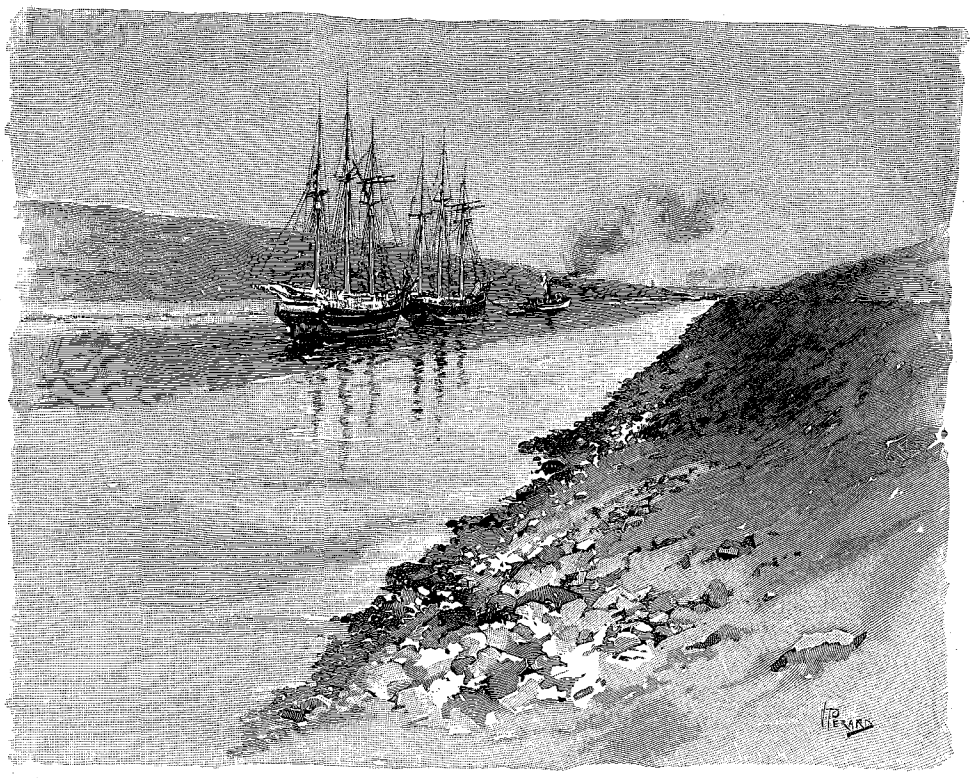
feet wide, and 16 feet deep, at a cost of $650,000; and plans underway contemplate a depth of 20 feet. The lake is so shallow that its navigable channel must be followed carefully; its transit occupies less than two hours, during which the steamer seems constantly surrounded by other vessels, the traffic being such that a vessel passes any given point every seven minutes. Upon reaching Belle Isle, the steamer enters Detroit River, which eighteen miles farther on enters Lake Erie, after a descent of eleven feet. Nearly opposite is Grosse Pointe, where, facing the dreamy expanse of the lake, are clustered the summer residences of Detroit's wealthy men.

The Detroit River is from one to three miles wide, and its rapid current of dark-green water is unsurpassed by any mountain stream. The channel varies from thirty to fifty feet in depth, and only at the Lime Kiln Crossing, near Amherstburg, is government work necessary in keeping it navigable to twenty feet. Several islands line the banks, some so large as to pass for part of the mainland. The shores are laid out in sloping meadows, groves, and orchards; and wealthy men are rapidly occupying available spots with handsome villas.

Detroit, though smaller than Cleveland, is more fortunate in being the metropolis of the State, with all parts of which it is connected by rail. Its location is not favorable for the enormous iron industries of its sister city, and the bulk of the lake carriers therefore pass its fine harbor for the smaller quarters across the lake. Its inhabitants have the consolation of knowing, however, that many of these vessels are owned by fellow-citizens. Its system of lighting is by towers from 100 to 200 feet high; and 150 of which produce a beautiful effect, when seen from a steamer's deck. Detroit's water-front is nine miles long; and more tonnage passes it than any other point on the



Deep Cut on the Long Level, Welland Canal, above Allanburg, Ont.

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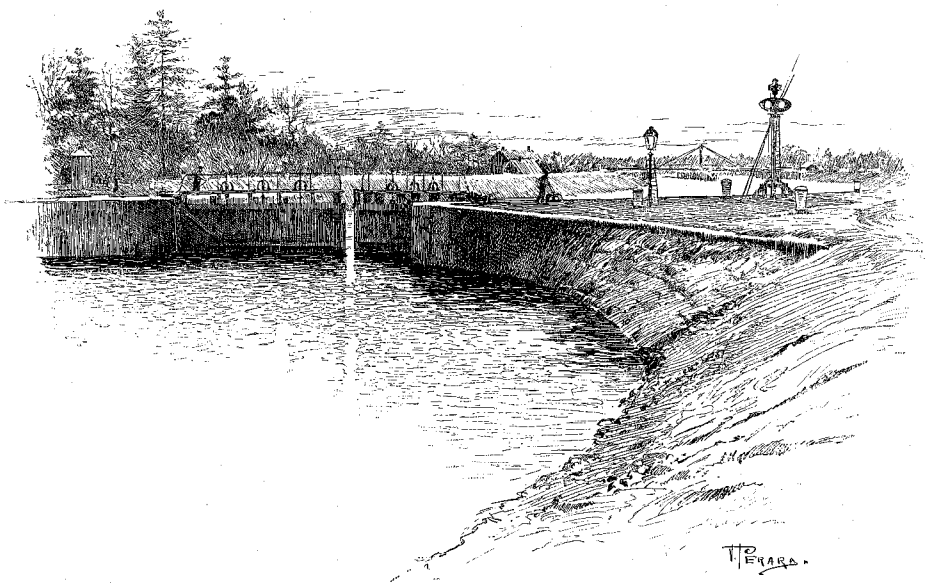
globe. The returns of entries and clearances of the great seaports of the world for 1889 give New York 11,051,236 tons; all seaports in the United States, 26,983,315 tons; Liverpool, 14,175,200 tons; and London, 19,245,417 tons. The tonnage passing Detroit River during the 234 days of navigation of that year amounted to 36,203,606 tons; nearly 10,000,000 tons more than the entries and clearances of all the seaports in the United States; and nearly 3,000,000 tons more than the combined foreign and coastwise shipping of Liverpool and London.

The peculiar features of Lake Erie are its shallowness and generally low shores, which, on the south, are bordered by an elevated plateau, through which unimportant rivers have cut deep channels. Its mean depth is only ninety feet. Owing to its shallowness it is easily disturbed by the wind, and, of all the great lakes, is therefore the most dangerous to navigate. Its length is two hundred and fifty miles, and its greatest breadth sixty. Its islands—all near Sandusky—are adapted to grape and fruit culture; vineyards are to be seen on every hand, and wine is the principal article of commerce. Put-in-Bay, the best known, is the centre of a large excursion territory and amusement enterprises.

Toledo, at the western extremity, is nearly on the same parallel with Buffalo and Chicago; it is separated from the former by the length of the lake, and is nearly the same distance from Chicago and from the Mackinac Straits. It has a fine harbor, of sufficient depth to accommodate the largest vessels; it has direct communication with Cincinnati by the Miami & Erie Canal, and is the centre of fourteen railways. A union depot of immense size affords them facilities for ready transfer of freight, and there are a dozen elevators with storage for more than 4,000,000 bushels of grain; for its chief imports and exports are grain and flour, in which its trade is very large and steadily growing. The manufactures in lumber, flour, iron, and steel are extensive and show a most encouraging growth.



Guard Locks, Welland Canal, above Thorold, Ont., Lake Erie Level.

Fifty miles to the eastward is Sandusky, whose wharves, in all seasons except winter, are thronged with vessels receiving or discharging cargoes. It has several machine shops, and manufactures of railway cars, engines, boilers, and cutlery; and exports large quantities of flour, fruit, and wine. It is on the line of the Lake Shore & Michigan

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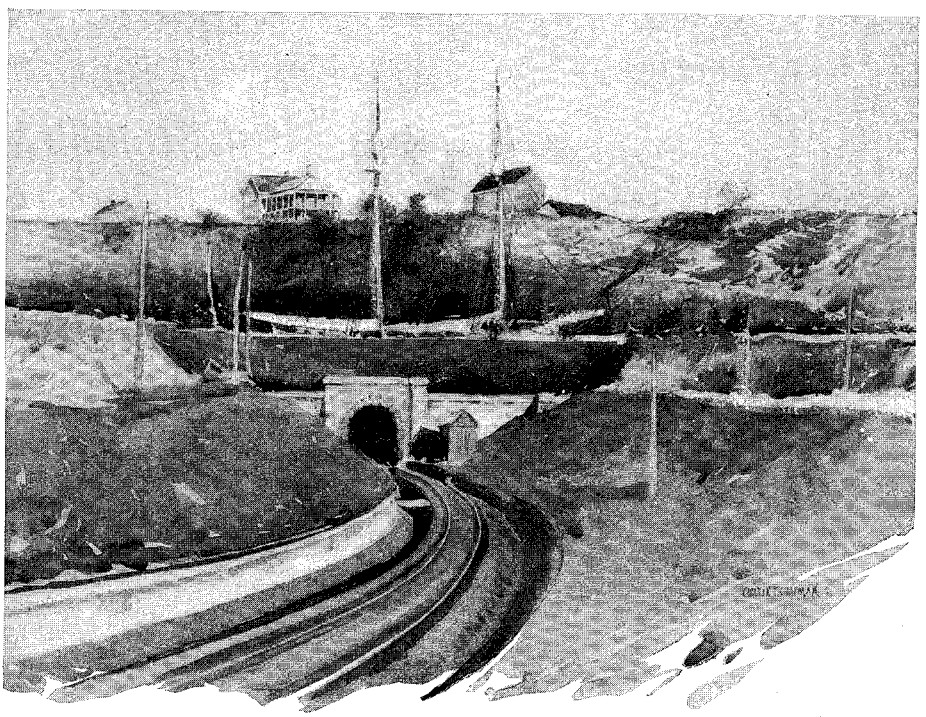
Southern Railway, and is the terminus of other lines to Newark, Cincinnati, and Cleveland.

The position of Cleveland as the centre of twelve different lines of railways draws to its wharves a large proportion of the shipping of the lakes. An excellent harbor and extensive dock frontage along the Cuyahoga River, for four miles from its mouth, give this port many advantages over others along the southern shore of Lake Erie as a shipping point by water. Thirteen lines of steamers ply between this city and the other ports of the lake system. Along the shore, inside the breakwater, are immense piles of iron ore, that have been brought over this highway. Upon other docks, coal is being bucketed into holds just emptied of iron ore, to be carried to the towns from which the latter was shipped. Cleveland, however, handles only a part of the coal and ore that go to make up the record of lake traffic: Buffalo, Ashtabula, and other harbors get their share. But it is interested particularly in building and owning the fleet that handles the commerce of the lakes, and is in a fair way to become a leader among the shipbuilding cities of the country. Here are the works of the Globe Shipyard, and the Cleveland Shipbuilding Company, in which were built most of the new fleet, comprising more than seventy steel and iron vessels. From its yards came the six vessels of the Northern Steamship Company, by which the Great Northern Railway makes freight communications between the head of Lake Superior and Buffalo; those of the Mutual Transportation Line, plying between Ashtabula and Escanaba; and of the Minnesota Iron Company, of Chicago; all of steel, costing $200,000 each. But the largest line of the lakes is that of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad; sixteen vessels make up the flotilla of its Western Transit Line, as it is styled, some of steel and some of iron. Two of the former, the Harlem and the Hudson, cost $250,000



Tunnel of the Grand Trunk Railway, under the Welland Canal, near Merritton, Ont.

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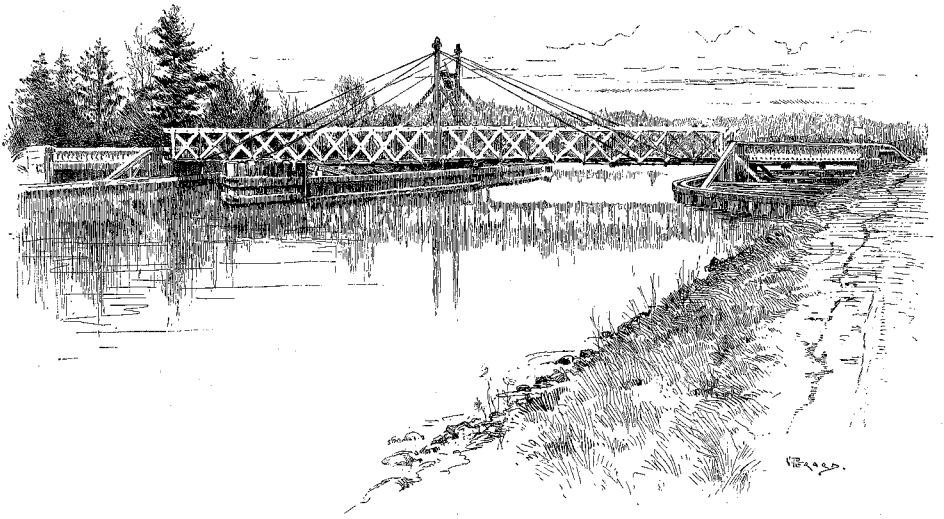

Swing Bridge over the Welland Canal at St. Catharines Cemetery, Ont.

each, and are equal in style, speed, and carrying capacity to any ocean vessel of the same dimensions.

The Detroit & Cleveland Steam Navigation Company, operating between Cleveland and Mackinac, ranks among the finest passenger lines in the country. Its vessels, of which there are five, are of iron or steel, with latest devices for comfort, safety, and speed. They compare favorably with the famous steamers of Long Island Sound, and were built by the Detroit Dry Dock Company. One of them, the City of Detroit, is 300 feet long, and 72 feet wide, has engines of 2,700 horse-power, is steered by steam, lighted by electricity, carries 2,500 passengers, and 800 tons of freight; its grand saloon is finished in mahogany and stamped leather. Cost $350,000. This vessel and the City of Cleveland run between Cleveland and Detroit, and are very fast. Their average speed exceeds 18 miles an hour, and they have steamed at the rate of nearly 21½ miles.

Cleveland is also connected by canal with the Ohio River at Portsmouth. It has more than 400 manufacturing establishments, with an aggregate capital exceeding $30,000,000, iron and oil being the largest interests.

The commercial advantages of Buffalo, its rival, are derived from its favorable position with respect to the sources of its grain, coal, ore, lumber, and other receipts, and the ready means for the distribution of these articles; added to which are the benefits of cheap fuel, an excellent water-supply, rapid elevating and transfer of grain, quick handling of coal, extensive storage and dockage facilities, and a good harbor. Grain is received, transferred, stored, and forwarded with greater dispatch than at any other port in this country. The river, for about a mile from its mouth, is lined with immense elevators and provided with the most improved appliances for handling cereals. The iron and steel interests are second in importance to grain and flour only, and rank next to Pittsburg; they employ a force of 30-000 men, and the capital invested exceeds $35,000,000. By a recent estimate the annual product was valued at $55,000,000. They included eleven engine and ten boiler works, five steam forges, nineteen foundries, forty-eight machine shops, six furnaces, three bridge builders, and two iron works. Within an hour's sail of the Welland Canal, with the lakes stretching to the westward and the Erie Canal to the eastward, together with the New York Central, the New York, Lake Erie & Western, the Buffalo, New York & Philadelphia, the West Shore, and the Delaware, Lackawanna, & Western Railroads leading east, and the Lake Shore, the Canada Southern, the Grand Trunk, the Nickel Plate, and

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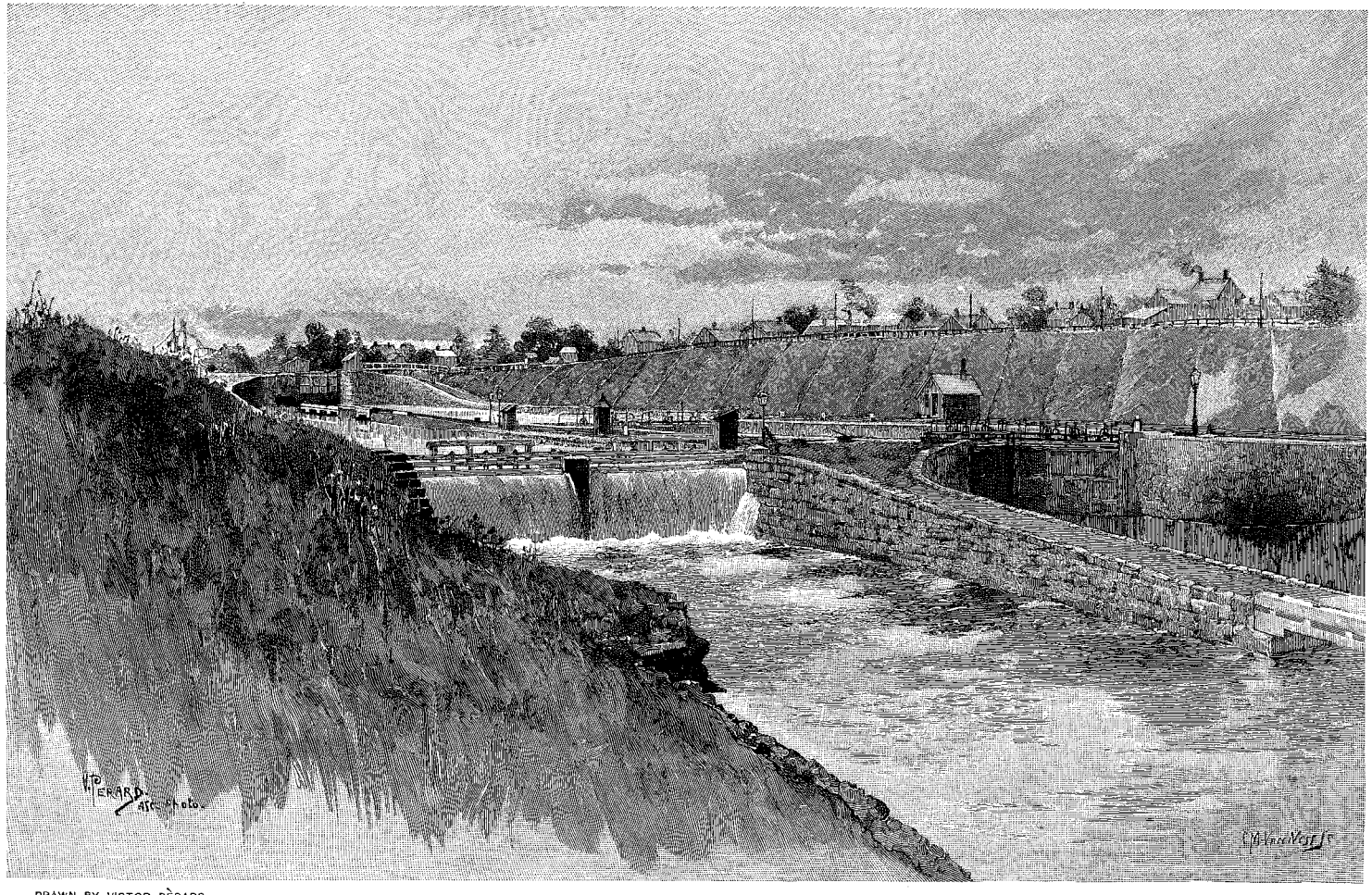

DRAWN BY VICTOR PÈRARD.

Locks 23 and 24 Welland Canal, East of Thorold, Ont.

ENGRAVED BY VAN NESS.

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the Buffalo & Southwestern Railroads running west (with other lines and branches to a total of twenty), great facilities are furnished for shipping products to all parts of the United States and of Canada. Five large steamer lines ply regularly to ports in Lakes Erie, Huron, Superior, and Michigan. They are the Union, the Western Transit, the Commercial, the Lehigh Valley, and the Anchor lines. Their combined fleets number about sixty steamers, with a capacity ranging from 1,750 to more than 3,000 tons. The Union Steamboat Company owns the Owego and the Chemung, of 4,800 tons displacement and 15½ feet draught, the largest vessels on the lakes; they were built by the Union Dry Dock Company at this port, after the models of the Mallory Line of ocean steamers. Their length is 353 feet, their breadth 41 ft. 2 in., and they are equipped with the most powerful triple-expansion engines on the lakes. Intended for fast freight traffic, they combine cargo capacity with high speed. The Owego has made the run of 889 miles between Buffalo and Chicago in 54 hours and 16 minutes, or at the rate of 16.4 miles an hour. They cost together $560,000. The Saranac, of the Lehigh Valley Line, has averaged 16 miles an hour, for a run of 240 miles.

Half of Buffalo's water-front is along the Niagara River, whose falls and rapids are overcome by the Welland Canal. By it vessels are made to traverse readily the Niagara escarpment, which is 326¾ feet above Lake Ontario, and stands out the chief abrupt elevation between the Atlantic and the Rocky Mountains. This canal is the most important part of the Canadian line of inland navigation. It runs in a general northerly direction, distant from the Niagara River eighteen miles at Port Colborne, on Lake Erie, and ten and one-half miles at Port Dalhousie, the Lake Ontario terminus; its length between the entrances is nearly twenty-seven miles. The Old and the New Welland Canals form two distinct routes between Port Dalhousie and Allanburg; but from Allanburg to Port Colborne there is but one channel, an enlargement of the old one. There is one entrance from Lake Ontario at Port Dalhousie; two from Lake Erie—one for the main line at Port Colborne, and one for the feeder route at Port Maitland; and there is also an entrance from the Niagara River at the town of Chippewa.

The lake ports present novel and picturesque features. Unlike the rule of cities by the sea, their harbors are often open roadsteads; islands and land-locked bays are the exception and not the rule; and, instead, breakwaters or costly piers protect ships and cargoes from the waves and tempests. Their situation is generally at the mouth of rivers, whose channels, sometimes navigable to the heart of the city, become the harbor proper; it is thus that the river, instead of the lake front, is frequently the scene of mills, docks, shipyards, immense elevators, warehouses, and railway depots. The water is covered with graceful yachts, puffing tugs, great four-masters and steel propellers, a confusion intensified at nightfall by the many-colored lights and the whistling din of departing steamers. Chicago is divided by its river into three sections, thus securing a water front greater than Liverpool's; its water-works, among the wonders of the world, comprise a tower, from the base of which a tunnel extends two miles under the lake, the water entering through a grated cylinder, enclosed in an immense crib on which are a lighthouse and dwelling. Milwaukee, similarly divided, is built partly upon high bluffs; its atmosphere seems bracing and healthful, an impression confirmed by a delightful drive along the cliffs overlooking the lake. Detroit is on lower ground, but offers the cupolas of great wheat elevators for a fine view of St. Clair and Erie; its opera-house is one of the finest in the country; and its avenues, radiating from the Grand Circus, intersect the other streets as do those of Washington, and form small parks that diversify and ornament the place. Cleveland is so embowered in trees that little save the spires of churches can be seen through the green; a great stone viaduct spans the river valley between the two divisions of the city; and Euclid Avenue, the street of millionaires, is lined with costly residences in beautiful

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grounds. Buffalo, on a plain sloping gently to the water, seeks recreation in superb parks, connected by boulevards; and from the suburban homes on the uplands are magnificent views of the city, of the lake, of the International Bridge and Canadian shores, and of that river whose thundering torrent, perhaps more than any single work of nature, symbolizes its power and grandeur, and offers a perpetual incense that reflects the token of the everlasting covenant.

The Old Welland Canal passes to the westward of St. Catharines and Merritton, and to the eastward of Thorold, the total rise (326¾ feet) being overcome by 27 locks. Its route lies also to the westward of the New Canal, and at distances from it varying from 1 to 1½ mile at St. Catharines and Merritton, to only a few hundred feet near Thorold; the junction, as already stated, occurring at Allanburg. The entrance lock at Port Dalhousie has the standard dimensions for the new canal — length, 270 feet; breadth, 45 feet; and 14 feet depth on the sills; that to this route at Allanburg is 200 feet long, and a tidal lock above Thorold has a length of 230 feet, both being 45 feet wide; but the remaining 24 locks are only 150 feet long and 26½ feet wide, having with the former a depth of 9 feet. The depth in the upper reaches of this route is such that vessels drawing 12 feet can ascend to the shipyard at St. Catharines. Within the entrance lock is a wide basin, forming a safe inner harbor that would accommodate a large fleet of vessels drawing 15 feet.

The New Welland Canal lies to the eastward of St. Catharines. In a distance of twelve miles from Dalhousie to the summit-level, near Allanburg, there are twenty-five lift locks and regulating weirs; piers and abutments for twelve road and two railway bridges; six culverts to carry water-courses under the canal, and one for a public road; and a tunnel for the Great Western Railway. The level is also above the surrounding country, as a rule.

The southern division, from the junction at Allanburg to Lake Erie, is nearly fifteen miles long; it is crossed by six road and three railway bridges; there is a guard lock at Port Robinson, an aqueduct of large dimensions through the Chippewa River, a lock down to the Chippewa at Welland, and at Port Colborne a lock with four sets of gates, two heading each way. The part between the junction and a point two miles south of it is known as the Deep Cut.

At its intersection with all roads the canal is crossed by good swing-bridges, central-pivoted, and made of iron and wood; the central pier on which the bridge rests reduces the passage on each side to fifty feet in width. Up to 1889, the amount expended on this work was $23,787,950.

St. Catharines is the principal point on the canal and is regarded as the head of navigation on Lake Ontario. The surrounding country is very fertile, and was covered originally with maple and other hard woods; it is now a region of pretty farms, owned by people of Scotch and English descent. The advantages of water-power are seen in the manufactories springing up, at this place, Thorold, and Merritton particularly, as well as in the rapid growth of the towns; these advantages are especially great between Thorold and St. Catharines, owing to the fall of three hundred feet in the elevation of the two places.

The whaleback steamers of the American Steel Barge Company are the largest vessels that have passed through the Welland Canal; they are 265 feet long, 38 feet beam, and have an average draught of 15 feet, when loaded; they ran the rapids of the St. Lawrence.

Lake Ontario, the smallest of the great lakes, is 190 miles long and more than 50 miles wide; its mean depth exceeds 400 feet, and its elevation above the sea is 234 feet. It never freezes, except near the shore. Oswego and Rochester are its principal ports on the south. The former has been in direct communication with the Hudson since 1822, by means of a small canal as far as Syracuse, and thence by the Erie Canal to Troy and Albany. Four railways converge here, and steamers ply daily to the eastern and western ports. Large quantities of grain and lumber are received, and

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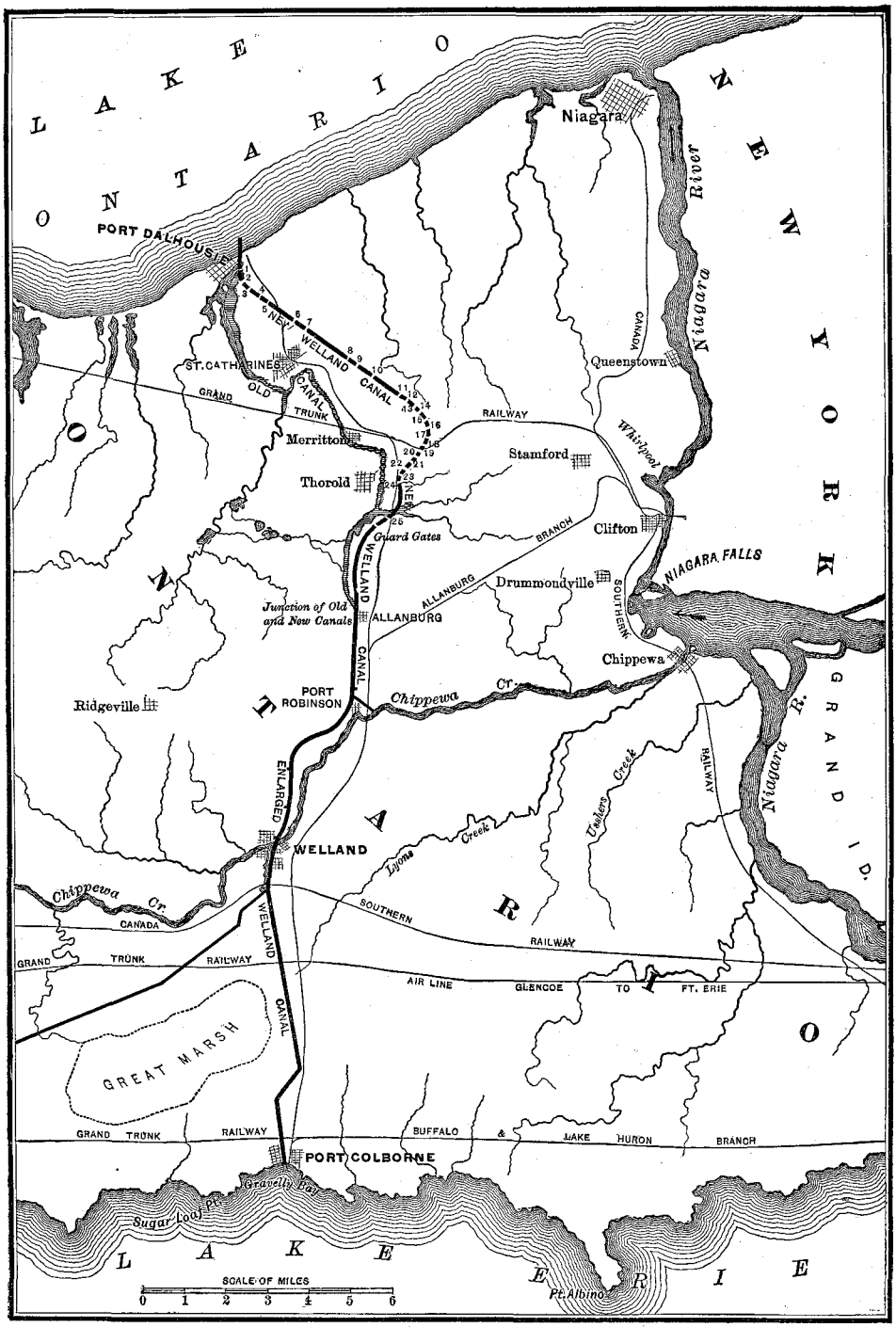

Map of the Welland Canal connecting Lake Erie and Lake Ontario.

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twenty or more mills make it one of the largest flour manufacturing cities in the Union. There are also several foundries, machine shops, and ship-yards.

Rochester, though seven miles from the lake, receives a large quota of shipping through Charlotte, its port; and has two important channels of trade in the Erie and the Genesee Valley Canals, the latter here uniting with the former. Its elevation above the lake is 226 feet, and its situation on the Genesee River secures the immense water-power due to its falls, and thus makes it naturally a manufacturing city. Though ranking as one of the greatest flour-producers in the world, its manufactures in clothing, iron, glass, and rubber are extensive. It is connected by rail with every city of importance in this country and Canada.

On the Canadian side, Toronto is the largest city of this and of all the great lakes. Entered by six railways, possessing a good harbor, situated in the centre of a rich agricultural district, and being at once the religious, educational, political, literary, legal, and commercial centre of the most populous province of Canada, it has advanced with great rapidity. Its population is about 160,000. To the English people of Canada, Toronto is what Quebec is to the French inhabitants. Quebec is French; Montreal, as the meeting-point of all, is cosmopolitan; and Toronto is English. It has several foundries and engine works, car-shops, rolling-mills, breweries, a mammoth distillery, and many other varieties of manufacture.

The Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company runs a daily line of steamers between this city, Montreal, Quebec, the Saguenay, and intermediate ports; it owns twenty-five vessels, the largest being nearly 300 feet long and having a stated speed of twenty miles an hour. It has virtually a monopoly of the steam traffic over its itinerary.

Hamilton, at the extreme west end of the lake, is the second city of Ontario in population, and the first in manufacturing industry. Its railways furnish communication with the principal points of the Dominion and of the United States. It is often styled the Birmingham of Canada, and, though the comparison is presumptuous, it is not altogether unwarranted. Its factories are equipped with modern plant and the latest labor-saving devices, and maintain a daily output of metal, wood, and leather products, textile fabrics, glassware, engines, and boilers. The capital invested in industrial operations is about one-thirtieth of the entire capital invested in manufacturing industries throughout the Dominion, and the proportion of goods is in nearly the same ratio.

Cobourg, though small, boasts of a university, and ships annually to the United States 30,000,000 feet of lumber, 30,000 tons of iron ore, and 150,000 bushels of grain. Daily steamers run to Charlotte; and after leaving here, eastward-bound vessels pass well out into the lake, to avoid the great peninsular county of Prince Edward.

Kingston, at the foot of the lake, has 16,000 inhabitants, is the seat of the Royal Military Academy of Canada, and ranks as a fortress next to Quebec and Halifax. Its bay is broad, deep, and well sheltered, and in war it would become an extensive naval depot. Being the port of trans-shipment for Montreal of three-fourths of the grain arriving from the upper lakes, it is a city of some commercial importance; the grain is sent down the St. Lawrence in barges, the cost of such transfer being about one-half cent per bushel. Kingston is also the south terminus of the Rideau Canal, which connects it with Ottawa. There are manufactories of iron castings, machinery, locomotives, marine engines, and leather; boat-building is carried on to a great extent, and vessels for lake and river navigation are built and fitted out.

From Lake Ontario to Montreal the distance is 183 miles. Just below Kingston, the lake contracts into the funnel-shaped head of the St. Lawrence River, enclosing the Thousand Islands. In reality they number 1,692 and extend forty miles, with a width in some places of seven miles. The descent of the river through them is made in well-defined channels, which, with their extensions,

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are so deep that vessels of the greatest draught can pass readily between the lake and Ogdensburg. As early as 1673, the waters of this archipelago were traversed by a flotilla of two-gun barges and one hundred and twenty canoes, led by Frontenac, Governor of Canada, attended by the celebrated Abbé de Fénélon. Steamers ply between Cape Vincent, Clayton, and Alexandria Bay, on the arrival of trains at the two former places. Overlooking the islands, on the Canadian side, is Brockville, of 6,000 inhabitants, a railway junction, and below which the Thousand Islands are left, and the open river, two miles wide, is entered. Thirteen miles farther lies Prescott, a stone-built town, whose chief business is done by a great distillery and brewery, and two iron foundries. The bastions of Fort Wellington are seen on the east. The Grand Trunk Railway is nearly one mile from the town, and the St. Lawrence & Ottawa Railway begins at the river side. The river is a mile wide here, and opposite stands Ogdensburg, with two miles of wharves and extensive flour and lumber mills. It is the terminus of three railways; and its situation at the foot of sloop navigation on the lakes gives it peculiar commercial advantages. Ten million bushels of Western grain pass this point annually; last year 16,000 tons were transshipped here for Montreal—a new departure, for up to 1890 such transfer was made only at Kingston.

About seven miles below Prescott begins the chain of the St. Lawrence canals proper, constructed to overcome the rapids which they flank and a total rise of 206½ feet, with locks enabling lake vessels to descend and exchange cargoes with the sea-going ships at Montreal. They are, in order of descent, the Galop, Rapide Plat, Farran's Point, Cornwall, Beauharnois, and Lachine Canals, of the dimensions given in the table on p. 293. Their combined length is 43⅝ miles, the distance between Prescott and Montreal being 119 miles. The first three are also styled the Williamsburg Canals. The Galop formerly comprised two distinct channels, known as the Iroquois and the Galop Canals; they were joined and now form one line.

Originally, this system of canals was designed for a depth of 9 feet, but the fluctuations in the stage of the river render it difficult to maintain; at times it falls to 6 feet 7 inches. On account of the increased size of vessels, the Canadian Government decided in 1871 to make a navigable depth of 12 feet through all the canals and river-shallows, which soon after was changed to 14 feet. Since then work has been carried on with this object in view, but it has not been completed. Two new locks of the Cornwall Canal are of the standard dimensions (Welland size); and the Lachine Canal has been completed for 12 feet navigation, with locks and bridges adapted for 14 feet navigation, the untouched work in it consisting of the excavation of the canal prism to a further depth of two feet for more than six miles of its length.

The river channel has been cleared of obstacles to 14 feet navigation from the head of Galop Rapids to the Cornwall Canal; from the foot of the latter to the Beauharnois Canal it is navigable by the largest vessels; and a depth of 14 feet again exists through Lake St. Louis, excepting the lower four miles, in which the channel must be deepened and widened at a number of places.

The Cornwall Canal overcomes the Long Sault Rapids; at St. Regis, near the foot, the forty-fifth parallel intersects the St. Lawrence, which now becomes exclusively Canadian. It is also interesting to observe the small width of the river near this point, and that the narrowest width between the United States and Canadian territory is about 600 feet, measured between the northwest side of Croil's Island and the Canal bank. The St. Lawrence now expands into Lake St. Francis, 25 miles long and 5 miles in maximum breadth, and dotted with islets at its lower end.

The Beauharnois Canal lies on the south side of the river and overcomes the Cascades, Cedar, and Coteau Rapids. Surveys for a new route have been made on the northern bank. It connects Lakes St. Francis and St. Louis, the latter in turn being connected with Montreal Harbor by the Lachine Canal.

The latter consists of one channel with two distinct systems of locks, the old and the enlarged, both of which are

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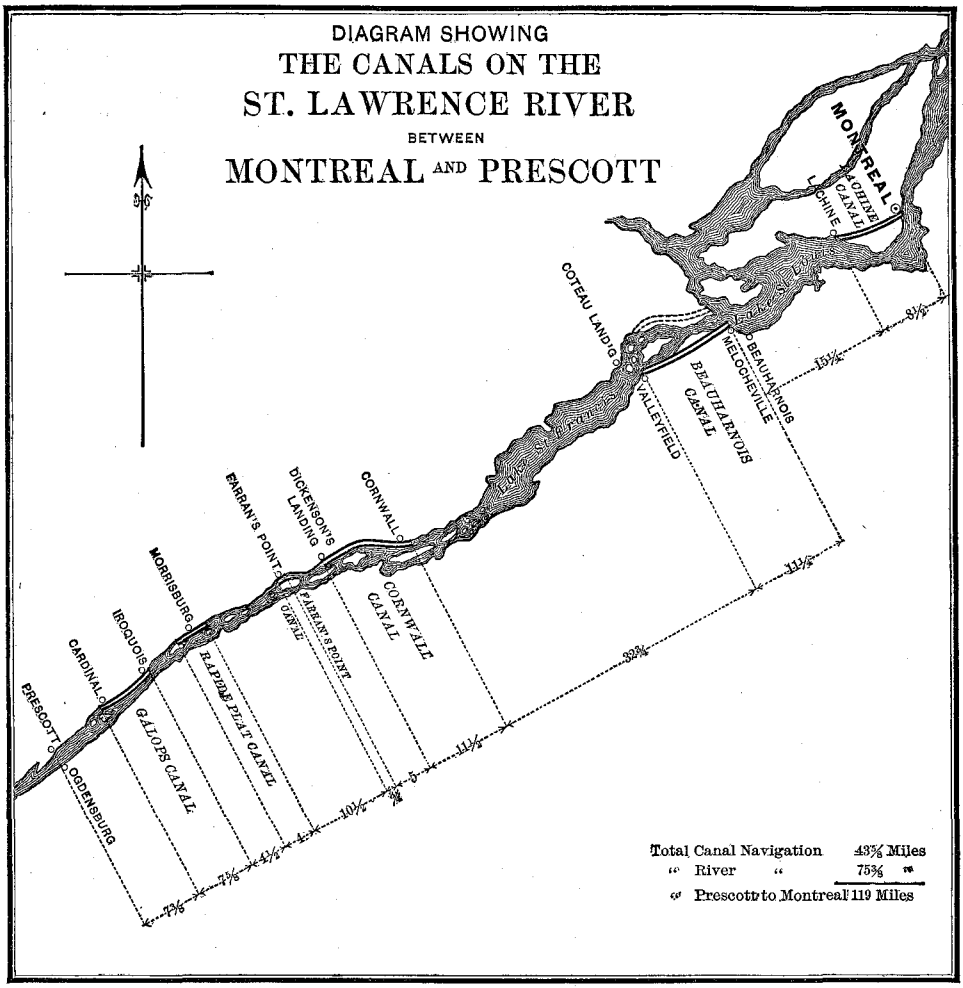

in use. On its banks are the Canal and Grand Trunk offices and sheds, occupying a point of land on which the celebrated Victoria Bridge finds its terminus. Opposite the upper entrance is the Indian village of Caughnawaga, the terminus of the Montreal & New York Railway, with which the Grand Trunk connects by ferry; a railroad from Montreal to Lachine borders the northern bank of the canal. Sea-going vessels can now pass into the basins between the lower locks with coal, sugar, and plaster for the factories in this part of the city and for the Grand Trunk works. They can also reload at the same points, where there is ample dock room.

After leaving Lake St. Louis, the St. Lawrence dashes wildly down the Lachine Rapids, a descent of forty-two feet in two miles; and eight miles farther on, after passing beneath the twenty-five spans of the Victoria Bridge, one and three-quarter miles long, reaches the quays of Montreal.

The purposes had in view by the Canadian Government in determining upon a depth of fourteen feet, were to enable the largest class of lake vessels at that time to carry their cargoes direct to Montreal without breaking bulk; to secure for Canada all the advantages which the possession of this magnificent waterway ought to give it; to make the St. Lawrence in its whole length the

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highway by which the surplus products of the West would seek an outlet to the sea; and to put it into a position to compete successfully for the export trade of the continent with the several lines of communication on our side of the boundary.

The total expenditure on the Welland and St. Lawrence Canals is about $41,250,000; it will require $12,750,000 more to complete the work, or $54,000,000 in all. The construction of the lock at Sault Ste. Marie and other necessary improvements will swell this sum to $60,000,000, the final result being a navigable depth of fourteen feet between Lake Superior and Montreal.

Many careful students of the question have doubted whether the large expenditure already incurred on the Welland Canal will ever be justified by the result. It is, of course, the connecting link between the great lakes and the principal seaports of the Dominion; and the government of the latter has been animated doubtless by the belief that the great commerce now passing from Duluth, Chicago, and other United States ports on the lakes to New York, and thence to Europe, would take the Welland Canal route, thereby making Montreal the chief port on this continent. This impression was supported by the consideration that Montreal is nearly three hundred miles nearer than New York to Liverpool.

A review of the traffic shows that, in 1859, thirty-six of the largest lake propellers averaged about 700 tons register, with a maximum draught of 11½ feet. In 1890, the lake fleet consisted, according to Lloyd's Inland Register, of 2,055 vessels, aggregating 826,360 net register tons, the total value being $58,125,500. The Census Bureau regards these figures as excessive, though valuable in showing the development of lake commerce through comparison with Lloyd's previous estimates; its own statistics assign, instead, to the lakes a shipping of 2,784 vessels, of 924,472 register tons, the valuation by experts being $48,809,750. [See table, p. 293.] Of these vessels, 232 are steamers of over 1,000 register tons; 110 are over 1,500 tons; and many are from 1,600 to more than 2,100 tons, with a carrying capacity of 3,000 to 3,700 cargo tons. The draught of these vessels is limited by the depths of the channels and harbors, but many of them could load safely to 19 and 20 feet. The average depth at present in the larger ports is 16 feet, but the policy of our government is to increase it to 20 feet.

The history of marine architecture does not furnish another instance of so rapid and complete a revolution in the material and structure of floating equipment as has taken place on the great lakes since 1886. In that year the total valuation of the vessels by Lloyd was about $30,600,000. In 1889, sixty new steamers and eleven sailing vessels, aggregating 70,000 tons, and valued at $6,650,000, were added to the fleet. During the four winters of 1886–1890, the tonnage of the lakes was nearly doubled; 206 vessels, measuring 399,975 tons, were turned out of the shipyards with a valuation of $27,389,000. During the same time, the number of steamers of more than 1,500 net register tons increased from 21 to 110. The two valuations of the fleet already presented differ by more than $9,000,000; but either one emphasizes the fact of the very recent and extraordinary growth of this commerce, and renders it difficult to predict the increase in the tonnage and in the size of vessels upon the lakes during the nine years that remain till the opening of the next century.

More than one-half of the vessels on the great lakes are assigned to Chicago, Port Huron, Detroit, Milwaukee, Grand Haven, Cleveland, and Buffalo.

The number of Canadian vessels on the lakes is 647; tonnage, 132,971; valuation, $3,989,130. [See table, p. 293.] For further comparison, it may be stated that the total of coast and inland shipping registered in Canada is 7,153 vessels, of 1,040,481 register tons, valued at $31,213,430.

The increase in population of the lake ports indicates the great increase that must follow, necessarily, in the business of the lakes and also of the railways tributary to them. Buffalo has increased from about 42,000 in 1850 to 255,000 in 1890; Cleveland, from 17,000 in 1860 to 262,000 in 1890; Chicago,

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from 30,000 in 1850 to 1,100,000 in 1890; while Detroit and Milwaukee exhibit a remarkable parallelism in growth, the former having increased from 116,340 to 205,876 during the last ten years, and the latter from 115,587 to 204,468.

The simplicity of lake commerce is one of its chief characteristics. Coal, iron ore, and lumber comprise three-fourths of the total cargo tonnage of the lakes; add to these corn, wheat, and mill products, and nine-tenths of the total traffic will be accounted for.

The total dock space for ore on the lower lakes is over 10,000,000 square feet; if extended in one line, the ore docks would show a frontage of eight and three-fifth miles, with an average width of 180 feet. The total storage capacity of Lake Erie ports is 6,485,000 tons, sufficient to accommodate the total product for this year; for it seems now, from the diversion of the lake fleet to the grain trade, that the entire output of the Lake Superior region for 1891, including rail shipments which will not be more than 400,000 tons, cannot exceed 6,750,000 tons, as against a little more than 9,000,000 tons in 1890.

Ashtabula leads in dock space and daily handling capacity of coal and iron ore, though Cleveland is so close behind that the race is very even.

The sailing vessel has almost disappeared from the lakes. The square-rigged ship is no longer seen, and only a few of the great cargo-carrying schooners are left. The sailing fleet was succeeded by the propeller, as it is known locally, with its tow of one or more consorts; and it in turn is giving way to the modern steamer, maintained at little more than one-half the cost, while having a carrying capacity quite as great, a speed double that of the propeller and consort, and making two or three round trips for one of the tow.

The rapid growth, too, of steam transportation, and the competition of lake lines with the railways, have caused continual reductions in the cost of transportation. The cost per ton per mile of carrying freight an average distance of eight hundred miles, was one and one-half mill in 1889. The value of all the cargoes — 27,500,000 tons — carried on the lakes during that year was over $305,000,000. Had this been carried at railway rates, Mr. E. L. Corthell, of the Society of Engineers, estimates that the cost to the public would have been over $143,000,000; by the lake rates it was about $23,000,000 only; so that transportation on the lakes saved to the public about $120,000,000 in one year. A large part of the heavy freight has been carried for less than one and one-half mill per ton per mile. Anthracite coal is carried from Buffalo to Duluth, 1,000 miles, for 30 cents per ton. The water-rates from Chicago to Buffalo, on wheat, were two and one-half cents per bushel in 1890.

The average distance for which freight on the lakes is carried is 566 miles. From this, the Census Bureau estimates the ton mileage for the season of 1889 to be 15,518,360,000 ton miles. The aggregate ton mileage of railways for the year ending June 30, 1889, was 68,727,223,146; which shows that the ton mileage of the lakes is nearly one-fourth of the total ton mileage of railways in the United States. In no other way could the relative importance of lake commerce be more effectively shown.

The ship-builders of the lakes are progressive, and keep pace with all improvements in marine architecture. Steel vessels are built with double bottoms, water-tight compartments, triple-expansion engines, and modern electrical and steam appliances. The structural strength may be realized from the fact that a large proportion are built for the trade in iron ore. At a time trial in Escanaba, during the summer of 1887, a steamer was loaded with over 2,000 tons of ore, and steamed away from the dock in forty-five minutes after being placed under the chutes. The record shows that another vessel was loaded with 2,800 tons of coal in one hour and fifty minutes; 300 tons for fuel were put on board in another hour, so that in two hours and fifty minutes after opening the hatches, the vessel was loaded and coaled. That ordinary sea-going ships will not stand the strains of this traffic is demonstrated by the fact that four steel

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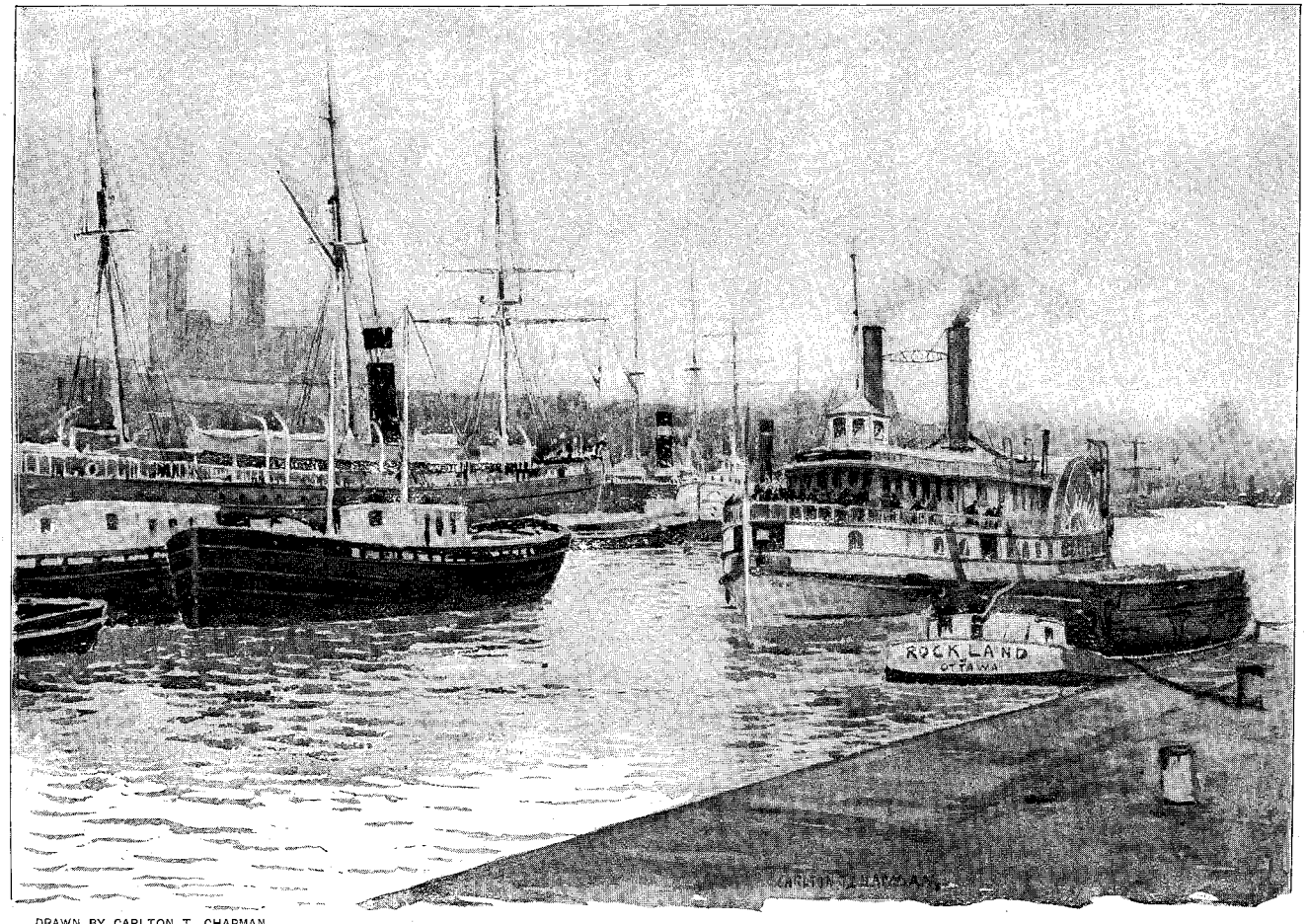

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

Entrance to Lachine Canal, Montreal.

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steamers, built on the Clyde for Canadian owners, had to be repaired and strengthened throughout, after one season's work, to fit them for further service. These vessels steamed across the Atlantic, were cut into halves on the lower St. Lawrence, the sections being then towed through the canals and put together on the lakes. Two more were built on the Clyde, with the benefits of this experience and of the builders' visits to our Northwestern ship-yards.

The record of large cargoes is equally creditable. The Maryland, belonging to the Inter-Ocean Transportation Company, of Milwaukee, has carried 3,737 net tons of ore from Escanaba to South Chicago, on a draught of 16½ feet; the E. C. Pope owned by Eddy Brothers, of Bay City, transported 3,628 net tons from Escanaba to Buffalo, on 16 feet draught, and 3,167 tons from Ashland to Lake Erie, drawing 14½ feet.

The firm of Pickands, Mather & Co., of Cleveland, has contracted with the American Steel Barge Company for a steam barge and consort, to be constructed after the whaleback model. They will be the largest yet built, the dimensions of the steamer being 325 feet length, 42 feet beam, and 24 feet depth; those of the tow are four feet less in length and beam, but the same in depth. They will carry 3,000 tons each on 14½ feet draught.

While the lake business has thus increased rapidly, the waterways east of Lake Erie have hardly maintained their former traffic; this is true of the Welland and St. Lawrence Canals. The decline is due partly to the numerous competitors by lake and rail for the transportation of products to the east, but principally to the inadequacy of these canals for the shipping that, otherwise, might come to them. For example, in 1889 there were 330 United States vessels, of 444,192 tons, in the lakes above Niagara Falls, which drew too much water, when laden, to go through the Welland Canal, of 14 feet depth. This is about one-half of the entire lake tonnage.

The wharves for the unloading of ships at Montreal are ten feet below the level of a revêtement wall, which extends along the entire river-front of the city; so that one standing upon the wall may see the shipping of the port spread out before him. Near the Lachine Canal are the basins for the Allan steamers to Glasgow and Liverpool; then follow steamers from the Maritime Provinces and European ports, then sailing ships and the sheds of the London Line and of the Dominion Line from Liverpool; next are the river boats plying between Quebec and Montreal; then succeed the smaller river steamers, barges, and finally sailing vessels and steamers as far as Hochelaga. Here, nearly 1,000 miles inland from the Atlantic, are vessels from all parts of the world; from England, with iron, drygoods, and general goods; from the Mediterranean, with wines and groceries; from Germany, with glass and general goods; from China with tea — alongside of vessels loading with return cargoes of grain, cattle, lumber, mineral phosphates, and other products of Canada. The wharves are not disfigured by unsightly warehouses, but the river-street is as clear as a Parisian quay.

Leaving Montreal, the steamer glides swiftly down the St. Mary Current, leaving on the right St. Helen's Island, a prettily wooded spot, named after Helen Boullé, the young wife of Champlain, who charmed the wild Hurons in 1620 with her gentle manners. Still further to the right opens out Longueil Bay, exhibiting in the tinned steeple and steep roof of its village church the characteristic picture of the lower St. Lawrence in parish after parish. The river flows through a wide alluvial plain, the Laurentian Mountains far on the north, and on the south the Green Mountains; everywhere long stretches of arable land, broken only where the Lombardy poplar rears its formal shape against the sky.

Below Longueil the Ottawa joins its flood finally with the St. Lawrence, hiding its union in a cluster of low islands. Opposite Berthier, on the right bank, the Richelieu falls into the St. Lawrence, after draining Lakes Champlain and George. On its eastern bank stands Sorel, where most of the steamers on the river have been built. The Riche-

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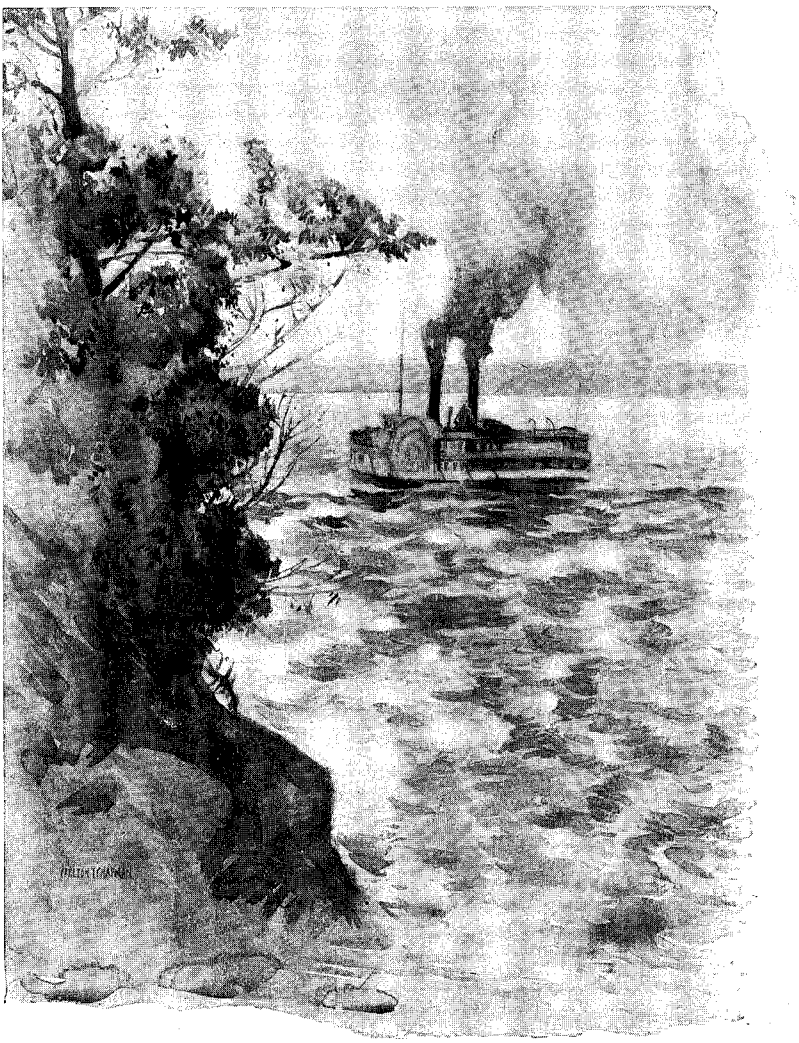
lieu is rendered navigable to Lake Champlain by a small lock twelve miles above Sorel, and by the Chambly Canal, thirty miles, divided between twenty different places, the widest being in Lake St. Peter. The work of dredging the channel here began in 1844, and continued with the increase in trade and size of ocean steamers, till, at the end of 1885, a depth of 27½ feet was reached, the total cost being $3,503,870. This channel varies from 300 to 450 feet in width. As a consequence of these river improvements, the size of vessel able to merly shoal places, preventing large vessels from reaching the former city. Their aggregate length was nearly forty



The Steamer Algerian running the Long Sault Rapids, St. Lawrence River.

two miles farther up-stream ; these give a navigable depth of seven feet, and accommodate vessels 114 feet long and 23 feet wide.

The St. Lawrence now opens out to a width of nine miles ; and for twenty-five miles the steamer passes through Lake St. Peter, a vast expanse of flats through which a ship channel has been dredged. At several places between Montreal and Quebec, there were for-

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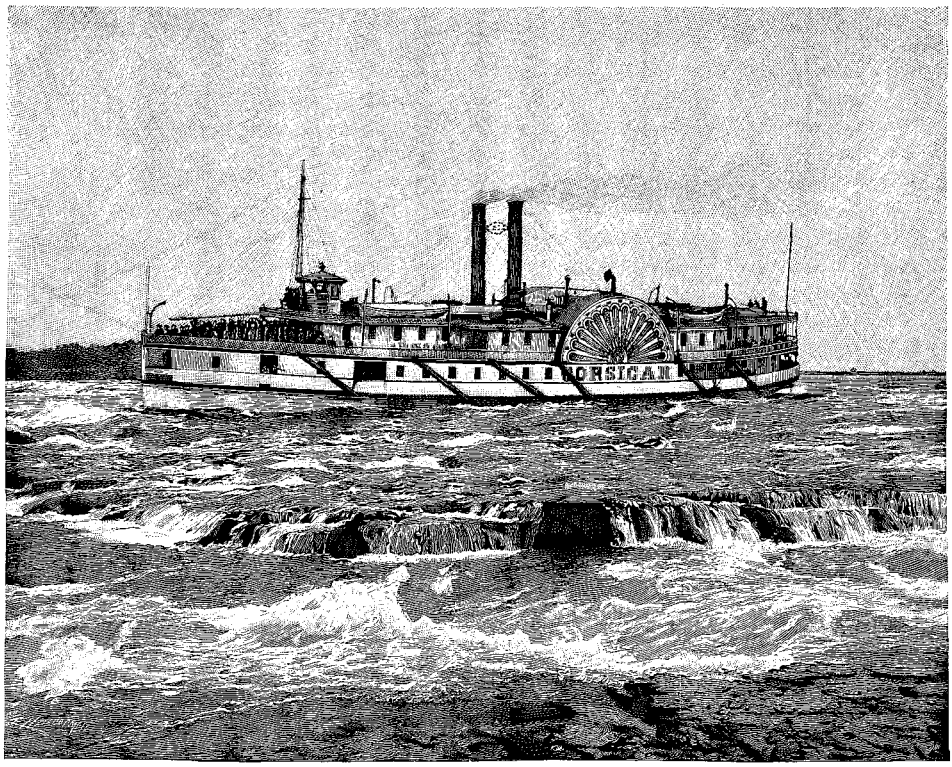

Steamer Corsican running Lachine Rapids, St. Lawrence River.

ascend to Montreal has increased from the Canadian of 1,045 tons and 12 feet draught, in 1856, to the Pomeranian of 3,211 tons and 23 feet draught in 1878; and now that the works are completed, ships of 4,000 tons or even more can navigate the St. Lawrence with safety. Another result is that the shipping of Montreal increased from 245,000 tons in 1873 to 1,149,534 tons in 1891.

East of the lake lies Three Rivers, the third city of importance on the lower St. Lawrence. Here the river first meets the tide; the St. Maurice falls in from the north, after a course of three hundred miles through an important lumber region. Further east, and running parallel to it, is the St. Anne, twenty miles below which, in the St. Lawrence, occur the Richelieu Rapids, where large ships usually wait for high tide before passing, as the rocks are dangerous. The scenery now begins to lose its flatness, and in the distance the mountains around Quebec can be seen, blue and dim. On the right, near the city, is the mouth of the Chaudière River; and gliding on, past ships, rafts, and booms, the steamer sweeps under Cape Diamond, into the basin of Quebec, shadowed by precipitous cliffs from which the Queen of the St. Lawrence looks down in all her quaint beauty upon a scene rarely equalled in the new world.

The lower town of Quebec is built on reclaimed land, around the base of the Cape, one of its sides being washed by the St. Charles, which here flows into the St. Lawrence. At the mouth of the St. Charles, is the Princess Louise Embankment, enclosing a tidal basin of twenty acres, which is 24 feet deep at low water; connected with it is a wet dock, of 27 feet depth, and forty acres area. On the opposite side, at Point Levis, is the Lorne Dry Dock, 500 feet long, 100 feet wide, and 25½ feet deep on the sills. The commerce of this city began with the fur trade, and this remains an important element. Enormous transactions in lumber go on here annu-

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Dimensions of the Welland and the St. Lawrence Canals, and Shipping Statistics for Year ending June 30, 1890.

CANALS.	Length.	Lockage.	Width at Surface.	Width at Bottom.	Locks. Number.	Locks. Length.	Locks. Breadth.	Locks. Depth.	Distance to Canal below.	Steamers. United States.	Steamers. Canadian.	Sailing Vessels. United States.	Sailing Vessels. Canadian.	Total.	Total Freight.
	Miles.	Feet.	Feet.	Feet.		Feet.	Feet.	Feet.	Miles.	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.
Welland (new).	26¾	326¾	200	100	26	270	45	14	23634	360,550	320,401	155,140	308,026	1,144,117	1,104,553
Galop	7⅞	15½	90	50	3	200	45	9	4½						
Rapide Plat.	4	11½	90	50	2	200	45	9	10½						
Farran's Point.	¾	4	90	50	1	200	45	9	5	18,945	660,107	69,396	1,001,966	1,750,414	910,101
Cornwall	11½	48	150	100	6	200	55	9	32¾						
Beauharnois	11¼	82½	120	80	9	200	45	9	15¼						
Lachine	8½	45	150	100	5	270	45	14–18							

Statement of Floating Equipment by Ports and by Lakes, 1890. (Census.)

PORTS.	Number of Vessels.	Tonnage.	Valuation.	LAKES.	Number of Vessels.	Tonnage.	Estimated Carrying Capacity.	Valuation.
		Tons.				Tons.	Tons.	
Chicago	339	71,260	$3,088,350	Superior	167	39,653	47,001	$2,763,500
Milwaukee	259	61,694	3,205,000	Michigan	1,003	194,333	278,476	8,995,900
Grand Haven	225	20,425	1,490,150	Huron and Saint Clair	726	262,833	366,971	13,107,650
Port Huron	293	61,482	3,253,950	Erie	664	392,557	517,731	22,131,600
Detroit	275	129,768	7,547,800	Ontario	131	15,859	23,272	676,300
Cleveland	219	163,227	8,802,800	Saint Lawrence and Lake Champlain	93	19,237	20,820	1,134,800
Buffalo	204	128,860	8,221,900					
Other ports	970	287,756	13,199,800					
Total	2,784	924,472	$48,809,750	Total	2,784	924,472	1,254,271	$48,909,750

Statement of Tonnage of Vessels which Arrived at, and Departed, from Principal Ports for the Year 1890.

UNITED STATES PORTS.	Number of Vessels.	Tonnage.	CANADIAN PORTS.	Tonnage.
Detroit River	35,640	21,684,000	Montreal	1,149,534
Chicago	18,472	8,774,096	Quebec	1,103,854
Buffalo	8,860	8,226,123	Kingston	1,066,592
Milwaukee	10,730	5,907,988	Toronto	906,704
Cleveland	5,382	3,535,836	St. Catharines	413,231
Ashtabula	2,527	2,536,395	Hamilton	129,175
Erie	2,696	2,491,853		
Toledo	3,838	1,642,617		
Oswego	6,086	1,071,504		
Sandusky	13,030	1,051,108		
Grand Haven	1,172	834,089		
Charlotte (Rochester)	2,332	607,570		

Statement of Tonnage of Cargoes for the Year 1890. (Bureau of Statistics.)

ROUTE AND ELEMENTS.	Cargoes.	UPPER LAKE PORTS.	Cargoes.
	Tons.		Tons.
Total freight carried to or from United States ports	30,299,006*	Chicago	7,952,756
Passing Detroit River	21,288,472	Buffalo	7,137,696
Straits of Mackinac	11,222,609	Escanaba	4,505,521
Welland Canal	535,957	Cleveland	4,371,269
PRINCIPAL ELEMENTS.		Ashtabula	2,878,857
		Milwaukee	2,114,148
Flour and grain	4,271,346	Toledo	1,892,606
Iron ore	9,132,761	Detroit	700,331
Coal	5,735,299		
Lumber	6,869,660		

* Value, $342,522,290.

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ally. The whole lower valley of the St. Lawrence and the northern lumber regions draw their merchandise from this centre.

On leaving Quebec, far off to the left is the Montmorenci, whose white foam shines out from the green hillside. As the steamer moves across the basin, beautiful views are afforded on all sides, including a fine retrospect of the citadel, towering over the river. The fine island of Orleans is soon reached on the left, with its village of St. Laurent, where the expedition under Wolfe landed in 1759. An intervening island hides St. Anne, a pretty village to which pilgrimages are made, and where the patron saint has worked as many miracles as any in Europe. Thirty miles below Quebec is Grosse Isle, the quarantine station, and about which linger the memories of 1847, when the famine-stricken Irish poured into Canada, and six thousand are said to have been buried here in one long grave. Opposite rises Cape Tourmente, 1,800 feet high, the north shore now being wild and mountainous, and rising so boldly from the river as to permit no roadway along its base, and so rocky and desolate as to prevent habitation for many miles; while the south side for more than one hundred miles is a continuous settlement. Yet far off in the latter direction, the mountains are beginning to approach nearer, and while watching the ever-changing views, the Traverse is reached, where the river is thirteen miles wide, but the only channel available for large ships is not more than 1,400 yards across. The Isle-aux-Coudres and two large shoals obstruct its navigation, the bottom is irregular, and currents run in all directions.

The traveller's interest is now apt to pass from the water and the mountain heights to the seigniory of Les Éboulements, remarkable as an earthquake centre. Jesuit tradition relates that in 1663 the mountains were thrown down and the face of the country was changed as far as the Saguenay. Ice was thrown up in great heaps, the river ran of a changed color, a mountain was cast into the sea and became an island, the piety of the inhabitants grew more earnest, and there were never so many confessions or conversions; even liquor dealers saw the error of their ways and repented.

A short run brings the steamer to a wharf where passengers land for Rivière du Loup and for Cacouna, the paradise of fair Quebecers and famous for dancing and flirting. Nearly opposite enters the Saguenay, cleft through the mountains and nearly nine hundred feet deep for many miles. In the little harbor at its entrance died Chauvin, the enterprising Huguenot, who induced Champlain to visit Canada. Perched high above it on the cliffs, is a quaint little chapel, evincing the zeal of its founders, in a wilderness of cliffs where roads are impossible.

Bic Island is the next point of interest; it is the last anchorage in the river, where outward bound vessels leave their pilots and many ships are found during the summer. Here in December, 1861, a Cunard steamer landed a regiment of the Guards during the crisis of the Trent affair. Finally, Rimouski is reached; the Intercolonial Railway to Halifax passes through it, and ocean steamers receive passengers and mails for the last time. The town is two miles from the wharf, and is the most important settlement in the province east of Quebec.

The south bank now rapidly becomes bold and grand; the mountains have receded from the north shore, so that all the scenery is on this side. At Point des Monts, the Gulf of St. Lawrence is entered; the left shore trends rapidly to the north; little fishing stations only are seen at the base of the steep hills. Anticosti becomes quickly visible in the distance, with a flora indicating a subarctic climate; while opposite, near the western shore, are the Seven Islands, green with turf and flowers, and forming a beautiful land-locked bay where the largest fleets could ride in safety. Whittier has made them the scene of a touching ballad, in which he aptly styles them "the last outpost of summer upon the dreary coast." All along to Belle Isle are deep fiords, broad bays crowded with rocky islets, salmon streams without number, and myriad inlets, the haunts of innumerable aquatic birds; from these for-

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bidding shores, whose cold waters teem with fish in inconceivable numbers, greater wealth has been carried than from the mines of Potosi. Nor has time deprived them of a place in romance; as the steamer bids adieu to St. Lawrence waters, the eye has a final glimpse of the pretty island of Meccatina, where Roberval, the stern Huguenot, abandoned his niece, Lady Margaret, and her duenna, when her love became evident. Her lover jumped overboard and swam to the island to share her fate. The duenna died, and the lover died; and after two years of solitary struggle, the lady was rescued by a passing vessel and carried to her home across the ocean.

A NEW ENGLAND KISMET.

By Alice Morse Earle.

A DESCRIPTION which had been given to us of an "old town with old houses and old people and old china," decided us to go a-china-hunting, and two days later we started on our pilgrimage. We rode prosaically in the steam-cars to Wheelton, a small new manufacturing town, where we spent a most dreary evening, reading old farming journals and weekly newspapers, and then retired early to rest in the hideous country hotel bedrooms.

I must confess that when we awoke in the morning we were in very low spirits; my companion exclaimed dejectedly, "Oh, everything is so new here! look at these hideous carpets and marble-topped bureaus. I know a real antique couldn't live within twenty miles of them."

After a most porkly breakfast, we gloomily started out to find some townsman who would let us hire of him a horse and carriage of some, or of any, sort, to carry us to Ringe and Anthony Hartington's house, which we were assured was the oldest and most china-hiding house of all around. We found in the largest store in the town (bearing the unintentionally whimsical sign "Newspapers, Rubbers, and Oysters") a thin, auburn-haired, freckled-faced Yankee about twenty-two years old, who answered our questions with the greatest interest, and finally offered us the use of his own horse and open wagon for the whole day for two dollars. "And I'll drive fer ye too," he added, with enthusiasm; "ye'd never find old Hartington's if ye took the hoss yerself, an' I du'now as I can neither, without some pretty tall huntin' and questionin'."

So off we started on the back seat of an open country "express wagon," to find "old Hartington's farm." The warm October sun streamed down upon us, the great red and russet rock-broken fields stretched off into the beautiful, lonely purple mountain, "heeding his sky-affairs;" the dying brakes and weeds sent forth their sweet, nutty autumn fragrance; the soft yellow and brown leaves fluttered down on us, and the ripe chestnut-burrs fell rustling by our side as we rode through the narrow wood-roads. The hard New England landscape was softened and orientalized by the yellow autumn tints. The half-sad stillness of dying Nature and the warmth of the Indian summer, inclined us to ride quietly and thoughtfully along the country roads, but that neither Mr. Simmons, nor Jenny his steed, nor his new wagon would for a moment permit. Mr. Simmons, with true Yankee inquisitiveness, had slyly questioned us and drawn us out, till he knew who we were, and all our hopes and quests.

But why should we have grudged him this pleasure, when he in turn poured out to us such floods of historical, statistical, thaumaturgical, medical, and sociological information about every plant, every tree, every farm-house and every farmer, every pasture, every woodland, every point of road we passed? He evidently regarded himself as our

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host, and had as evidently determined we should not return home empty-handed. The only point of difference might be our respective estimates of the value and age of the antiques he provided.

We rigidly determined at the start not to be turned from our search for "Hartingtons" by any seductive old well-sweeps, gambrel roofs, or big square chimneys, the signs manual of old, and probably china-bearing, homes, no matter how these tokens of age beckoned to us and hinted of hidden china treasures. We severely turned our faces from their siren charms and kept our way. "We can stop at all these houses on our way back," said my companion; "we mustn't ask for a drink of water or anything now, because we shall want to do that on the way home." We, of course, had to ask "directions" several times, but we put firmly away the temptation to inquire from the farmers how long they had lived there, etc.; whether they or their wives or their neighbors had any old crockery they would be "willing to part with."

After all, I doubt if the farmers knew more about themselves or their belongings than did Mr. Simmons. "That man's old bachelor Jones. His father died last spring, ninety-two years old. He had a sell. Shut up the old house, and has gone to live with his brother. Now, if ye'd only been here then. Such a chance fer ye, all the old man's furnitur went dirt-cheap" (we sighed "Always too late"). "A real good old set of hair-cloth furniture went for fifteen dollars. Two good stoves only five dollars. And the darnedest, meanest, oldest, wornedoutest melodeon ye ever see, just the thing fer ye, only a dollar. I du'now but ye might git that now. 'Tennerate the man as bought it put it in his barn and said 'twant worth a cent; perhaps he'd give it to ye!"

Jenny had a swinging gait which took us over the ground at a good pace, but she had the unpleasant habit so common among country horses, of "slacking up" suddenly at the foot of every hill. The wagon was a "jump-seat," so the back seat was not fastened in securely. At every hill (and the New England hills are countless) we and the seat were pitched forward on Mr. Simmons's back. He seemed to expect this assault and rather enjoy it. To quite counterbalance this sudden stoppage of progression, Jenny would spring forward with much and instantaneous speed whenever she caught sight of Mr. Simmons's short whip. This whip he used as a pointer in his many and diffuse explanations, so whenever our attention was called to an old house, or a poor "run-out" farm, or "the barn old White hung himself in," Jenny emphasized the explanation to us with a twitch of our necks that brought into active play muscles little used before.

At last the long hill leading to the Hartington house was reached, the longest and steepest yet seen. The road was almost unused, a mere track, and spoke to our china-hunting instincts most favorably of the little intercourse held by the Hartingtons with the rest of the world.

Slowly plodded Jenny over the fringed gentians, for here the road was full of them, as open and blue as the October sky over our heads. We had never seen this lovely, delicate flower growing elsewhere than sparsely by a brook-side or in damp ground, but here, on this rocky hill-side, in this poor soil, it opened its blue eyes in such luxuriance that the road was as full of its azure bloom as in September the fields are yellow with golden-rod, or in June white with daisies.

As we turned in from the main country road, we passed an elderly man with bowed head, ragged clothes, slouching gait, and a general appearance of extreme depression and sadness more marked even than is usual in the carriage of the New England farmer. As he did not lift his head to look at us, nor nod with the cordial common country form of recognition, we did not speak to him, and he slowly followed us up the hill.

The Hartington house was a mansion, a great brick manor-house. Brick! on the top of this great hill! From what great distance had that brick been hauled? and why, with great forests of trees around them, had they built of brick? It had been erected by an Englishman after the fashion he had known and loved "at home."

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We were met at the door by a young untidy woman, whose clear pink and white complexion and curly hair could not, however, compensate for her lack of good teeth, several front teeth being missing, and the others discolored. This poor care and poor condition of the teeth is most common among New England women in the country. Nearly every woman over thirty years of age will show, when speaking, two rows of blue-white porcelain disks so evidently false that they hardly seem like teeth, but look like a "card" of cheap buttons. We thought her the daughter of the house, she proved to be its mistress, the wife of Anthony Hartington. A more desolate, unhappy, hopeless home I have never seen. The elderly, gloomy man who now entered, proved to be Anthony himself. He spoke but little, and from the young wife, who seemed in a feverish state of excitement at our visit, we learned the forlorn and desolate story of the household.

Anthony had married early in life and had had nine children, all of whom, with his wife, had died of that fell curse of New England — consumption. The last child, a daughter, Luriella, had died in June. This young wife had been her school friend and had married the forlorn old man, two years previously, in order to come to live there and nurse her friend through her last illness; thus giving a touching example of the life-sacrifices and self-abnegations so sadly frequent in New England country homes.

"We didn't think she'd live through the winter," she said, "but she did, and died in June. I was glad she lived till it was warm. It is so cold here in winter," she added, apologetically. "You must excuse the house, my teeth ache me so, and I ain't had the heart to touch anything since she died." We could believe from evident proof that she hadn't.

A heavy gloom settled on us as we walked from room to room, and I was additionally overwhelmed by the uncanny, unreasoning sense that I had been there before, had lived there. It was all so familiar to me, so strangely well known, that I could scarcely speak, but walked, bewildered and frightened, through the rooms I had known a hundred years ago. I have never felt at any other time that sense of pre-existence, but I know that nothing about that old house was new to me.

The upper parts of the windows were of small panes of greenish "bull's eye" glass, rarely found in the country now; the lower panes of cheap, modern glass, some being broken and pasted over with dirty bits of calico and paper, and all as opaque with dirt as the ancient upper panes. Outside the windows lay an unkempt tangle of lilac bushes, shrubs, weeds, straggling withered flowers, box borders, and thistles, that once had been a lovely, well-kept garden, but had evidently been unentered and unheeded for years. It stretched down the hillside to the well-tenanted family graveyard with its moss-grown and chipped slate headstones, with their winged cherubs' heads and cross-bones. I had often gathered flowers in that garden, I remembered it well, and had walked and played among the gravestones.

Inside the four great parlors hung cobwebs and dust — and wasps! the floors were sprinkled with them; thousands lay dead in the two-feet-wide window seats, while swarms of live ones buzzed loudly at the dingy windows.

"They won't touch you," she said, as we drew back. "He thinks there must be a nest somewhere." A nest! A colony of nests, rather—a hundred nests, the accumulated nests of years.

The parlors had few pieces of furniture, and all were broken except a modern marble-topped table and a "what-not."

"I bought these," she said, "when I was married, to please Luriella; I didn't want to spend much, for fear she would need medicine. But she didn't take much at last, she thought it didn't do any good."

A set of stained book-shelves in a corner held a few books, two or three china dogs, some common sea-shells, a large ginger jar, and a number of really beautiful pewter porringers with handles. My companion had already conveyed to "him" our wish "to buy any old pieces of furniture or china you may wish to part with," and though we had not heard a word or seen a gesture of assent, the wife told us that "he" was willing to sell. Yet, when we said

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we would like to buy the little handled porringers, he walked out of the room without a word.

All the wood-work in these parlors—the wainscoting, the high mantels, the panels of the doors, the heavy window-frames—were ornamented with a curious design, a row of half-pillars joined at the top in a series of pointed arches. It was most graceful and odd — I have never seen it elsewhere—yet it was perfectly familiar to me. I could almost remember—yes, I could remember, counting the number of pillars in the room.

The two kitchens were enormous rooms. One, entirely closed away and disused, disclosed a horror of dirt and rubbish, old pots and pans and tubs and wheels thrown, a shapeless mass, into the fireplace and scattered over the floor. In the smaller kitchen the chimney-nook, the great fireplace, had been boarded over and a small, rusty kitchen-stove placed for daily use. I seemed to remember when I sat by this ingle-side, and great logs lay on this broad hearth, and the roaring flames surged up the great chimney and threw their cheerful light into the now desolate room.

Through this kitchen there wailed a moaning noise from the empty chimney, which made even my cheerful companion look solemn and depressed. "She didn't like to hear it either," our guide said, quietly.

Two bedrooms and a "living-room" completed the number of apartments on the ground floor. But the living-room was not lived in; the two bedrooms were the only apartments that bore signs of occupation. There was not a carpeted floor in the house, but to these two rooms, braided rag rugs and strips of homespun carpet gave an appearance of comparative comfort. The "rising sun" and "twin sister" patchwork quilts on the untidy beds added to the effect.

The most incongruous, most inadequate apartment on this floor was the pantry, a little dark box of a closet to which one small greenish glass window dispensed a dingy light. We had intended to ask for our dinner here, since it was then "high noon," but a sight of this cooking sanctum dispelled all thought or wish for dinner. It was so cobwebby, so dusty, so poor-looking, that we could not wish to eat any dinner that could issue from its dark shadows. We found afterward, beyond the disused kitchen, a large square room which in the early days of the prosperity and good cheer of this house had doubtless been a pantry, but was now filled with broken grindstones, crushed Dutch ovens, fragments of crockery, pails and pans, "peels" and "slices," yarn-winders and part of an old rose-still. Indeed, through this entire house, nothing could have ever been wholly destroyed or carried away — but was thrown in its broken, grimy desuetude into some neglected closet or room, to gather years of dust and dirt; as if the owner, too poor to buy new furniture, still clung to the shattered remnants of past plenty.

We rescued from the dingy little pantry, from among the litter of broken cups and plates and knives, bunches of dried herbs, empty spice-boxes, cracked woodenware, and greasy pans, a few treasures which we spread out on the kitchen-table. Half a dozen "Payns Hill" plates (a favorite pattern throughout New England); two open-work bordered Leeds platters; a dear little boat-shaped queen's ware creamer with dainty twisted handles; two helmet pitchers, two teacups, and half a dozen plates of a set of old "Lowestoft" china, bearing a pretty armorial device and initials. We hardly dared ask to buy the latter pieces until we saw the evident contempt the farm-wife had for them. Nothing so American as a "Lafayette" or "Pilgrim" plate was to be seen.

One large dresser in the kitchen was found to be literally filled with battered and broken brass and pewter candlesticks, glass whale-oil lamps, pewter snuffers, savealls, extinguishers, and trays, and brass chimney hooks for shovel and tongs. We rescued from this medley several candlesticks, two curious Dutch hanging-lamps, and a really beautiful but broken candelabra of Sheffield plate. These we placed with the china on the kitchen table. I wished to add the pewter porringers found in the parlor, but the wife softly drawled, in her nasal voice, "He won't sell 'em—they were hers—she used to make mud-pies in 'em when she was

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little." And pretty playthings they must have been—fifteen dear little shallow pewter posnets and porringers with flat pierced handles, varying in size from one large enough to hold a pint to a true doll's or a "prentice" porringer an inch and a half in diameter. They were full of little common colored pebbles and shells, dried seeds, and old purple glass beads, perhaps just as "she" had last played with them. Other and more distant memories, too, may have clung to the old porringers—of days when the old man was a boy and took his "little porringer" and ate his supper of bread and milk from it; and perhaps, in the far years when the old man was a baby, his mother had had served to her in one of these old porringers her "dish of caudle," that rich mixture of eggs, spices, bread, milk, and wine, which was thought years ago to be the proper diet for a sick person.

Then we mounted the spiral staircase to the second floor, the chambers. Through this dreary expanse we walked slowly — the dusty half-furnishings growing shabbier and shabbier — still stumbling over broken furniture on the uneven floors—until we entered a south room that was such a blaze of cheerful yellow tropical light that we exclaimed with delight. Walls and ceilings were hung solid with long yellow ears of corn, left to dry for use in the winter. Even the old cherry four-post bedstead was draped with them. Such a color! Such a glory! "She used to like to see them too," the low voice murmured.

A third story, a gambrel-roofed attic, was too dusty and repelling to enter, but in one of the deserted bedrooms we found, whole, though black with dust, a dressing-table which had been the lower portion of a high chest of drawers. As is common now in New England farmhouses, the top drawers had been lifted from this portion and set upon the floor to use as a bureau; not half as tidy and cleanly a fashion of furniture as when it stood on its high legs, and let a broom or brush sweep freely every portion of the floor under it.

The upper portion of this high chest was seen afterward in the outer woodshed, full of strips of leather, broken harness, nails, and pieces of iron. It had been gnawed by rats and whittled by knives till it was valueless. The lower or table portion was whole. It had three shallow "jewel drawers," three deep drawers with brass handles and carved "sunbursts." It proved, when dusted, to be of curled maple; and after long discussion with Mr. Simmons we decided to take it with us. Its bowed legs ended in claw-and-ball feet that would just set within the carriage sides. "If one on ye don't mind settin' in front with me, the other can set in the back seat with the table in front of her," he said.

This young wife had not once shown the usual country curiosity about us, but as she turned away to find some newspapers to wrap around the plates, I said to her, "There is much here we would like to buy and take away with us, but it would cost so much to move the pieces so far, and they are so out of repair." Then we told her who we were, whence we came, what we should do with the china, and that we should often think and speak of her when we looked at the plates this coming winter.

"I can't bear to think of the winter without her," she answered, softly.

Jenny had been fed and watered and "hitched up," and we prepared to start. I clambered into the back seat of the wagon, then the dressing-table was lifted in and placed in front of me. Luckily its legs were long enough, so the weight did not rest on my legs, else I could never have taken it. Our laps were filled with the frail china; the candlesticks, lamps, and two warming-pans were placed on the floor of the wagon, and we started, leaving the two dreary figures and the dreary house behind us. All the way down the steep hill I had to hold the heavy table to keep it off the occupants of the front seat. When the foot of the hill was reached and the blue gentians left behind, my companion turned around and said, sharply:

"Why did you act so queerly there? You didn't say a word—didn't ask for anything — or look at the china — just stared around and said nothing."

"I saw a ghost—a ghost of myself," I said, to the two bewildered and amazed faces of the occupants of the front seat.

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"Wal," at last said Mr. Simmons, "I should bust out a-laughin' at ye, ye look so darned funny settin' there in front of that table, if I warn't so mighty hungry." And then we all did laugh, loud and long, with the same sense of relief after a sad and dreary time that is always felt after a funeral. He continued, "That's the lonesomest house I ever see—and the dirtiest, too. I didn't want no dinner after I looked into that butt'ry. I'd as lieves eat in a graveyard, anyway. But where be we going to git our dinner?"

Where indeed? Our plan had been that we should drive to Royalston and let Mr. Simmons leave us there. Then the next morning we could take another carriage to one or two more old farm-houses we had heard about. But now I could not bear the thought of this plan. I was homesick; the old gloomy house and the strange sense of pre-existence had oppressed me.

"Oh," I said, "do not let us wait to get dinner—if we do not stop, we can get to Wheelton in time to take the evening train home. It is so lonely here—and it is growing cold—and I want to get home—I can't stay here over night. See! you can get some grapes off that deserted house and we can eat them with our 'animal crackers.'"

"What animal crackers?" was asked.

"Well," I said, hesitatingly, "I bought a bag of animal crackers, for I thought we might get stranded somewhere, and the advertisement says they contain more nourishment for their size and weight than any other biscuit—and here they are—and if you will get out, you can pick the grapes." And she did—armfulls—we laid them on the top of our convenient table and ate them gladly. Mr. Simmons had never seen animal crackers before, and he ate them as a child does, biting off the head and each leg in separate nibbles. At last he said he "had enough of a circus inside him," and then began upon the grapes with great gusto—green ones, seeds, skins, and all together—and when filled resumed his former good-nature.

We stopped at a farm-house, choosing with mind still on china intent a house with a well-sweep, and asked for milk.

"Won't ye come in and take a drink and a rock?" the farmer's wife asked us, in her gentle nasal drawl. We had heard somewhere of "rock and rye," but this was "rock and milk." It proved, however, that she only wished us to come in and sit in her new rocking-chair. She had no antiques, but she said, in a consequential voice, "I did have some china heretofore, but the minister came up from Wheelton and gave me this statue for them." The plates had a picture of the Landin' of Lafayette on 'em. The "statue" was a small Parian bust of Clytie. I fear the minister hardly carried out the "Golden Rule" in that bargain. "Ain't ye tired settin' out in that cage?" (to me) "ye don't drink no milk; won't ye have some water with merlasses in it?" Kindly heart! Who dares say that New England farmers and their wives are inhospitable?

We reached the country station about twenty minutes before the arrival of the train, and, in the twilight, packed our china and brass in two market baskets which Mr. Simmons brought us from his "store." We could hear the sallies of country wit from the loafers at the station, at Mr. Simmons and his strange load, and his indignant and most offensively personal and profane answers in return. Then we received a baggage-check for the dressing-table, and finally entered the train, rather conscious that two warming-pans and two newspaper-covered market baskets are hardly ordinary or desirable travelling luggage.

A few days later, when cleaning the inside of the dressing-table, the following letter was found. It had been caught and held by a splinter of wood under the top of the table, and had evidently lain untouched for years. It was folded in the old-fashioned way, dated May 12, 1810, and addressed to Madam Janet Hartington. It read thus:—

"D^{r} and Respect^{ed} Mother
The letter which I wrote you some three months ago on the s'bj'ct of my proposed marriage was answered by you, and the answer duly rec^{d} by me.

The two letters I wrote you since on the same s'bj'ct have rec^{d} no answer.

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And now it is too late to receive any further advice on the matter, for I wish to most respectfully inform you that I married the object of my choice a week past to-day in King's Chapel in Boston. There were but few present, as was Oriana's wish.

The plans you wrote me, most Respect[ed] Mother, for the advancement and future prospects of our family, interested me much, and I quite concur in them all.

And no one could be more fully fitted to assist me in my career than my Oriana. Her gracefull and ladylike deportment fit her to adorn any circle no matter how exalted.

She is quite ready to become a most dutifull and obedient daughter to you, and I trust, my D[r] Mother, the fact of her being an orphan will open your heart to her; and then the wish you have always had, viz., to have a daughter, may thus find its fullfilment.

I know not from what source you obtained the strange advice that her Father did amass his fortune in the African Slave Trade. I have never wounded her tender heart by inquiry as to the source of her Father's wealth (tho' 'tis a calling and trade has been followed by many citizens apparently much respect[ed].) But the thought of his "ill-gotten gold" need no further trouble you. Thro' ill advice and knavery, her fortune has dwindled to a thousand dollars, and now her Wealth is only in her beauty and her Amiable Disposition. She has however much good furniture and china which will grace well our home.

I regret much to hear that my bills and debts in College have cost you so much, and that the farm is so run behindhand. This, with the debts my Father left behind him, make it most advisable for me to give up my intention to practise as a lawyer, and have decided me to return to manage your Farm.

It is quite opportune and most Providential that your Farmer is dead, since he managed so ill.

With your wise instructions and counsels, we can no doubt retrieve the money that has been lost, and carry out my Grandfather's plans to make our house and name one of the most powerful in the State.

Thus shall I assume the position in town and country that you always wished me to take.

We shall leave by coach for Ringe in a week, our household goods and furnishings to follow us in waggons.

I know, D[r] Mother, that you will admire and praise my Oriana, as who could do otherwise?

I have talked much to her of your aspirations and ambitions, and she hopes most Respectfully to help to carry out any plans you may have.

With most affectionate greeting from Oriana and myself, I am

Your Loving and Honoured son,
GEORGE HARTINGTON."

In due time the table was scraped, cleaned, and polished, and with its cheerful mottled golden color and shining brass handles, was most thoroughly attractive and satisfying. The pretty Lowestoft china cups were set on it and used for petty toilet purposes. An old canopied mirror was hung over it, and every night, after I had lighted the candles in the repaired and resilvered candelabra, I sat there looking at the china, thinking of the old house; of the lonely empty rooms, the poverty, the dreariness; then of the high hopes and ideas of George Hartington, and ambitions of his mother, and, above all, the strange familiarity I had had with my old home.

At last, I wrote to the wife at the farm, telling her of the old letter; asking of the career of George Hartington, his success, his life, his fate. I thought he must be Anthony's grandfather or grand-uncle. The answer came, written in a stiff, uneven hand, but showing more intelligence than her conversation.

"George and Oriana Hartington were my husband's father and mother. My husband is seventy-five years old, and was their only child. George Hartington died three years after he was married. My husband remembers his mother as a feeble, sickly woman who didn't have much to say on the farm, and seemed always afraid of Madam Hartington. She died of consumption when

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he was twelve years old. That was her china you bought with the O on it. His grandmother lived to be ninety-two years old. He is not very well this winter, he has a bad cough. If you know of any good cough medicine, I could buy it with the money you gave us for the table and china," etc.

Seventy-five years old! In spite of his hard work, his disappointed life, and his ill-health, I had thought him about fifty-five.

And this is the end of all Madam Hartington's ambitions, a broken-down, broken-hearted, childless old man. It is the New England Kismet.

SMALL COUNTRY PLACES.

By Samuel Parsons, Jr.

A FRIEND once asked me for advice in relation to a place he had just inherited. He was one of those men who always set out and do the thing they want to do, and then ask for advice when it is too late. Unsuspicious of the condition of affairs, I held forth at length on the questions of site and other equally important considerations connected with a small country place.

Time passed and I received a pressing invitation to spend Sunday with him. Of course, on reaching the place, I naturally hoped to see some results of the advice so freely and earnestly given, for I had conceived a high regard for my friend, and did not want to see him go wrong and waste his money. To my surprise, I came upon a conspicuous example of most of the errors I had warned him to avoid. He divined something of the thoughts that must naturally pass through my mind, and began to explain that he had done most of this work before he spoke to me. Indeed, he waxed earnest and explained to me carefully how the architectural style of his house, old colonial, required a formal treatment of the paths and roads, and that a certain grove of fine old shade trees had to be cut down to secure a desired view. What could I say? The damage was done. I did not want to make my friend unhappy by insisting on his mistakes. Moreover, it would probably be lost effort, for it is just such serious mistakes, evident at once when attention is called to them, that the owner of the place will not see, because he thinks he cannot afford to see them. Just think of it! Here was a great river, a high bluff and a fine oak-grove—one of those groves that would have delighted the souls of the old Greeks or Abraham the Patriarch. It was only necessary to shift the situation of the house a hundred feet, and rearrange the paths and roads, and the desirable views would have been retained, and the grove not only saved to support and protect the house from wind and storm, but made a genuine artistic background for the house itself. As it was the grove was mutilated to get a vista, and the house stood off on the bluff, lonely and unrelated to the grove or any other of the best features of the place. There was little or nothing of the systematic composition of a picture which should characterize the arrangement of all country places, both large and small.

I have referred to this country place of my friend to show the importance of selecting properly the site, not only that the architect may exhibit his house to advantage, but that the house may be duly co-ordinated with the distinctively interesting and artistically important features of the place. It should always be remembered in undertaking to select the site even on the smallest places that every plot or territory of ground has characteristics peculiar to itself, and to no other plot of ground; that it is undulating in a certain way; that it has agreeable or disagreeable outlooks; in a word, that it always has a distinct individuality of its own. The true way to manage it, therefore, from the standpoint of one who wishes to develop the

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entire beauty of his place, is to study all the features, good and bad, and tone down the bad ones and accentuate the good ones.

More mistakes are made in selecting sites than in almost anything else in landscape architecture. People think of only some one important consideration of the arrangement, and forget everything else. The house is not the only important feature of the place. It should not be allowed to obtrude itself, to be a discord in the picture, and obscure other important and charming features.

There are no definite rules, of course, that will always apply to the selection of a site for the house. Usually it should not be placed exactly in the middle of a place, or close to the front, and it should associate itself in some way with some considerable plantation of trees that may already exist.

I am speaking of considerations that must be met in a systematic way, and more or less in accordance with the best practice of the art of landscape gardening. But avoid being too conventionally artistic. Use common sense, and first of all make your grounds comfortable and convenient; then do what you can for the æsthetic. The latter may, in your opinion, be of the most importance, but the former, be sure, will, sooner or later, revenge itself on you for any undue neglect.

Remember, I am speaking now of all country places, meaning thereby a lot that may be only 25 feet by 100 feet, or may be five or six acres. In any case you are devising a picture when you undertake to lay out your grounds, even in the most simple fashion; and any arrangement that will develop and present with the best effect the most artistically valuable features, should be invariably chosen, though at first it may seem odd, and not in accordance with your conventional ideas of landscape gardening art. Any evident attempt at mere oddity is, of course, bad, and destructive of the harmony of the general arrangement; but there may be an unusualness of treatment that *seems* odd, though in reality effective and harmonious, simply because it is unconventional.

Take the carriage or foot entrances of a place as an illustration. Usually they are arranged at a little distance, twenty or thirty feet from the boundary lines of either side of the place, but frequently the most effective way to enter is exactly at the extreme corner of the lot, continuing across it. This is certainly not a conventional method, and yet it is an effective one.

Having selected the site of the house, and entered the place in such a way as to develop and perfect its essential beauties and attractions, let us see what we should next consider in the arrangement of our grounds.

Perhaps we can only have a foot-path on account of the small size of our place, and perhaps a carriage-drive may be admissible when we have grounds of two or three acres in extent. This path or drive should be laid out and constructed before the actual grading and planting is done. The arrangement of lawn and plants is as dependent on the situation and grades of the roads and paths as on the location of the house.

The first thing you must require of a road or path is that it shall reach the house by a sufficiently direct course to serve the general convenience of the place. Keeping this in view, a certain deviation may be allowed that will permit a better distant view, or the exhibition of some peculiar attraction of the lawn or plantations. As a rule, straight lines, absolutely straight lines, are to be avoided in landscape gardening. The slightest winding in a road or path almost invariably renders it more attractive. As with all rules, this one has its exceptions. It may be specially effective, under some peculiar circumstances, to arrange a straight avenue to the house, with a formal line of trees on either side; or the architecture of the house may be such as to suggest on its immediate borders some form of the rectangular French or Italian style of gardening. Always avoid, if possible, sharp and sudden curves in your roads or paths, and also equal reverse curves—that is, curves that exactly repeat each other.

The width of roads and paths is an-

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other consideration that must necessarily depend on circumstances. Ordinarily, in a small country place, I have found a path of five feet and a road of thirteen feet ample, but it may be quite as reasonable in some cases to make the foot-paths eight feet and the carriage-drives fifteen feet. As to the question, How shall I construct my roads and paths? much depends on the nature of the soil and on how much the paths and roads are to be used. Ordinarily it is wise to lay a foundation of broken stone six inches deep under all paths and one foot under drives for the sake of drainage, covering them with fine gravel and a little clay.

Continuing the carriage-drive up to the front door, we are met by the question, Shall we make a circle or an oval for the convenience of turning? Again, no one can say that an oval or a circle might not be suitable under certain circumstances. Ordinarily, however, we should avoid these forms, particularly the circle. There will be, usually, a tree or rock, or you can plant or place one, that will determine more or less the form of the turn. The shape is not of so much importance so long as it conforms to lines that will enable a carriage to turn with ease and without a tendency to run over the borders. I have found that such a turn should be at least forty feet across in its widest part, with its curves carefully adjusted to the easy turning of an ordinary carriage.

Subsidiary roads for bringing supplies to the house should be, of course, minimized and kept out of sight as much as possible; but if convenience requires them, no mere æsthetic considerations should prevent their employment. Paths should be likewise allowed only as a comparatively straight and easy way to reach a house or view.

All roads and paths are, indeed, only admissible as means of reaching a structure or view; otherwise the place would always look better without them. They have no attractions comparable with that of grass, flowers, shrubs, and trees. This should be remembered whenever the question of making a path arises. On consideration, perhaps, you will find that you will have to sacrifice more than you will gain, and the path will stay unmade. On the same principle, try to minimize the area of the open, bare spaces necessarily made by the meeting and crossing of paths and roads.

After the paths and roads are made, there comes the preparation and grading of the lawns. Manure heavily and plow or dig deeply, and the superior growth of your grass will abundantly repay you. If you want a perfect piece of greensward, even and free from weeds, let me commend to you the use of carefully selected sods. There is no other way of making such perfect grass; but then, I must acknowledge, the lawn should be small or the expense of sodding must be necessarily great. In any case, the borders of the drives and walks, made level for a foot or two at least, whatever the steepness beyond, should be sodded. You will hardly make grass-seed produce a good permanent border in a year or two along the immediate edge of a path or road. It will be trodden too much, or suffer greatly from other vicissitudes incident to such places.

A word also should be said about the parallelism of the two sides of roads or paths. Ordinarily, as everyone knows, the width of a walk or road is kept the same throughout its extent. This is common-sense that is also conventional, but that does not preclude the wisdom of a systematic variation of the width of paths and roads wherever convenience requires. Perhaps a tree may force a widening, because the preservation of the tree is of more importance than the adherence to the conventional rule of parallelism of path- and road-lines. Sometimes, moreover, the necessity for a seat, or at least the space for the lingering of several pedestrians, will suggest a widening. I do not say that one should seek to be odd and different in his methods by frequently widening the paths, but simply that he should not be slavishly bound by a fancied necessity for adhering to the parallelism of road- and path-lines.

In grading the lawn we should be largely governed by the original topography of the ground, by its special idiosyncrasy, of formation, if I may be allowed the use of such a term in this

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connection. If the lawn be hollowing, don't attempt to fill it up, if you are not troubled by difficulties of drainage; and even then a land basin and a pipe led a short distance will often obviate this difficulty entirely. Sometimes even you will find it best in the interest of developing the peculiar character of the place to deepen the hollow of the lawn. Then again part of the lawn may be hollow and part convex, and yet you must not attempt to make it level. To say that a level lawn is not, under most circumstances, desirable, seems to be a paradox. But it is a fact based on sound principles of art. Moreover, in most cases, you will hardly be able to make a level, absolutely level, lawn, hard as ever you may try. Of course, you should smooth off the asperities of the surface and secure easy-flowing lawn contours. Sometimes you can improve the effect of the undulations by judiciously arranged planting. But never, or only in the rarest cases, plant the crown of the convex portions of your lawn and bottom of your hollows. You will only thereby lessen the attractive variety and picturesqueness of the surface. Every contour, every line of a well-arranged place, will be always changing to the eye, not abruptly and suddenly, but harmoniously and gracefully. There must be no monotony of line anywhere —in walks, roads, grass surface, or plantations.

Concerning the plantations I should have much to say did space permit, for on them depends largely the successful composition and coloring of the place. The first thing to consider before you begin to plant is the adjustment of your views, vistas, or outlooks. Ordinarily, except where you require for some reason a special outlook, the entire outside border of the place should be planted with a mass of trees and shrubs, making a hedge of irregular, waving lines. Ordinarily, too, there should be something like seven shrubs to every tree, the shrubs standing eight or ten feet apart and the trees forty to fifty feet. This rule applies, of course, to only large growing shrubs; the smaller ones can be tucked in round about. It is an excellent plan to establish a lofty tree, like the elm, tulip, or poplar, at each marked angle of the place and at either side of the carriage entrance. It tends to give character to the entire lawn. If you have room enough, one of the ways of emphasizing certain interesting parts of your country place, and especially the pleasant home character of the house, is to establish a grove near that building. Set out the best shade-trees—elms, maples, beeches, tulip-trees, liquid ambars, and lindens—and let them stand forty or fifty feet apart so that they may grow into broad and lofty trees, dispensing abundant shade. Such a grove near the house will give perpetual delight throughout the year. Even in winter, during snow- and ice-storms, you will find unfailing pleasure in contemplating the unexpected and magical effects of snow and ice in your grove, and moreover find comfort in seeking its protecting shelter if you have planted a few pines in the midst. Planting groves means to many people simply the setting out of a cluster of trees eight or ten feet apart and allowing them to slowly crowd each other to death. Properly managed, the grove may be the most delightful and admirable feature of all country places, except the smallest, and even there one great elm or beech may be a grove in itself.

In adjusting the vistas by means of your planting, you should see that the longest lines of view are secured. Let them extend diagonally from corner to corner of your place if you can. It will give breadth and largeness to the treatment of the entire territory that will greatly enhance its attractiveness. Try also to mass your lawn into as large and open unplanted space as possible. It increases the much-to-be-desired breadth of the place.

At all intersections of paths, at entrance-gates, etc., there should be planted intermingled masses of trees and shrubs so arranged that the way for the paths and roads may seem to have been hewn through them. I have named some good trees, among which should have been included the white birch and yellow wood or cladastris tinctoria. Let me also give you the names of some thoroughly excellent shrubs, not merely

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rare kinds, but such as you can readily find in most well-stocked nurseries. Here they are: Spirea opulifolia, California privet, Japanese snowball, common snowball, standard honeysuckles, weigelas, Philadelphuses, Japan quince, purple berberry, Thunberg's spirea, lilacs, hydrangea paniculata grandiflora, white fringe, purple fringe, and golden elder.

Don't plant trees and large shrubs close to the house. It gives a crowded feeling and is apt to obstruct the view from the windows. Small growing shrubs may, however, be used effectively adjoining the house. They are not only beautiful in themselves, but they tend to mask the base of the house, where there is usually a sharp and uninteresting angle. A few specimens of shrubs and trees may be allowed to adorn the turn in front of the house, and those only immediately on the edge of the curves, so as to leave the green sward of the general surface of the turn open and free. If possible make the surface also slightly undulating here as elsewhere.

Against one thing let me warn the reader, and that is the indiscriminate use of formal foliage or flower-beds on most lawns. They are apt to lend a garish and vulgar air to the place. Close to the house you may sometimes use one or two of these beds, but their bright red and yellow colors should be set a little on one side and not allowed to glare at one too much. I respect the universal delight in rich color, but all formal patches of color should be used carefully and in proper relations to the whole picture. A discordant mass of color hurts the eye much in the same way as a voice or instrument annoys the ear when not used in harmony. It is far more harmonious and satisfactory in most cases to employ, instead of beds of geraniums and coleuses, the hardy herbaceous plants, such as phloxes, lilies of the valley, harebells, larkspurs, hollyhocks, blue gentians, and the like, tucked away in the edges of groups of trees and shrubs.

I think I have now given a few important suggestions concerning some of the principles of treatment that apply alike to both small and large country places. But in order to illustrate better what I mean, I propose to ask the reader's attention for a brief space to an account of the treatment of a small place of five or six acres situated on the banks of the East River, ten or fifteen miles from New York. [See illustration, p. 309.] This place had a somewhat curious history. Thirty-five or forty years ago one of the wealthy men of New York bought it, probably because he was attracted by its bold position on a point or bend of the shore of the river. On this tract of land he planted at the time a considerable assortment of shade-trees and a few shrubs. There were elms, maples, beeches, poplars, lindens, pines, spruces, and other trees of similar character.

In the course of time these trees grew to great dimensions, for the soil was naturally rich and mellow, and excellently adapted to the growth of trees. The place remained in the hands of the family of the purchaser, who has been long dead, for the term of a generation, until the tract became a great thicket of saplings interspersed with full-grown specimens. Here and there along the river bank was a grove of pine and other trees standing free, but in main part the tract was a close-set wilderness.

A purchaser for the place finally came, eight or ten years ago, and undertook to make a home for himself. The tract, of course, looked like a tangle, although there were evidently fine trees scattered about. Many people would have started in with an axe and soon swept most of the wilderness away. But the present owner recognized capabilities and idiosyncrasies pertaining to the place that he thought charming, and therefore he proposed to develop them. The place was to be made a genuine woodland home a few miles from New York City. Let us see how he accomplished his purpose.

In the first place, at the southwest corner there stood an enormous elm-tree, just a few feet within the boundary line. This he conceived the idea of making the key-point of his entrance from the corner, thus turning the course of the drive diagonally across his land. Eventually the art displayed in carrying, this winding road, with the lines of a

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gently flowing river, almost directly to the house, constituted one of the principal charms of the place.

At first the road went into the thicket with a sharp curve around the elm, and then straight away until it almost reached the house, when it turned suddenly around a "circle" or carriage sweep. By this means you saw nothing of the place and house until you had gone many yards beyond the entrance, and even then you only caught glimpses of the house till you came right upon it, whereas it was in reality all the time only a few yards away. Yet you did not feel shut in, because just after you left the elm-tree and passed the entrance of the winding foot-path that commenced here to skirt the place, a tennis-ground of an acre in extent spread out before you. This gave a charming effect of openness and let in at its farthest boundary the western sun and a noble view of the river. This was literally all the clearing that had been made, except in front of the house, where enough trees had been chopped out to prepare a small carriage turn about a grass plot forty feet in its largest diameter. The house was a low two-story structure utterly unpretentious, but comfortable and convenient. Near the front gate a road wound off to the outbuildings and vegetable gardens in such a way that you would hardly discover it unless you were keeping a sharp look-out. A foot-path meandered by an almost secret way from the house to the barn. An acre and a half would probably comprise all the land that had been cleared from the original seven or eight acres, and really you would hardly realize, except just about the house, that any trees had been removed, so deftly had the work been managed in order to retain the original spirit and chief beauties of the place.

Don't understand that there was not a great deal of work laid out, because there was; but it was of a dainty, unobtrusive kind that simply developed and perfected existing charms. There was, for instance, not a formal flower or foliage bed on the place, but all along the borders of the woodland, skirting the tennis-ground, and in nooks everywhere along the walks that skirted the entire grounds, there were quantities of hardy herbaceous plants — harebells, irises, blue gentians, crocuses, phloxes, daffodils, in fact, wild flowers of many kinds, besides those found growing naturally on the place. Shrubs, especially American shrubs, were planted along the same borders wherever weak spots in the foliage occurred. The only planting which was evidently made for ornament came close to the house, where with a background of woods grew irregular groups of rhododendrons and azaleas, with two or three choice and beautiful specimens of evergreens of low growth.

The walk skirting the place was a mere narrow foot-path two or three feet wide, that sought all the most beautiful spots on the banks of the river which bounded the tract on two sides. At the points where the views were finest the path was widened for rustic seats, from which one might gaze at ease on the near and distant stretches of shining river. The rest and repose and perfect woodland charm of the spot, looking out on the river laden with numerous busy craft, was possessed of a unique charm that I have not words to express. There was a pine-grove also that I specially affected. It was open and airy, with the branches far up and a clean carpet of brown needles beneath, and as the wind played the peculiar tune of the pines and the glimpses of the river flashed near by, I often thought that here was a grove before which one might well lift one's hat in reverence.

There was nothing careless or unkempt about the place. It was tidy, the plants were thriving, the grass was vigorous and well kept, and the branches of the great trees were duly pruned; and yet it was all so unobtrusively natural that the wood-robins and other birds seemed to make it their home instinctively.

But the estate I have described was originally wooded and level and situated on the banks of a great busy river. Let us consider for a few moments a place in Madison, N. J., where the original conditions were different. It will serve to suggest, and perhaps solve, for the reader several other prob-

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lems that are likely to confront him. [See illustration, p. 310.]

The peculiarity of this lawn was that the house stood on a high knoll that sloped down steeply to a lake of an acre and a half in extent. A stone bridge crossed a narrow stream a few yards in length, which connected this pool of water with a larger one above. In order properly to solve the problem of treating a high hill with the house on the apex and a pond below, the carriage-road was carried around a pear-shaped turn in front of the house. This turn was about forty feet in its largest diameter. Branch roads started out from this main road for the convenience of reaching the back of the house and the barn and stables. The points where these branches tapped the main road were, of course, heavily planted with shrubs and trees, so as to partially conceal the presence of the minor drives and the existence of the outbuildings. The main drive wound in one long curve around the easiest contour lines of the hill, thus securing comparatively good grades for a road traversing a steep hilly territory.

At every abrupt turn of the road masses of trees and shrubs were thrown across both sides, in order to mask the exact nature of the changes, and please by their variety and unsuspected nature. On reaching the bank of the lake the road was carried along at a sufficient distance from the water, ten or fifteen feet, to enable water-loving trees and shrubs to grow, such as willows, poplars, alders, etc. After winding along the bank four hundred or five hundred feet, the road finally came out on the main highway through a heavy stone gate covered with Japan ivy (Ampelopsis tricuspidata) and masked with groups of trees and shrubs. The road, which, after crossing the stone bridge, ran northeast along the base of the house-lot hill, was bordered inside the fence by an irregular plantation or hedge of trees and shrubs; and up around the house were scattered large shade-trees, such as elms, maples, beeches, and lindens.

The shores of the lake were further decorated here and there on prominent parts with water-loving trees and shrubs, and, above all, the edges of the lake were carefully sodded, so that the greensward dipped everywhere into the water. Standing on the road a little this side of the bridge, and looking on the still surface of the lake, one could see the whole green hill-side with the house and trees charmingly mirrored. Both ends of the stone bridge, I should have said, were masked with trees and shrubs and vines.

The place just considered was about seven acres in extent and on a hill. I will now ask the reader to consider a place of similar size situated in the same region of New Jersey, which consisted of a deep hollow instead of a hill, and had no water or water views. The whole interior of this place was charmingly varied with natural groves of oak interspersed with a few pines. [See illustration, p. 311.]

The general character of the main part of the interior had been left untouched, except that some of the trees in the lowest part had been cut out to reveal the full depth of the little valley. This was intended to carry out the general principle I have endeavored to impress on the reader already in this paper, that he should seek as much as possible to increase the variety of the surface, that is, make, if anything, the hills higher and the valleys deeper. At certain points of the heavily bordering woodland two or three fine views were opened to the blue hills in the extreme distance.

The entrance to this place was arranged in a somewhat peculiar fashion. It came on the extreme outside edge of the valley or bowl at a point nearest the highway. A hundred feet or so within the grounds the drive reached the house, which stood on a small level platform of made earth extending out to a sharp declivity and just allowing enough space for the house and drive and a turn around beyond it. The view from the front door was charming, and a walk winding along the exterior lines of the place revealed many beautiful spots. No planting in this case was used, except about the gateway and on and about the turn in front of the house. The existing attractions of valley and native plantations were greater than any that could be added, and additions would proba-

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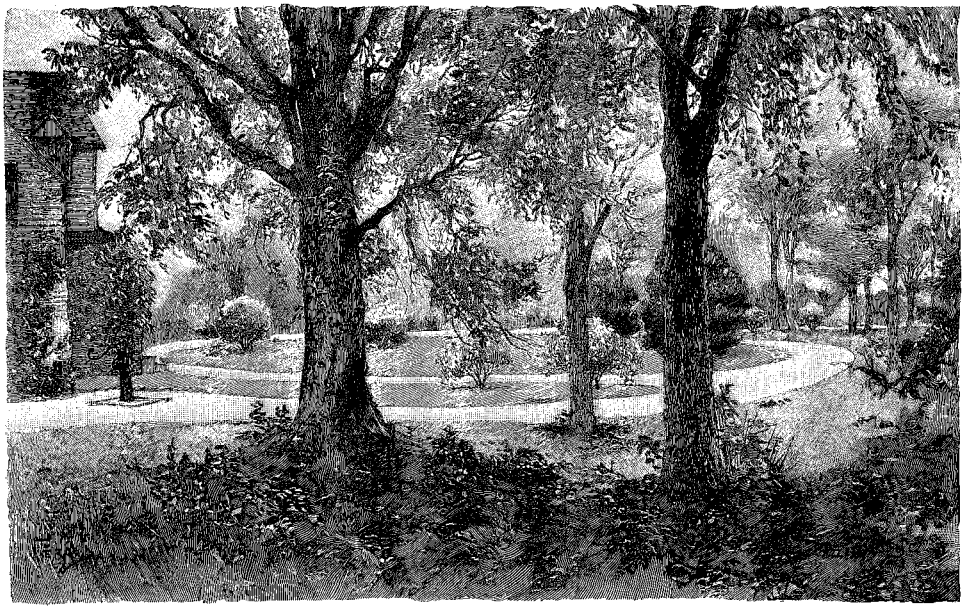

Country Place of Six Acres on Long Island.

ably be somehow out of harmony with the naturalness of the scene. To this end pruning, fertilizing, and the sowing of grass-seed were practised yearly.

Of a similar hilly character was a place I once helped to arrange in Lenox, Mass. Its peculiarities were its smallness of size and nearness to an important highway, where all the fashion passed by. It was only an acre in extent, but was elaborately constructed of rocks, terraces, and the most rare and choice specimen trees and shrubs that could be obtained. The land originally sloped sharply down from the street, so that the house perforce was raised upon high walls and terraces on three sides. In front the land, however, was filled up so as to be comparatively level, sloping only moderately up to the street. There were rare and beautiful evergreens, such as the varieties of silver firs, pines, retinosporas, spruces, rhododendrons, hardy azaleas, Japanese maples, etc. For the sake of variety the carriage-road wound, with one or two comparatively sharp curves, a hundred feet or so along the front of the house, and so around a carriage turn made by a widening of the road, and out at the other gate. The stable stood near this gate, but was well masked with large trees and shrubs. Behind the house, on the level spaces made by the terraces, was arranged a flower-garden consisting chiefly of herbaceous and annual flowering plants, set out specially for the purpose of securing plenty of flowers for gathering. This place, by means of the variety of the curves of its roads, the number of its interesting features of trees, shrubs, flowers, and greensward, and, in a word, by its possession of a great share of landscape beauty in a comparatively small space, was and remains a model of its kind.

There was another country place of moderate dimensions that I call to mind that possessed certain peculiar features worthy of consideration. It was situated near both the Harlem and the Hudson Rivers, and commanded fine distant views, and had the same high, hilly character as the place in New Jersey. [See illustration, p. 313.] This place, however, though seven acres in extent, had no lake, and had a large formal vegetable garden and distant barns and stables. There were many large and fine evergreens on the place, and the main road has been led to the east door where a turn is provided. It then passes on by the house and a short distance down tow-

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DRAWN BY V. PÉRARD.

A Country Place of Seven Acres, with Pond, in the Midst of Open Country.

ENGRAVED BY WITTE.

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ard the barn, where another turn is secured on comparatively level ground. The space allowed by the steep slope directly in front on the other side of the house, and once used for a contracted turn, has been therefore thus abandoned. Broad lawns have been kept open, and distant views preserved in arranging the plantations; and a large croquet ground has been laid out, with a summer-house beyond. The barns have been all shut out with masses of foliage, and the boundary lines with irregular hedges of trees and shrubs. One peculiarity of this place was its groups made up of some single kind of shrub; that is, you will find here a great group of weigelas, there one of spireas, and yonder one of snowballs. I do not say that any one of these groups was made up of only one kind of shrub, but that a large majority were of one kind. Merely dotting about on the lawn a great variety of trees and shrubs, one or two of a kind, is rarely good lawn planting. You should have enough of a kind grouped together to properly exhibit its special mass effect.

I once laid out a place in Kentucky that, I think, illustrated well what could be done on an acre or two that was comparatively level and inclined to be slightly monotonous in general effect. It was in a town, on a public street, and its width was one hundred and fifty feet and its depth four hundred and fifty. Apparently there was not much variety to be secured; yet much was really attained. In the first place, the entrance was arranged in the extreme corner of one side of the place. Notice how this arrangement gave a comparatively wide lawn on your right hand as you entered the place. Trees and shrubs, of course, shut out your view just at the gate, but in a moment a half-acre lawn opened out with a tree or two and a background of shrubbery. A smaller lawn lay across the road to the left hand, and then about a hundred feet from the entrance the road divided right and left into two branches, which, after hugging the exterior boundaries of the place, enclosed an ample central lawn of another half acre.

A Place of about Seven Acres in a New Jersey Hill Town.

On reaching the house, two hundred and fifty feet from the gate, the two winding roads united again, and passed in a straight line one side of the house to the stables, leaving on the way, in front of the kitchen door, an ample

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widening for the carts of butcher and baker. Heavy plantations screened this road and its widening and allowed another open half-acre lawn, ornamented with choice single specimen trees, and backed by a portion of the same irregular hedge that surrounded the whole. There were magnolias, weeping beeches, weeping elms, red flowering horse-chestnuts and Kentucky coffee-trees.

In front of the house across the road was a great wide-spreading American elm, and a little further on, bordering the drive, a rich-colored plant bed of coleus, geranium, and alternautheras. All along the drives, on either side, and about forty to fifty feet apart and ten feet back, grew fine shade-trees — the American linden, the tulip-tree, the purple beech, the liquid ambar, the Norway maple, and the white birch. Entirely around the place were planted irregular hedges of trees and shrubs, with here and there openings for looking out at some agreeable view.

Of yet simpler nature and more unpretentious character was a place I knew at Narraganset Pier, R. I. [Illustrated below.] To remember that it was on the seashore, and was level, with sandy soil, is to bring its limitations within a small compass. The house had been originally arranged, more by accident than design, in the middle of the plot. In order, therefore, to secure comparatively wide and long open side lawns the two entrances were brought nearer together than usual, directly in front of the house, and only twenty-five feet apart. The drives then led, in a long, narrow horse-shoe shaped curve, a hundred feet to the front door. A back entrance was arranged at the extreme rear of the lot within ten feet of its limit, and by a straight road the butcher and the baker were led to an ample turn before the kitchen door. This road was well masked with shrubbery standing two or three irregular rows deep. The remainder of the planting, however, was limited to a single

Grounds of a House at a Summer Watering Place.

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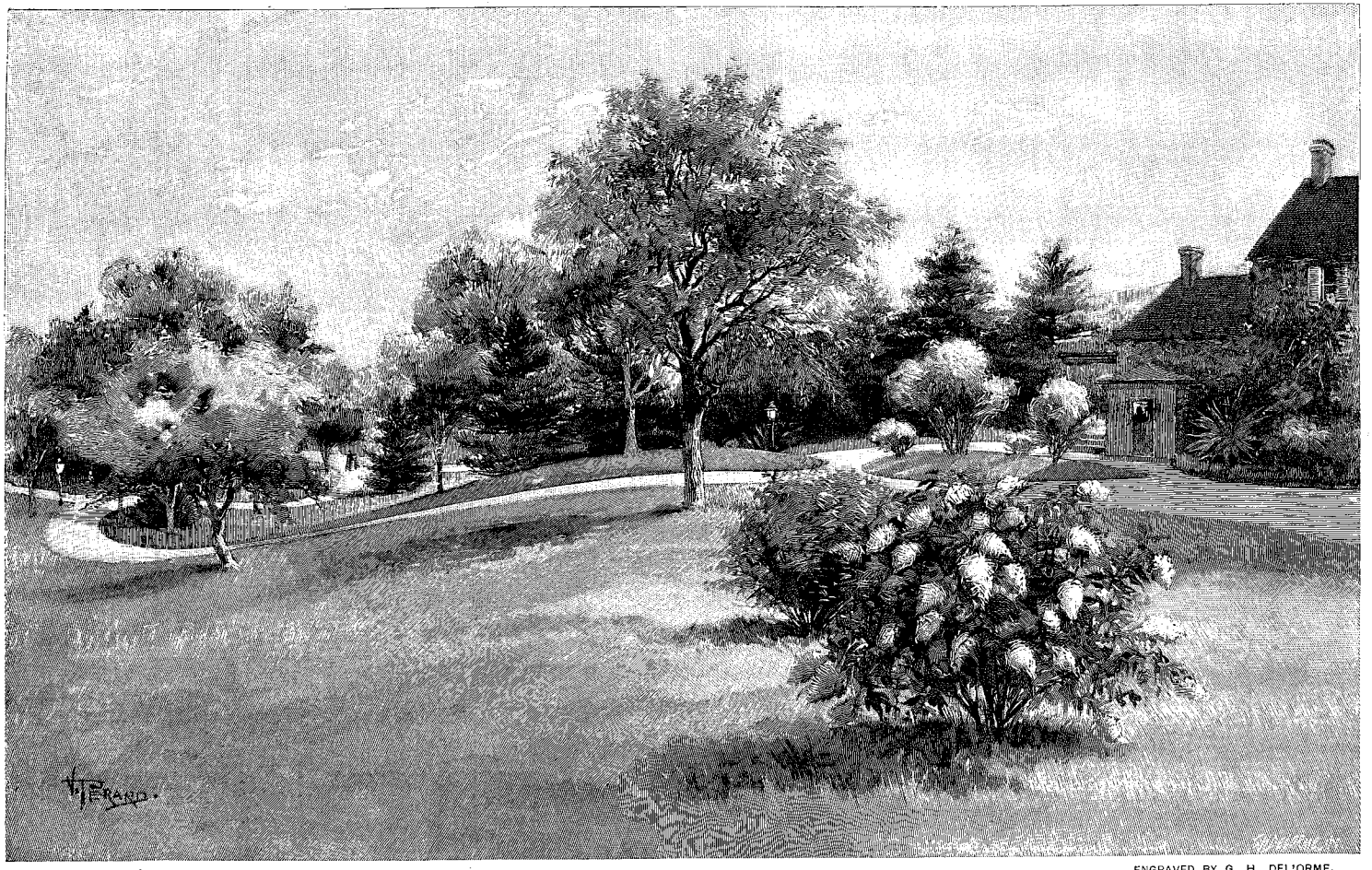

DRAWN BY V. PÉRARD.

Country Place of Seven Acres Overlooking the Hudson.

ENGRAVED BY G. H. DEL'ORME.

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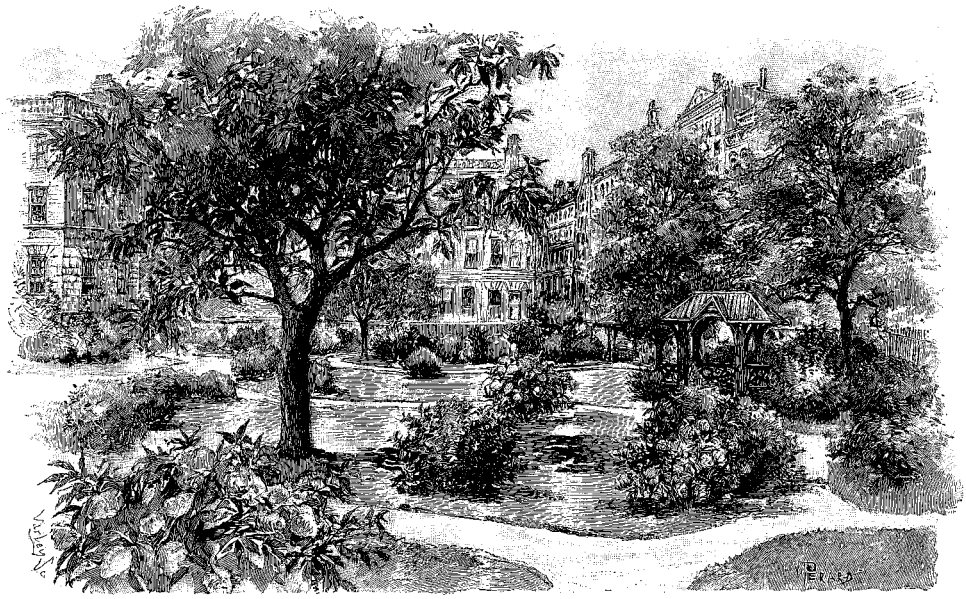
waving border of shrubs, with occasional shade-trees, extending around the exterior boundary of the place. A half dozen low shrubs were used near the house, such as the Japan rose, Rosa rugosa, Philadelphus aureus nanus, etc. By this arrangement comparatively large lawns were secured and the greatest breadth of treatment possible under the circumstances.



Rural Treatment of a Place of Two Lots in a City.

The grass was not very strong, but was kept green and fresh-looking by fertilizing and watering. The shrubs and trees, on account of their exposed seashore position, were the toughest and hardiest kinds, such as laurel-leaved willow, American elm, balsam poplar, honey locust, California privet, standard honeysuckle, spirea opulifolia, viburnum plicatum and V. dentatum, philadelphuses, weigelas, altheas, and hydrangea paniculata grandiflora.

The last place the treatment of which I am going to consider, though not strictly within my title, is a large city lot in Baltimore, Md. [Illustrated above.] In size this lot was about one hundred and fifty feet deep and seventy-five feet in width or frontage on the street. Back from the street sixty feet stood the house, or houses, for the use of two brothers, with an open court-yard between. These houses were elegant and expensive. The rear yard, was, of course, small, but really deep enough for all practical purposes.

And now let me explain the peculiarity of the treatment of the front-door yard of these two houses that made it much more attractive than most places of the kind. You will notice that if the yard, seventy-five feet wide, had been divided into two of thirty-seven and a half feet each, both would have been insignificant in size, but see the way the one common lawn was treated so as to give it the greatest possible apparent breadth and variety of effect. At three irregular points, about twenty feet apart, entrances for foot-paths were made, thereby disguising any sign of a dividing line between the two places, and giving each one a separate walk of his own. In the centre a path common to both families was allowed to wind (for all these paths wind). The outside paths clung close to the outer boundary, thus securing the greatest space possible for open lawns. At three corners or nooks of these paths rustic summer-houses were contrived, and from these and other points vistas

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were carefully managed. On the outer boundaries of the lot and sparsely along the paths were disposed the finest specimens of the rarest trees and shrubs that could be obtained. There were rhododendrons, azaleas, Japanese maples, dwarf magnolias, kalmias, Thunberg's berberry, in fact all kinds of plants that were not only rare and beautiful, but especially such as possessed a symmetry and elegance of their own befitting the dignity and finished art of a city door-yard or lawn. The turf being, after all, the most important feature of a city place, was also kept in the most exquisite order by incessant weeding and watering and by yearly fertilizing.

THE WRECKER.

By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CROSS-QUESTIONS AND CROOKED ANSWERS.

I HAVE said hard words of San Francisco; they must scarce be literally understood (one cannot suppose the Israelites did justice to the land of Pharaoh); and the city took a fine revenge of me on my return. She had never worn a more becoming guise; the sun shone, the air was lively, the people had flowers in their button-holes and smiles upon their faces; and as I made my way toward Jim's place of employment, with some very black anxieties at heart, I seemed to myself a blot on the surrounding gayety.

My destination was in a by-street, in a mean, rickety building; "The Franklin H. Dodge Steam Printing Company" appeared upon its front, and in characters of greater freshness, so as to suggest recent conversion, the watch-cry, "White Labor Only." In the office, in a dusty pen, Jim sat alone before a table. A wretched change had overtaken him in clothes, body, and bearing; he looked sick and shabby; he who had once rejoiced in his day's employment, like a horse among pastures, now sat staring on a column of accounts, idly chewing a pen, at times heavily sighing, the picture of inefficiency and inattention. He was sunk deep in a painful reverie; he neither saw nor heard me; and I stood and watched him unobserved. I had a sudden vain relenting. Repentance bludgeoned me. As I had predicted to Nares, I stood and kicked myself. Here was I come home again, my honor saved; there was my friend in want of rest, nursing, and a generous diet; and I asked myself with Falstaff, "What is in that word honor? what is that honor?" and, like Falstaff, I told myself that it was air.

"Jim!" said I.

"Loudon!" he gasped, and jumped from his chair and stood shaking.

The next moment I was over the barrier, and we were hand in hand.

"My poor old man!" I cried.

"Thank God you're home at last!" he gulped, and kept patting my shoulder with his hand.

"I've no good news for you, Jim!" said I.

"You've come—that's the good news that I want," he replied. "O, how I've longed for you, Loudon!"

"I couldn't do what you wrote me," I said, lowering my voice. "The creditors have it all. I couldn't do it."

"Ssh!" returned Jim. "I was crazy when I wrote. I could never have looked Mamie in the face if we'd have done it. O, Loudon, what a gift that woman is! You think you know something of life: you just don't know anything. It's the *goodness* of the woman, and it's a revelation!"

"That's all right," said I. "That's how I hoped to hear you, Jim."

"And so the *Flying Scud* was a fraud," he resumed. "I didn't quite understand your letter, but I made out that."

"Fraud is a mild term for it," said I.

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DRAWN BY W. L. METCALF.

"The day's work done and the evening before us; just start in with the whole story."—Page 318.

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"The creditors will never believe what fools we were. And that reminds me," I continued, rejoicing in the transition, "how about the bankruptcy?"

"You were lucky to be out of that," answered Jim, shaking his head; "you were lucky not to see the papers. The *Occidental* called me a fifth-rate Redstone broker with water on the brain; another said I was a tree-frog that had got into the same meadow with Longhurst, and had blown myself out till I went pop. It was rough on a man in his honeymoon; so was what they said about my looks, and what I had on, and the way I perspired. But I braced myself up with the *Flying Scud*. How did it exactly figure out anyway? I don't seem to catch on to that story, Loudon."

"The devil you don't!" thinks I to myself; and then aloud: "You see we had neither one of us good luck. I didn't do much more than cover current expenses; and you got floored immediately. How did we come to go so soon?"

"Well, we'll have to have a talk over all this," said Jim with a sudden start. "I should be getting to my books; and I guess you had better go up right away to Mamie. She's at Speedy's. She expects you with impatience. She regards you in the light of a favorite brother, Loudon."

Any scheme was welcome which allowed me to postpone the hour of explanation, and avoid (were it only for a breathing space) the topic of the *Flying Scud*. I hastened accordingly to Bush Street. Mrs. Speedy, already rejoicing in the return of a spouse, hailed me with acclamation. "And it's beautiful you're looking, Mr. Dodd, my dear," she was kind enough to say. "And a miracle they naygur waheenies let ye lave the oilands. I have my suspicions of Shpeedy," she added, roguishly. "Did ye see him after the naygresses now?"

I gave Speedy an unblemished character.

"The one of ye will niver bethray the other," said the playful dame, and ushered me into a bare room, where Mamie sat working a typewriter.

I was touched by the cordiality of her greeting. With the prettiest gesture in the world she gave me both her hands; wheeled forth a chair; and produced, from a cupboard, a tin of my favorite tobacco and a book of my exclusive cigarette papers.

"There!" she cried, "you see, Mr. Loudon, we were all prepared for you; the things were bought the very day you sailed."

I imagine she had always intended me a pleasant welcome; but the certain fervor of sincerity, which I could not help remarking, flowed from an unexpected source. Captain Nares, with a kindness for which I can never be sufficiently grateful, had stolen a moment from his occupations, driven to call on Mamie, and drawn her a generous picture of my prowess at the wreck. She was careful not to breathe a word of this interview, till she had led me on to tell my adventures for myself.

"Ah! Captain Nares was better," she cried, when I had done. "From your account, I have only learned one new thing, that you are modest as well as brave."

I cannot tell with what sort of disclamation I sought to reply.

"It is of no use," said Mamie. "I know a hero. And when I heard of you working all day like a common laborer, with your hands bleeding and your nails broken—and how you told the captain to 'crack on' (I think he said) in the storm, when he was terrified himself—and the danger of that horrid mutiny"—(Nares had been obligingly dipping his brush in earthquake and eclipse)—"and how it was all done, in part at least, for Jim and me—I felt we could never say how we admired and thanked you."

"Mamie," I cried, "don't talk of thanks; it is not a word to be used between friends. Jim and I have been prosperous together; now we shall be poor together. We've done our best, and that's all that need be said. The next thing is for me to find a situation, and send you and Jim up country for a long holiday in the redwoods—for a holiday Jim has got to have."

"Jim can't take your money, Mr. Loudon," said Mamie.

"Jim?" cried I. "He's got to. Didn't I take his?"

Presently after, Jim himself arrived, and before he had yet done mopping

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his brow, he was at me with the accursed subject. "Now, Loudon," said he, "here we are all together, the day's work done and the evening before us; just start in with the whole story."

"One word on business first," said I, speaking from the lips outward, and meanwhile (in the private apartments of my brain) trying for the thousandth time to find some plausible arrangement of my story. "I want to have a notion how we stand about the bankruptcy."

"O, that's ancient history," cried Jim. "We paid seven cents, and a wonder we did as well. The receiver—" (methought a spasm seized him at the name of this official, and he broke off). "But it's all past and done with anyway; and what I want to get at is the facts about the wreck. I don't seem to understand it; appears to me like as there was something underneath."

"There was nothing *in* it anyway," I said, with a forced laugh.

"That's what I want to judge of," returned Jim.

"How the mischief is it I can never keep you to that bankruptcy? It looks as if you avoided it," said I—for a man in my situation, with unpardonable folly.

"Don't it look a little as if you were trying to avoid the wreck?" asked Jim.

It was my own doing; there was no retreat. "My dear fellow, if you make a point of it, here goes!" said I, and launched with spurious gayety into the current of my tale. I told it with point and spirit; described the island and the wreck, mimicked Anderson and the Chinese, maintained the suspense. . . . My pen has stumbled on the fatal word. I maintained the suspense so well that it was never relieved; and when I stopped —I dare not say concluded, where there was no conclusion—I found Jim and Mamie regarding me with surprise.

"Well?" said Jim.

"Well, that's all," said I.

"But how do you explain it?" he asked.

"I can't explain it," said I.

Mamie wagged her head ominously.

"But, great Cæsar's ghost! the money was offered!" cried Jim. "It won't do, Loudon; it's nonsense, on the face of it! I don't say but what you and Nares did your best; I'm sure, of course, you did; but I do say, you got fooled. I say the stuff is in that ship to-day, and I say I mean to get it."

"There is nothing in the ship, I tell you, but old wood and iron!" said I.

"You'll see," said Jim. "Next time I go myself. I'll take Mamie for the trip; Longhurst won't refuse me the expense of a schooner. You wait till I get the searching of her."

"But you can't search her!" cried I. "She's burned."

"Burned!" cried Mamie, starting a little from the attitude of quiescent capacity in which she had hitherto sat to hear me, her hands folded in her lap.

There was an appreciable pause.

"I beg your pardon, Loudon," began Jim at last, "but why in snakes did you burn her?"

"It was an idea of Nares's," said I.

"This is certainly the strangest circumstance of all," observed Mamie.

"I must say, Loudon, it does seem kind of unexpected," added Jim. "It seems kind of crazy even. What did you—what did Nares expect to gain by burning her?"

"I don't know; it didn't seem to matter; we had got all there was to get," said I.

"That's the very point," cried Jim. "It was quite plain you hadn't."

"What made you so sure?" asked Mamie.

"How can I tell you?" I cried. "We had been all through her. We *were* sure; that's all that I can say."

"I begin to think you were," she returned, with a significant emphasis.

Jim hurriedly intervened. "What I don't quite make out, Loudon, is that you don't seem to appreciate the peculiarities of the thing," said he. "It doesn't seem to have struck you same as it does me."

"Pshaw! why go on with this?" cried Mamie, suddenly rising. "Mr. Dodd is not telling us either what he thinks or what he knows."

"Mamie!" cried Jim.

"You need not be concerned for his feelings, James; he is not concerned for yours," returned the lady. "He dare not deny it, besides. And this is not the first time he has practised reticence.

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Have you forgotten that he knew the address, and did not tell it you until that man had escaped?"

Jim turned to me pleadingly; we were all on our feet. "Loudon," he said, "you see Mamie has some fancy; and I must say there's just a sort of a shadow of an excuse; for it *is* bewildering—even to me, Loudon, with my trained business intelligence. For God's sake, clear it up."

"This serves me right," said I. "I should not have tried to keep you in the dark; I should have told you at first that I was pledged to secrecy; I should have asked you to trust me in the beginning. It is all I can do now. There is more of the story, but it concerns none of us, and my tongue is tied. I have given my word of honor. You must trust me and try to forgive me."

"I dare say I am very stupid, Mr. Dodd," begun Mamie, with an alarming sweetness, "but I thought you went upon this trip as my husband's representative and with my husband's money? You tell us now that you are pledged, but I should have thought you were pledged first of all to James. You say it does not concern us; we are poor people, and my husband is sick, and it concerns us a great deal to understand how we come to have lost our money, and why our representative comes back to us with nothing. You ask that we should trust you; you do not seem to understand; the question we are asking ourselves is whether we have not trusted you too much."

"I do not ask you to trust me," I replied. "I ask Jim. He knows me."

"You think you can do what you please with James; you trust to his affection, do you not? And me, I suppose, you do not consider," said Mamie. "But it was perhaps an unfortunate day for you when we were married, for I at least am not blind. The crew run away, the ship is sold for a great deal of money, you know that man's address and you conceal it, you do not find what you were sent to look for, and yet you burn the ship; and now, when we ask explanations, you are pledged to secrecy! But I am pledged to no such thing; I will not stand by in silence and see my sick and ruined husband betrayed by his condescending friend. I will give you the truth for once. Mr. Dodd, you have been bought and sold."

"Mamie," cried Jim, "no more of this! It's me you're striking; it's only me you hurt. You don't know, you cannot understand these things. Why, to-day, if it hadn't been for Loudon, I couldn't have looked you in the face. He saved my honesty."

"I have heard plenty of this talk before," she replied. "You are a sweethearted fool, and I love you for it. But I am a clear-headed woman; my eyes are open, and I understand this man's hypocrisy. Did he not come here to-day and pretend he could take a situation—pretend he would share his hard-earned wages with us until you were well? Pretend! It makes me furious! His wages! a share of his wages! That would have been your pittance, that would have been your share of the *Flying Scud*—you who worked and toiled for him when he was a beggar in the streets of Paris. But we do not want your charity; thank God, I can work for my own husband! See what it is to have obliged a gentleman. He would let you pick him up when he was begging; he would stand and look on, and let you black his shoes, and sneer at you. For you were always sneering at my James; you always looked down upon him in your heart, you know it!" She turned back to Jim. "And now when he is rich," she began, and then swooped again on me. "For you are rich, I dare you to deny it; I defy you to look me in the face and try to deny that you are rich—rich with our money—my husband's money——"

Heaven knows to what a height she might have risen, being, by this time, bodily whirled away in her own hurricane of words. Heart-sickness, a black depression, a treacherous sympathy with my assailant, pity unutterable for poor Jim, already filled, divided, and abashed my spirit. Flight seemed the only remedy; and making a private sign to Jim, as if to ask permission, I slunk from the unequal field.

I was but a little way down the street, when I was arrested by the sound of some one running, and Jim's voice calling me by name. He had followed me

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with a letter which had been long awaiting my return.

I took it in a dream. "This has been a devil of a business," said I.

"Don't think hard of Mamie," he pleaded. "It's the way she's made; it's her high-toned loyalty. And of course I know it's all right. I know your sterling character; but you didn't, somehow, make out to give us the thing straight, Loudon. Anybody might have—I mean it—I mean——"

"Never mind what you mean, my poor Jim," said I. "She's a gallant little woman and a loyal wife: and I thought her splendid. My story was as fishy as the devil. I'll never think the less of either her or you."

"It'll blow over, it must blow over," said he.

"It never can," I returned, sighing: "and don't you try to make it! Don't name me, unless it's with an oath. And get home to her right away. Good-by, my best of friends. Good-by, and God bless you. We shall never meet again."

"O Loudon, that we should live to say such words!" he cried.

I had no views on life, beyond an occasional impulse to commit suicide, or to get drunk, and drifted down the street—semi-conscious, walking apparently on air, in the light-headedness of grief. I had money in my pocket, whether mine or my creditors' I had no means of guessing; and, the Poodle Dog lying in my path, I went mechanically in and took a table. A waiter attended me, and I suppose I gave my orders; for presently I found myself, with a sudden return of consciousness, beginning dinner. On the white cloth at my elbow lay the letter, addressed in a clerk's hand, and bearing an English stamp and the Edinburgh postmark. A bowl of bouillon and a glass of wine awakened in one corner of my brain (where all the rest was in mourning, the blinds down as for a funeral) a faint stir of curiosity; and while I waited the next course, wondering the while what I had ordered, I opened and began to read the epoch-making document.

"Dear Sir: I am charged with the melancholy duty of announcing to you the death of your excellent grandfather, Mr. Alexander Loudon, on the 17th ult. On Sunday the 13th, he went to church as usual in the forenoon, and stopped on his way home, at the corner of Princes Street, in one of our seasonable east winds, to talk with an old friend. The same evening acute bronchitis declared itself; from the first, Dr. M'Combie anticipated a fatal result, and the old gentleman appeared to have no illusion as to his own state. He repeatedly assured me it was 'by' with him now; 'and high time, too,' he once added with characteristic asperity. He was not in the least changed on the approach of death: only (what I am sure must be very grateful to your feelings) he seemed to think and speak even more kindly than usual of yourself: referring to you as 'Jeannie's yin,' with strong expressions of regard. 'He was the only one I ever liket of the hale jing-bang,' was one of his expressions; and you will be glad to know that he dwelt particularly on the dutiful respect you had always displayed in your relations. The small codicil, by which he bequeaths you his Molesworth, his copy of Hoppus, and other professional works, was added (you will observe) on the day before his death; so that you were in his thoughts until the end. I should say that, though rather a trying patient, he was most tenderly nursed by your uncle, and your cousin, Miss Euphemia. I enclose a copy of the testament, by which you will see that you share equally with Mr. Adam, and that I hold at your disposal a sum nearly approaching seventeen thousand pounds. I beg to congratulate you on this considerable acquisition, and expect your orders, to which I shall hasten to give my best attention. Thinking that you might desire to return at once to this country, and not knowing how you may be placed, I enclose a credit for six hundred pounds. Please sign the accompanying slip, and let me have it at your earliest convenience.

"I am, dear sir, yours truly,

"W. Rutherford Gregg."

"God bless the old gentleman!" I thought; "and for that matter God bless Uncle Adam! and my cousin Euphemia! and Mr. Gregg!" I had a

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vision of that gray old life now brought to an end—"and high time too"—a vision of those Sabbath streets alternately vacant and filled with silent people; of the babel of the bells, the long-drawn psalmody, the shrewd sting of the east wind, the hollow, echoing, dreary house to which "Ecky" had returned with the hand of death already on his shoulder; a vision, too, of the long, rough country lad, perhaps a serious courtier of the lasses in the hawthorn den, perhaps a rustic dancer on the green, who had first earned and answered to that harsh diminutive. And I asked myself if, on the whole, poor Ecky had succeeded in life; if the last state of that man were not on the whole worse than the first; and the house in Randolph Crescent a less admirable dwelling than the hamlet where he saw the day and grew to manhood. Here was a consolatory thought for one who was himself a failure.

Yes, I declare the word came in my mind; and all the while, in another partition of the brain, I was glowing and singing for my new-found opulence. The pile of gold—four thousand two hundred and fifty double eagles, seventeen thousand ugly sovereigns, twenty-one thousand two hundred and fifty Napoleons—danced, and rang and ran molten, and lit up life with their effulgence, in the eye of fancy. Here were all things made plain to me: Paradise—Paris, I mean—Regained, Carthew protected, Jim restored, the creditors . . .

"The creditors!" I repeated, and sank back benumbed. It was all theirs to the last farthing: my grandfather had died too soon to save me.

I must have somewhere a rare vein of decision. In that revolutionary moment, I found myself prepared for all extremes except the one: ready to do anything, or to go anywhere, so long as I might save money. At the worst, there was flight, flight to some of those blest countries where the serpent, extradition, has not yet entered in.

> On no condition is extradition
> Allowed in Callao!

—the old lawless words haunted me; and I saw myself hugging my gold in the company of such men as had once made and sung them, in the rude and bloody wharfside drinking-shops of Chili and Peru. The run of my ill-luck, the breach of my old friendship, this bubble fortune flaunted for a moment in my eyes and snatched again, had made me desperate and (in the expressive vulgarism) ugly. To drink vile spirits among vile companions by the flare of a pine-torch; to go burthened with my furtive treasure in a belt; to fight for it knife in hand, rolling on a clay floor; to flee perpetually in fresh ships and to be chased through the sea from isle to isle, seemed, in my then frame of mind, a welcome series of events.

That was for the worst; but it began to dawn slowly on my mind that there was yet a possible better. Once escaped, once safe in Callao, I might approach my creditors with a good grace; and properly handled by a cunning agent, it was just possible they might accept some easy composition. The hope recalled me to the bankruptcy. It was strange, I reflected: often as I had questioned Jim, he had never obliged me with an answer. In his haste for news about the wreck, my own no less legitimate curiosity had gone disappointed. Hateful as the thought was to me, I must return at once and find out where I stood.

I left my dinner still unfinished, paying for the whole of course, and tossing the waiter a gold piece. I was reckless; I knew not what was mine and cared not: I must take what I could get and give as I was able; to rob and to squander seemed the complementary parts of my new destiny. I walked up Bush Street, whistling, brazening myself to confront Mamie in the first place, and the world at large and a certain visionary judge upon a bench in the second. Just outside, I stopped and lighted a cigar to give me greater countenance; and puffing this and wearing what (I am sure) was a wretched assumption of braggadocio, I reappeared on the scene of my disgrace.

My friend and his wife were finishing a poor meal—rags of old mutton, the remainder cakes from breakfast eaten cold, and a starveling pot of coffee.

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"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Pinkerton," said I. "Sorry to inflict my presence where it cannot be desired; but there is a piece of business necessary to be discussed."

"Pray do not consider me," said Mamie, rising, and she sailed into the adjoining bedroom.

Jim watched her go and shook his head; he looked miserably old and ill.

"What is it, now?" he asked.

"Perhaps you remember you answered none of my questions," said I.

"Your questions?" faltered Jim.

"Even so, Jim. My questions," I repeated. "I put questions as well as yourself; and however little I may have satisfied Mamie with my answers, I beg to remind you that you gave me none at all."

"You mean about the bankruptcy?" asked Jim.

I nodded.

He writhed in his chair. "The straight truth is, I was ashamed," he said. "I was trying to dodge you. I've been playing fast and loose with you, Loudon; I've deceived you from the first, I blush to own it. And here you came home and put the very question I was fearing. Why did we bust so soon? Your keen business eye had not deceived you. That's the point, that's my shame; that's what killed me this afternoon when Mamie was treating you so, and my conscience was telling me all the time, Thou art the man."

"What was it, Jim?" I asked.

"What I had been at all the time, Loudon," he wailed; "and I don't know how I'm to look you in the face and say it, after my duplicity. It was stocks," he added in a whisper.

"And you were afraid to tell me that!" I cried. "You poor, old, cheerless dreamer! what would it matter what you did or didn't? Can't you see we're doomed? And anyway, that's not my point. It's how I stand that I want to know. There is a particular reason. Am I clear? Have I a certificate, or what have I to do to get one? And when will it be dated? You can't think what hangs by it!"

"That's the worst of all," said Jim, like a man in a dream, "I can't see how to tell him!"

"What do you mean?" I cried, a small pang of terror at my heart.

"I'm afraid I sacrificed you, Loudon," he said, looking at me pitifully.

"Sacrificed me?" I repeated. "How? What do you mean by sacrifice?"

"I know it'll shock your delicate self-respect," he said; "but what was I to do? Things looked so bad. The receiver——" (as usual, the name stuck in his throat, and he began afresh). "There was a lot of talk; the reporters were after me already; there was the trouble and all about the Mexican business; and I got scared right out, and I guess I lost my head. You weren't there, you see, and that was my temptation."

I did not know how long he might thus beat about the bush with dreadful hintings, and I was already beside myself with terror. What had he done? I saw he had been tempted; I knew from his letters that he was in no condition to resist. How had he sacrificed the absent?

"Jim," I said, "you must speak right out. I've got all that I can carry."

"Well," he said—"I know it was a liberty—I made it out you were no business man, only a stone-broke painter; that half the time you didn't know anything anyway, particularly money and accounts. I said you never could be got to understand whose was whose. I had to say that because of some entries in the books——"

"For God's sake," I cried, "put me out of this agony! What did you accuse me of?"

"Accused you of?" repeated Jim. "Of what I'm telling you. And there being no deed of partnership, I made out you were only a kind of clerk that I called a partner just to give you taffy; and so I got you ranked a creditor on the estate for your wages and the money you had lent. And——"

I believe I reeled. "A creditor!" I roared; "a creditor! I'm not in the bankruptcy at all?"

"No," said Jim. "I know it was a liberty——"

"O damn your liberty! read that," I cried, dashing the letter before him on the table, "and call in your wife, and be done with eating this truck"—as I spoke, I slung the cold mutton in the

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empty grate—"and let's all go and have a champagne supper. I've dined—I'm sure I don't remember what I had; I'd dine again ten scores of times upon a night like this. Read it, you blaying ass! I'm not insane. Here, Mamie," I continued, opening the bedroom door, "come out and make it up with me, and go and kiss your husband; and I'll tell you what, after the supper, let's go to some place where there's a band, and I'll waltz with you till sunrise."

"What does it all mean?" cried Jim.

"It means we have a champagne supper to-night, and all go to Napa Valley or to Monterey to-morrow," said I. "Mamie, go and get your things on; and you, Jim, sit down right where you are, take a sheet of paper, and tell Franklin Dodge to go to Texas. Mamie, you were right, my dear; I was rich all the time, and didn't know it."

CHAPTER XIX.

TRAVELS WITH A SHYSTER.

The absorbing and disastrous adventure of the *Flying Scud* was now quite ended; we had dashed into these deep waters and we had escaped again to starve, we had been ruined and were saved, had quarrelled and made up; there remained nothing but to sing *Te Deum*, draw a line, and begin on a fresh page of my unwritten diary. I do not pretend that I recovered all I had lost with Mamie; it would have been more than I had merited; and I had certainly been more uncommunicative than became either the partner or the friend. But she accepted the position handsomely; and during the week that I now passed with them, both she and Jim had the grace to spare me questions. It was to Calistoga that we went; there was some rumor of a Napa land-boom at the moment, the possibility of stir attracted Jim, and he informed me he would find a certain joy in looking on, much as Napoleon on St. Helena took a pleasure to read military works. The field of his ambition was quite closed; he was done with action; and looked forward to a ranch in a mountain dingle, a patch of corn, a pair of kine, a leisurely and contemplative age in the green shade of forests. "Just let me get down on my back in a hayfield," said he, "and you'll find there's no more snap to me than that much putty."

And for two days the perjured being actually rested. The third, he was observed in consultation with the local editor, and owned he was in two minds about purchasing the press and paper. "It's a kind of a hold for an idle man," he said, pleadingly; "and if the section was to open up the way it ought to, there might be dollars in the thing." On the fourth day he was gone till dinner-time alone; on the fifth we made a long picnic drive to the fresh field of enterprise; and the sixth was passed entirely in the preparation of prospectuses. The pioneer of McBride City was already upright and self-reliant as of yore; the fire rekindled in his eye, the ring restored to his voice; a charger sniffing battle and saying ha-ha, among the spears. On the seventh morning we signed a deed of partnership, for Jim would not accept a dollar of my money otherwise; and having once more engaged myself—or that mortal part of me, my purse—among the wheels of his machinery, I returned alone to San Francisco and took quarters in the Palace Hotel.

The same night I had Nares to dinner. His sunburnt face, his queer and personal strain of talk, recalled days that were scarce over and that seemed already distant. Through the music of the band outside, and the chink and clatter of the dining-room, it seemed to me as if I heard the foaming of the surf and the voices of the sea-birds about Midway Island. The bruises on our hands were not yet healed; and there we sat, waited on by elaborate darkies, eating pampino and drinking iced champagne.

"Think of our dinners on the *Norah*, captain, and then oblige me by looking round the room for contrast."

He took the scene in slowly. "Yes, it is like a dream," he said: "like as if the darkies were really about as big as dimes; and a great big scuttle might open up there, and Johnson stick in a great big head and shoulders, and cry,

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'Eight bells!'—and the whole thing vanish."

"Well, it's the other thing that has done that," I replied. "It's all bygone now, all dead and buried. Amen! say I."

"I don't know that, Mr. Dodd; and to tell you the fact, I don't believe it," said Nares. "There's more *Flying Scud* in the oven; and the baker's name, I take it, is Bellairs. He tackled me the day we came in: sort of a razee of poor old humanity—jury clothes—full new suit of pimples: knew him at once from your description. I let him pump me till I saw his game. He knows a good deal that we don't know, a good deal that we do, and suspects the balance. There's trouble brewing for somebody."

I was surprised I had not thought of this before. Bellairs had been behind the scenes; he had known Dickson; he knew the flight of the crew; it was hardly possible but what he should suspect; it was certain if he suspected, that he would seek to trade on the suspicion. And sure enough, I was not yet dressed the next morning ere the lawyer was knocking at my door. I let him in, for I was curious; and he, after some ambiguous prolegomena, roundly proposed I should go shares with him.

"Shares in what?" I inquired.

"If you will allow me to clothe my idea in a somewhat vulgar form," said he, "I might ask you, did you go to Midway for your health?"

"I don't know that I did," I replied.

"Similarly, Mr. Dodd, you may be sure I would never have taken the present step without influential grounds," pursued the lawyer. "Intrusion is foreign to my character. But you and I, sir, are engaged on the same ends. If we can continue to work the thing in company, I place at your disposal my knowledge of the law and a considerable practice in delicate negotiations similar to this. Should you refuse to consent, you might find in me a formidable and"—he hesitated—"and to my own regret, perhaps a dangerous competitor."

"Did you get this by heart?" I asked, genially.

"I advise *you* to!" he said, with a sudden sparkle of temper and menace, instantly gone, instantly succeeded by fresh cringing. "I assure you, sir, I arrive in the character of a friend; and I believe you underestimate my information. If I may instance an example, I am acquainted to the last dime with what you made (or rather) lost, and I know you have since cashed a considerable draft on London."

"What do you infer?" I asked.

"I know where that draft came from," he cried, wincing back like one who has greatly dared, and instantly regrets the venture.

"So?" said I.

"You forget I was Mr. Dickson's confidential agent," he explained. "You had his address, Mr. Dodd. We were the only two that he communicated with in San Francisco. You see my deductions are quite obvious: you see how open and frank I deal with you; as I should wish to do with any gentleman with whom I was conjoined in business. You see how much I know; and it can scarcely escape your strong commonsense, how much better it would be if I knew all. You cannot hope to get rid of me at this time of day, I have my place in the affair, I cannot be shaken off; I am, if you will excuse a rather technical pleasantry, an encumbrance on the estate. The actual harm I can do, I leave you to valuate for yourself. But without going so far, Mr. Dodd, and without in any way inconveniencing myself, I could make things very uncomfortable. For instance, Mr. Pinkerton's liquidation. You and I know, sir—and you better than I—on what a large fund you draw. Is Mr. Pinkerton in the thing at all? It was you only who knew the address, and you were concealing it. Suppose I should communicate with Mr. Pinkerton——"

"Look here!" I interrupted, "communicate with him (if you will permit me to clothe my idea in a vulgar shape) till you are blue in the face. There is only one person with whom I refuse to allow you to communicate farther, and that is myself. Good-morning."

He could not conceal his rage, disappointment, and surprise; and in the passage (I have no doubt) was shaken by St. Vitus.

I was disgusted by this interview; it struck me hard to be suspected on all hands, and to hear again from this

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trafficker what I had heard already from Jim's wife; and yet my strongest impression was different and might rather be described as an impersonal fear. There was something against nature in the man's craven impudence; it was as though a lamb had butted me; such daring at the hands of such a dastard, implied unchangeable resolve, a great pressure of necessity, and powerful means. I thought of the unknown Carthew, and it sickened me to see this ferret on his trail.

Upon inquiry I found the lawyer was but just disbarred for some malpractice; and the discovery added excessively to my disquiet. Here was a rascal without money as the means of making it, thrust out of the doors of his own trade, publicly shamed, and doubtless in a deuce of a bad temper with the universe. Here, on the other hand, was a man with a secret; rich, terrified, practically in hiding; who had been willing to pay ten thousand pounds for the bones of the *Flying Scud*. I slipped insensibly into a mental alliance with the victim; the business weighed on me; all day long, I was wondering how much the lawyer knew, how much he guessed, and when he would open his attack.

Some of these problems are unsolved to this day; others were soon made clear. Where he got Carthew's name is still a mystery; perhaps some sailor on the *Tempest*, perhaps my own sea-lawyer served him for a tool; but I was actually at his elbow when he learned the address. It felt so. One evening, when I had an engagement and was killing time until the hour, I chanced to walk in the court of the hotel while the band played. The place was bright as day with the electric light; and I recognized, at some distance among the loiterers, the person of Bellairs in talk with a gentleman, whose face appeared familiar. It was certainly some one I had seen, and seen recently; but who or where, I knew not. A porter standing hard by, gave me the necessary hint. The stranger was an English navy man, invalided home from Honolulu, where he had left his ship; indeed it was only from the change of clothes and the effects of sickness, that I had not immediately recognized my friend and correspondent, Lieutenant Sebright.

The conjunction of these planets seeming ominous, I drew near; but it seemed Bellairs had done his business; he vanished in the crowd, and I found my officer alone.

"Do you know whom you have been talking to, Mr. Sebright?" I began.

"No," said he. "I don't know him from Adam. Anything wrong?"

"He is a disreputable lawyer, recently disbarred," said I. "I wish I had seen you in time. I trust you told him nothing about Carthew?"

He flushed to his ears. "I'm awfully sorry," he said. "He seemed civil, and I wanted to get rid of him. It was only the address he asked."

"And you gave it?" I cried.

"I'm really awfully sorry," said Sebright. "I'm afraid I did."

"God forgive you!" was my only comment, and I turned my back upon the blunderer.

The fat was in the fire now: Bellairs had the address, and I was the more deceived or Carthew would have news of him. So strong was this impression, and so painful, that the next morning I had the curiosity to pay the lawyer's den a visit. An old woman was scrubbing the stair, and the board was down.

"Lawyer Bellairs?" said the old woman. "Gone East this morning. "There's Lawyer Dean next block up."

I did not trouble Lawyer Dean, but walked slowly back to my hotel, ruminating as I went. The image of the old woman washing that desecrated stair had struck my fancy; it seemed that all the water-supply of the city and all the soap in the state would scarce suffice to cleanse it, it had been so long a clearing-house of dingy secrets and a factory of sordid fraud. And now the corner was untenanted; some judge, like a careful housewife, had knocked down the web, and the bloated spider was scuttling elsewhere after new victims. I had of late (as I have said) insensibly taken sides with Carthew; now when his enemy was at his heels, my interest grew more warm; and I began to wonder if I could not help. The drama of the *Flying Scud* was entering on a new phase. It had been singular from the first: it promised an extraordinary conclusion; and I who had paid so much to learn the

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beginning, might pay a little more and see the end. I lingered in San Francisco, indemnifying myself after the hardships of the cruise, spending money, regretting it, continually promising departure for the morrow. Why not go indeed, and keep a watch upon Bellairs? If I missed him, there was no harm done, I was the nearer Paris. If I found and kept his trail, it was hard if I could not put some stick in his machinery, and at the worst I could promise myself interesting scenes and revelations.

In such a mixed humor, I made up what it pleases me to call my mind, and once more involved myself in the story of Carthew and the *Flying Scud*. The same night I wrote a letter of farewell to Jim; the morrow saw me in the ferry-boat; and ten days later, I was walking the hurricane deck on the *City of Denver*. By that time my mind was pretty much made down again, its natural condition: I told myself that I was bound for Paris or Fontainebleau to resume the study of the arts; and I thought no more of Carthew or Bellairs, or only to smile at my own fondness. The one I could not serve, even if I wanted; the other I had no means of finding, even if I could have at all influenced him after he was found.

And for all that, I was close on the heels of an absurd adventure. My neighbor at table that evening was a 'Frisco man whom I knew slightly. I found he had crossed the plains two days in front of me, and this was the first steamer that had left New York for Europe since his arrival. Two days before me, meant a day before Bellairs; and dinner was scarce done before I was closeted with the person.

"Bellairs?" he repeated. "Not in the saloon, I am sure. He may be in the second class. The lists are made out, but—Hullo! 'Harry D. Bellairs?' That the name? He's there right enough."

And the next morning I saw him on the forward deck, sitting in a chair, a book in his hand, a shabby puma skin rug about his knees: the picture of respectable decay. Off and on, I kept him in my eye. He read a good deal, he stood and looked upon the sea, he talked occasionally with his neighbors, and once when a child fell he picked it up and soothed it. I damned him in my heart; the book, which I was sure he did not read—the sea, for which I was ready to take oath he was indifferent—the child, whom I was certain he would as lieve have tossed overboard—all seemed to me elements in a theatrical performance; and I made no doubt he was already nosing after the secrets of his fellow-passengers. I took no pains to conceal myself, my scorn for the creature being as strong as my disgust. But he never looked my way, and it was night before I learned he had observed me.

I was smoking by the engine-room door, for the air was a little sharp, when a voice rose close beside me in the darkness.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Dodd?" it said.

"That you, Bellairs?" I replied.

"A single word, sir. Your presence on this ship has no connection with our interview?" he asked. "You have no idea, Mr. Dodd, of returning upon your determination?"

"None," said I; and then, seeing he still lingered, I was polite enough to add "Good-evening;" at which he sighed and went away.

The next day, he was there again with the chair and the puma skin; read his book and looked at the sea with the same constancy; and though there was no child to be picked up, I observed him to attend repeatedly on a sick woman. Nothing fastens suspicion like the act of watching; a man spied upon can hardly blow his nose but we accuse him of designs; and I took an early opportunity to go forward and see the woman for myself. She was poor, elderly, and painfully plain; I stood abashed at the sight, felt I owed Bellairs amends for the injustice of my thoughts, and seeing him standing by the rail in his usual attitude of contemplation, walked up and addressed him by name.

"You seem very fond of the sea," said I.

"I may really call it a passion, Mr. Dodd," he replied. "*And the tall cataract haunted me like a passion,*" he quoted. "I never weary of the sea, sir. This is my first ocean voyage. I find it

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a glorious experience." And once more my disbarred lawyer dropped into poetry: "*Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!*"

Though I had learned the piece in my reading-book at school, I came into the world a little too late on the one hand —and I daresay a little too early on the other—to think much of Byron; and the sonorous verse, prodigiously well delivered, struck me with surprise.

"You are fond of poetry, too?" I asked.

"I am a great reader," he replied. "At one time I had begun to amass quite a small but well selected library; and when that was scattered, I still managed to preserve a few volumes—chiefly of pieces designed for recitation —which have been my travelling companions."

"Is that one of them?" I asked, pointing to the volume in his hand.

"No, sir," he replied, showing me a translation of the *Sorrows of Werther*, "that is a novel I picked up some time ago. It has afforded me great pleasure, though immoral."

"O, immoral!" cried I, indignant as usual at any implication of art and ethics.

"Surely you cannot deny that, sir—if you know the book," he said. "The passion is illicit, although certainly drawn with a good deal of pathos. It is not a work one could possibly put into the hands of a lady; which is to be regretted on all accounts, for I do not know how it may strike you; but it seems to me—as a depiction, if I make myself clear—to rise high above its compeers, even famous compeers. Even in Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, or Hawthorne, the sentiment of love appears to me to be frequently done less justice to."

"You are expressing a very general opinion," said I.

"Is that so, indeed, sir?" he exclaimed, with unmistakable excitement. "Is the book well known? and who was *Go-eath?* I am interested in that, because upon the title-page the usual initials are omitted, and it runs simply 'by *Go-eath.*' Was he an author of distinction? Has he written other works?"

Such was our first interview, the first of many; and in all he showed the same attractive qualities and defects. His taste for literature was native and unaffected; his sentimentality, although extreme and a thought ridiculous, was plainly genuine. I wondered at my own innocent wonder. I knew that Homer nodded, that Cæsar had compiled a jest-book, that Turner lived by preference the life of Puggy Booth, that Shelley made paper boats, and Wordsworth made green spectacles! and with all this mass of evidence before me, I had expected Bellairs to be entirely of one piece, subdued to what he worked in, a spy all through. As I abominated the man's trade, so I had expected to detest the man himself; and behold, I liked him. Poor devil! he was essentially a man on wires, all sensibility and tremor, brimful of a cheap poetry, not without parts, quite without courage. His boldness was despair; the gulf behind him thrust him on; he was one of those who might commit a murder rather than confess the theft of a postage-stamp. I was sure that this coming interview with Carthew rode his imagination like a nightmare; when the thought crossed his mind, I used to think I knew of it, and that the qualm appeared in his face visibly. Yet he would never flinch: necessity stalking at his back, famine (his old pursuer) talking in his ear; and I used to wonder whether I most admired, or most despised, this quivering heroism for evil. The image that occurred to me after his visit was just; I had been butted by a lamb; and the phase of life that I was now studying might be called the Revolt of a Sheep.

It could be said of him that he had learned in sorrow what he taught in song—or wrong; and his life was that of one of his victims. He was born in the back parts of the State of New York; his father a farmer, who became subsequently bankrupt and went West. The lawyer and money-lender who had ruined this poor family seems to have conceived in the end a feeling of remorse; he turned the father out indeed, but he offered, in compensation, to charge himself with one of the sons: and Harry, the fifth child and already sickly, was chosen to be left behind. He made himself useful in the office;

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picked up the scattered rudiments of an education; read right and left; attended and debated at the Young Men's Christian Association; and in all his early years, was the model for a good story-book. His landlady's daughter was his bane. He showed me her photograph; she was a big, handsome, dashing, dressy, vulgar hussy, without character, without tenderness, without mind, and (as the result proved) without virtue. The sickly and timid boy was in the house; he was handy; when she was otherwise unoccupied, she used and played with him: Romeo and Cressida; till in that dreary life of a poor boy in a country town, she grew to be the light of his days and the subject of his dreams. He worked hard, like Jacob, for a wife; he surpassed his patron in sharp practice; he was made head clerk; and the same night, encouraged by a hundred freedoms, deepened by the sense of his youth and his infirmities, he offered marriage, and was received with laughter. Not a year had passed, before his master, conscious of growing infirmities, took him for a partner; he proposed again; he was accepted; led two years of troubled married life; and awoke one morning to find his wife had run away with a dashing drummer, and had left him heavily in debt. The debt, and not the drummer, was supposed to be the cause of the hegira; she had concealed her liabilities, they were on the point of bursting forth, she was weary of Bellairs; and she took the drummer as she might have taken a cat. The blow disabled her husband, his partner was dead; he was now alone in the business, for which he was no longer fit; the debts hampered him; bankruptcy followed; and he fled from city to city, falling daily into lower practice. It is to be considered that he had been taught, and had learned as a delightful duty, a kind of business whose highest merit is to escape the commentaries of the bench: that of the usurious lawyer in a county town. With this training, he was now shot, a penniless stranger, into the deeper gulfs of cities; and the result is scarce a thing to be surprised at.

"Have you heard of your wife again?" I asked.

He displayed a pitiful agitation. "I am afraid you will think ill of me," he said.

"Have you taken her back?" I asked.

"No, sir. I trust I have too much self-respect," he answered, "and, at least, I was never tempted. She won't come, she dislikes, she seems to have conceived a positive distaste for me, and yet I was considered an indulgent husband."

"You are still in relations, then?" I asked.

"I place myself in your hands, Mr. Dodd," he replied. "The world is very hard; I have found it bitter hard myself—bitter hard to live. How much worse for a woman, and one who has placed herself (by her own misconduct, I am far from denying that) in so unfortunate a position!"

"In short, you support her?" I suggested.

"I cannot deny it. I practically do," he admitted. "It has been a mill-stone round my neck. But I think she is grateful. You can see for yourself."

He handed me a letter in a sprawling, ignorant hand, but written with violet ink on fine, pink paper with a monogram. It was very foolishly expressed, and I thought (except for a few obvious cajoleries) very heartless and greedy in meaning. The writer said she had been sick, which I disbelieved; declared the last remittance was all gone in doctor's bills, for which I took the liberty of substituting dress, drink, and monograms; and prayed for an increase, which I could only hope had been denied her.

"I think she is really grateful?" he asked, with some eagerness, as I returned it.

"I daresay," said I. "Has she any claim on you?"

"O, no, sir. I divorced her," he replied. "I have a very strong sense of self-respect in such matters, and I divorced her immediately."

"What sort of life is she leading now?" I asked.

"I will not deceive you, Mr. Dodd. I do not know. I make a point of not knowing; it appears more dignified. I have been very harshly criticised," he added, sighing.

It will be seen that I had fallen into

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an ignominious intimacy with the man I had gone out to thwart. My pity for the creature, his admiration for myself, his pleasure in my society, which was clearly unassumed, were the bonds with which I was fettered; perhaps I should add, in honesty, my own ill-regulated interest in the phases of life and human character. The fact is (at least) that we spent hours together daily, and that I was nearly as much on the forward deck as in the saloon. Yet all the while I could never forget he was a shabby trickster, embarked that very moment in a dirty enterprise. I used to tell myself at first that our acquaintance was a stroke of art, and that I was somehow fortifying Carthew. I told myself, I say; but I was no such fool as to believe it, even then. In these circumstances I displayed the two chief qualities of my character on the largest scale—my helplessness and my instinctive love of procrastination—and fell upon a course of action so ridiculous that I blush when I recall it.

We reached Liverpool one forenoon, the rain falling thickly and insidiously on the filthy town. I had no plans, beyond a sensible unwillingness to let my rascal escape; and I ended by going to the same inn with him, dining with him, walking with him in the wet streets, and hearing with him in a penny gulf that venerable piece, *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*. It was one of his first visits to a theatre, against which places of entertainment he had a strong prejudice; and his innocent, pompous talk, innocent old quotations, and innocent reverence for the character of Hawkshaw delighted me beyond relief. In charity to myself, I dwell upon and perhaps exaggerate my pleasures. I have need of all conceivable excuses, when I confess that I went to bed without one word upon the matter of Carthew, but not without having covenanted with my rascal for a visit to Chester the next day. At Chester we did the cathedral, walked on the walls, discussed Shakespeare and the musical glasses—and made a fresh engagement for the morrow. I do not know, and I am glad to have forgotten, how long these travels were continued. We visited at least, by singular zigzags, Stratford, Warwick, Coventry, Gloucester, Bristol, Bath, and Wells. At each stage we spoke dutifully of the scene and its associations; I sketched, the Shyster spouted poetry and copied epitaphs. Who could doubt we were the usual Americans, travelling with a design of self-improvement? Who was to guess that one was a blackmailer, trembling to approach the scene of action — the other a helpless, amateur detective, waiting on events.

It is unnecessary to remark that none occurred, or none the least suitable with my design of protecting Carthew. Two trifles, indeed, completed, though they scarcely changed my conception of the Shyster. The first was observed in Gloucester, where we spent Sunday, and I proposed we should hear service in the cathedral. To my surprise, the creature had an *ism* of his own, to which he was loyal; and he left me to go alone to the cathedral—or perhaps not to go at all—and stole off down a deserted alley to some Bethel or Ebenezer of the proper shade. When we met again at lunch, I rallied him, and he grew restive.

"You need employ no circumlocutions with me, Mr. Dodd," he said, suddenly. "You regard my behavior from an unfavorable point of view: you regard me, I much fear, as hypocritical."

I was somewhat confused by the attack. "You know what I think of your trade," I replied, lamely and coarsely.

"Excuse me, if I seem to press the subject," he continued, "but if you think my life erroneous, would you have me neglect the means of grace? Because you consider me in the wrong on one point, would you have me place myself on the wrong in all? Surely, sir, the church is for the sinner."

"Did you ask a blessing on your present enterprise?" I sneered.

He had a bad attack of St. Vitus, his face was changed, and his eyes flashed. "I will tell you what I did!" he cried. "I prayed for an unfortunate man and a wretched woman whom he tries to support."

I cannot pretend that I found any repartee.

The second incident was at Bristol, where I lost sight of my gentleman some hours. From this eclipse, he returned to me with thick speech, wandering footsteps, and a back all whitened with

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plaster. I had half expected, yet I could have wept to see it. All disabilities were piled on that weak back—domestic misfortune, nervous disease, a displeasing exterior, empty pockets, and the slavery of vice.

I will never deny that our prolonged conjunction was the result of double cowardice. Each was afraid to leave the other, each was afraid to speak, or knew not what to say. Save for my ill-judged allusion at Gloucester, the subject uppermost in both our minds was buried. Carthew, Stallbridge-le-Carthew, Stallbridge-Minster — which we had long since (and severally) identified to be the nearest station—even the name of Dorsetshire was studiously avoided. And yet we were making progress all the time, tacking across broad England like an unweatherly vessel on a wind; approaching our destination, not openly, but by a sort of flying sap. And at length, I can scarce tell how, we were set down by a dilatory butt-end of local train on the untenanted platform of Stallbridge-Minster.

The town was ancient and compact: a domino of tiled houses and walled gardens, dwarfed by the disproportionate bigness of the church. From the midst of the thoroughfare which divided it in half, fields and trees were visible at either end; and through the sally-port of every street, there flowed in from the country a silent invasion of green grass. Bees and birds appeared to make the majority of the inhabitants; every garden had its row of hives, the eaves of every house were plastered with the nests of swallows, and the pinnacles of the church were flickered about all day long by a multitude of wings. The town was of Roman foundation; and as I looked out that afternoon from the low windows of the inn, I should scarce have been surprised to see a centurion coming up the street with a fatigue draft of legionaries. In short, Stallbridge-Minster was one of those towns which appear to be maintained by England for the instruction and delight of the American rambler; to which he seems guided by an instinct not less surprising than the setter's; and which he visits and quits with equal enthusiasm.

I was not at all in the humor of the tourist. I had wasted weeks of time and accomplished nothing; we were on the eve of the engagement, and I had neither plans nor allies. I had thrust myself into the trade of private providence and amateur detective; I was spending money and I was reaping disgrace. All the time, I kept telling myself that I must at least speak; that this ignominious silence should have been broken long ago, and must be broken now. I should have broken it when he first proposed to come to Stallbridge-Minster; I should have broken it in the train; I should break it there and then, on the inn doorstep, as the omnibus rolled off. I turned toward him at the thought; he seemed to wince, the words died on my lips, and I proposed instead that we should visit the Minster.

While we were engaged upon this duty, it came on to rain in a manner worthy of the tropics. The vault reverberated; every gargoyle instantly poured its full discharge; we waded back to the inn, ankle deep in impromptu brooks; and the rest of the afternoon sat weatherbound, hearkening to the sonorous deluge. For two hours I talked of indifferent matters, laboriously feeding the conversation; for two hours my mind was quite made up to do my duty instantly—and at each particular instant I postponed it till the next. To screw up my faltering courage, I called at dinner for some sparkling wine. It proved when it came to be detestable; I could not put it to my lips; and Bellairs, who had as much palate as a weevil, was left to finish it himself. Doubtless the wine flushed him; doubtless he may have observed my embarrassment of the afternoon; doubtless he was conscious that we were approaching a crisis, and that that evening, if I did not join with him, I must declare myself an open enemy. At least he fled. Dinner was done; this was the time when I had bound myself to break my silence; no more delays were to be allowed, no more excuses received. I went upstairs after some more tobacco; which I felt to be a mere necessity in the circumstances; and when I returned, the man was gone. The waiter told me he had left the house.

The rain still plumped, like a vast

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shower-bath, over the deserted town. The night was dark and windless: the street lit glimmeringly from end to end, lamps, house windows, and the reflections in the rain-pools all contributing. From a public-house on the other side of the way, I heard a harp twang and a doleful voice upraised in the "Larboard Watch," "The Anchor's Weighed," and other naval ditties. Where had my Shyster wandered? In all likelihood to that lyrical tavern; there was no choice of diversion; in comparison with Stallbridge-Minster on a rainy night, a sheepfold would seem gay.

Again I passed in review the points of my interview, on which I was always constantly resolved so long as my adversary was absent from the scene: and again they struck me as inadequate. From this dispiriting exercise I turned to the native amusements of the inn coffee-room, and studied for some time the mezzotints that frowned upon the wall. The railway guide, after showing me how soon I could leave Stallbridge and how quickly I could reach Paris, failed to hold my attention. An illustrated advertisement book of hotels brought me very low indeed; and when it came to the local paper, I could have wept. At this point, I found a passing solace in a copy of Whittaker's Almanac, and obtained in fifty minutes more information than I have yet been able to use.

Then a fresh apprehension assailed me. Suppose Bellairs had given me the slip? suppose he was now rolling on the road to Stallbridge-le-Carthew? or perhaps there already and laying before a very white-faced auditor his threats and propositions? A hasty person might have instantly pursued. Whatever I am, I am not hasty, and I was aware of three grave objections. In the first place, I could not be certain that Bellairs was gone. In the second, I had no taste whatever for a long drive at that hour of the night and in so merciless a rain. In the third, I had no idea how I was to get admitted if I went, and no idea what I should say if I got admitted. "In short," I concluded, "the whole situation is the merest farce. You have thrust yourself in where you had no business and have no power. You would be quite as useful in San Francisco; far happier in Paris; and being (by the wrath of God) at Stallbridge-Minster, the wisest thing is to go quietly to bed." On the way to my room, I saw (in a flash) that which I ought to have done long ago, and which it was now too late to think of—written to Carthew, I mean, detailing the facts and describing Bellairs, letting him defend himself if he were able, and giving him time to flee if he were not. It was the last blow to my self-respect; and I flung myself into my bed with contumely.

I have no guess what hour it was, when I was wakened by the entrance of Bellairs carrying a candle. He had been drunk, for he was bedaubed with mire from head to foot; but he was now sober and under the empire of some violent emotion which he controlled with difficulty. He trembled visibly; and more than once, during the interview which followed, tears suddenly and silently overflowed his cheeks.

"I have to ask your pardon, sir, for this untimely visit," he said. "I make no defence, I have no excuse, I have disgraced myself, I am properly punished; I appear before you to appeal to you in mercy for the most trifling aid or, God help me! I fear I may go mad."

"What on earth is wrong?" I asked.

"I have been robbed," he said. "I have no defence to offer; it was of my own fault, I am properly punished."

"But, gracious goodness me!" I cried, "who is there to rob you in a place like this."

"I can form no opinion," he replied. "I have no idea. I was lying in a ditch inanimate. This is a degrading confession, sir; I can only say in self-defence that perhaps (in your good nature) you have made yourself partly responsible for my shame. I am not used to these rich wines."

"In what form was your money? Perhaps it may be traced," I suggested.

"It was in English sovereigns. I changed it in New York; I got very good exchange," he said, and then, with a momentary outbreak, "God in heaven, how I toiled for it!" he cried.

"That doesn't sound encouraging," said I. "It may be worth while to ap-

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ply to the police, but it doesn't sound a hopeful case."

"And I have no hope in that direction," said Bellairs. "My hopes, Mr. Dodd, are all fixed upon yourself. I could easily convince you that a small, a very small advance, would be in the nature of an excellent investment; but I prefer to rely on your humanity. Our acquaintance began on an unusual footing; but you have now known me for some time, we have been sometime—I was going to say we had been almost intimate. Under the impulse of instinctive sympathy, I have bared my heart to you, Mr. Dodd, as I have done to few; and I believe—I trust—I may say that I feel sure you heard me with a kindly sentiment. This is what brings me to your side at this most inexcusable hour. But put yourself in my place — how could I sleep — how could I dream of sleeping, in this blackness of remorse and despair? There was a friend at hand—so I ventured to think of you; it was instinctive; I fled to your side, as the drowning man clutches at a straw. These expressions are not exaggerated, they scarcely seem to express the agitation of my mind. And think, sir, how easily you can restore me to hope and, I may say, to reason. A small loan, which shall be faithfully repaid. Five hundred dollars would be ample." He watched me with burning eyes. "Four hundred would do. I believe, Mr. Dodd, that I could manage with economy on two."

"And then you will repay me out of Carthew's pocket?" I said. "I am much obliged. But I will tell you what I will do: I will see you on board a steamer, pay your fare through to San Francisco, and place fifty dollars in the purser's hands, to be given you in New York."

He drank in my words; his face represented an ecstasy of cunning thought. I could read there, plain as print, that he but thought to overreach me.

"And what am I to do in 'Frisco?" he asked. "I am disbarred, I have no trade, I cannot dig, to beg——" he paused in the citation. "And you know that I am not alone," he added, "others depend upon me."

"I will write to Pinkerton," I returned. "I feel sure he can help you to some employment, and in the meantime, and for three months after your arrival, he shall pay to yourself personally, on the first and the fifteenth, twenty-five dollars."

"Mr. Dodd, I scarce believe you can be serious in this offer," he replied. "Have you forgotten the circumstances of the case? Do you know these people are the magnates of the section? They were spoken of to-night in the saloon; their wealth must amount to many millions of dollars in real estate alone; their house is one of the sights of the locality, and you offer me a bribe of a few hundred!"

"I offer you no bribe, Mr. Bellairs, I give you alms," I returned. "I will do nothing to forward you in your hateful business; yet I would not willingly have you starve."

"Give me a hundred dollars then, and be done with it," he cried.

"I will do what I have said, and neither more nor less," said I.

"Take care," he cried. "You are playing a fool's game; you are making an enemy for nothing; you will gain nothing by this, I warn you of it!" And then with one of his changes, "Seventy dollars — only seventy — in mercy, Mr. Dodd, in common charity. Don't dash the bowl from my lips! You have a kindly heart. Think of my position, remember my unhappy wife."

"You should have thought of her before," said I. "I have made my offer, and I wish to sleep."

"Is that your last word, sir? Pray consider; pray weigh both sides: my misery, your own danger. I warn you —I beseech you; measure it well before you answer," so he half pleaded, half threatened me, with clasped hands.

"My first word, and my last," said I.

The change upon the man was shocking. In the storm of anger that now shook him, the lees of his intoxication rose again to the surface; his face was deformed, his words insane with fury; his pantomime excessive in itself, was distorted by an access of St. Vitus.

"You will perhaps allow me to inform you of my cold opinion," he began, apparently self-possessed, truly burst-

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ing with rage, "when I am a glorified saint, I shall see you howling for a drop of water and exult to see you. That your last word! Take it in your face, you spy, you false friend, you fat hypocrite! I defy, I defy and despise and spit upon you! I'm on the trail, his trail or yours, I smell blood, I'll follow it on my hands and knees, I'll starve to follow it! I'll hunt you down, hunt you, hunt you down! If I were strong, I'd tear your vitals out, here in this room—tear them out—I'd tear them out! Damn, damn, damn! You think me weak? I can bite, bite to the blood, bite you, hurt you, disgrace you . . . "

He was thus incoherently raging, when the scene was interrupted by the arrival of the landlord and inn servants in various degrees of deshabille, and to them I gave my temporary lunatic in charge.

"Take him to his room," I said, "he's only drunk."

These were my words; but I knew better. After all my study of Mr. Bellairs, one discovery had been reserved for the last moment: that of his latent and essential madness.

(To be continued.)

AMERICAN ILLUSTRATION OF TO-DAY.

By William A. Coffin.

THIRD PAPER.

NO American artist's work is more widely known than that of Edwin A. Abbey. The subject of illustration is never discussed among his compatriots without the introduction of his name and praise for his achievements. In Europe, not only in England where he has made his home of late, but on the Continent, his ability is recognized by artists and critics alike, and his drawings are ranked with the best that modern art has to show. His fame is wide-spread, and his talent conceded in every artistic centre where his work has been seen. But though the excellence of Mr. Abbey's work from the technical point of view is universally admitted, it appeals most strongly to the Anglo-Saxon in its sentimental side. The subjects for his delightful pictures have been found mostly in English songs and tales, and he has realized, as no one else has done, the ideal of the English girl one thinks of as walking in the green fields where

> ——daisies pied and violets blue,
> And lady-smocks all silver white,
> And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
> Do paint the meadows with delight,

in Shakespeare's time; or she who in brocade and quilted petticoat flits through the wide halls and up and down the shadowy staircases of the old country house in later days. The clowns and the fine gentlemen, the roaring country squires and hearty serving-men, the game-keepers, butlers, and grooms, shepherds and milkmaids, parsons and housewives, are depicted with fine-edged wit and delicate sensibility to individuality of type, and all are seen in their appropriate *milieus*, in meadows and forests, at roadside stiles and tavern-doors, tap-room and chamber, cottage and hall, just as we might have fancied them ourselves, but never made out and set before us in such delightful form until Mr. Abbey gave us, with his sympathetic pen and brushes, the admirable drawings with which he has illustrated the poetry of Robert Herrick, "She Stoops to Conquer," "As You Like It," and in "Old Songs," a host of pretty ballads and quaint bucolic rhymes.

In "Selections from the Poetry of Robert Herrick, with Drawings by Edwin A. Abbey," the general plan of the book consists in printing the poems on pages facing the drawings that illustrate them, though there are many shorter ones that are not accompanied by pictures. In most cases the verses are reprinted

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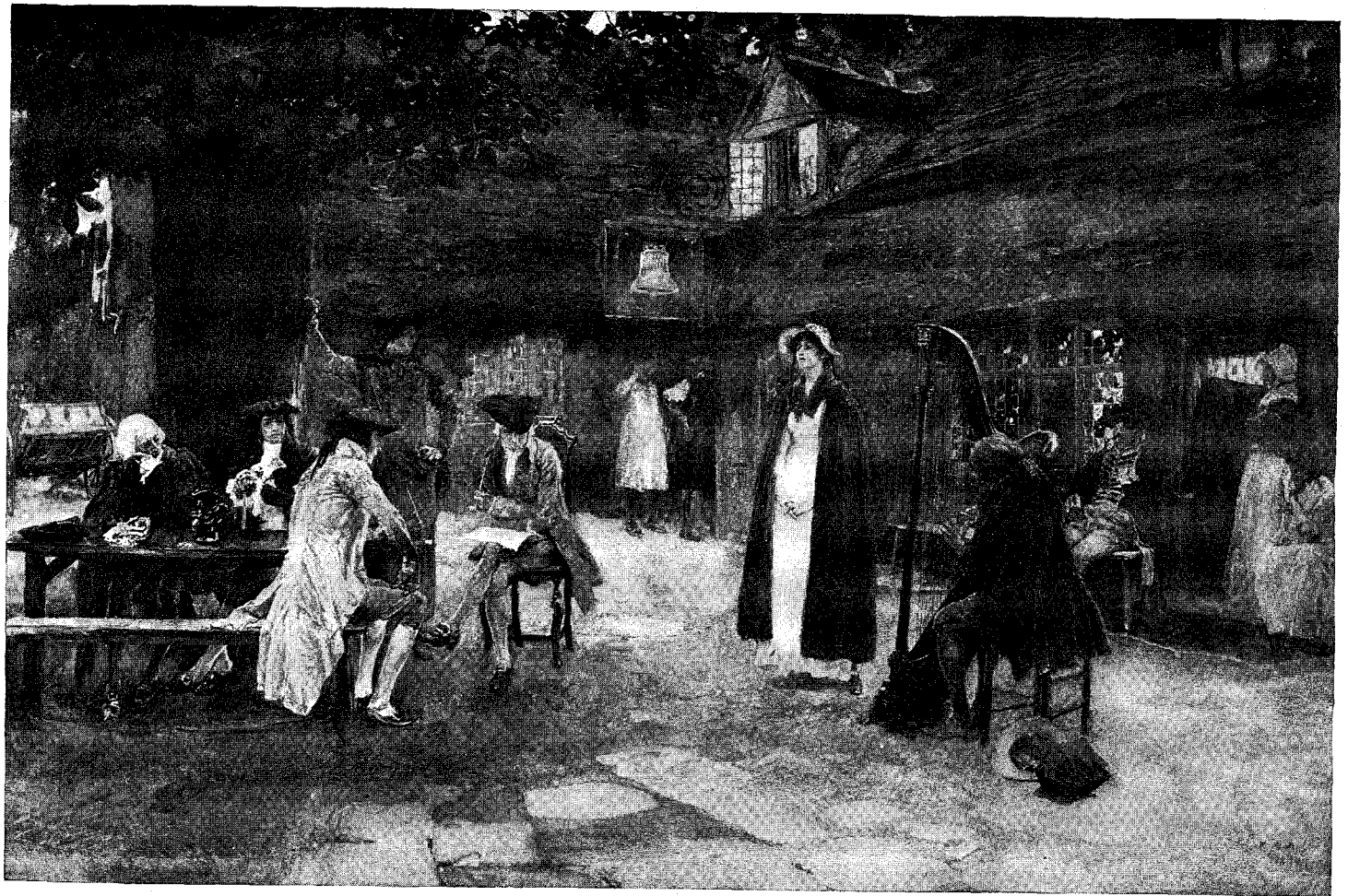

The Wandering Minstrel.

[From a water-color by E. A. Abbey, in the possession of J. Montgomery Sears, Esq., of Boston. By the owner's permission.]

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in decorative characters underneath the drawings, or incorporated in a tablet or border, or other setting forming part of the artist's page. In other places again the drawings are interspersed in the text, but in these the lettering is not in the ordinary type, but in the neat little forms Mr. Abbey adopts that are suggestive of the hand-written books of the *écrivains* of the seventeenth century. The greater part of the drawings, and the best of them, are made with pen and ink, though in the tone-drawings Mr. Abbey uses the body-color medium with excellent effect, and with a skill that shows him to be entirely at ease in its manipulation. In such pictures as "To be Merry," where a smiling group of holiday-makers is coming through the blossoming meadows, Julia ("Upon Julia's Clothes"), and "Delight in Disorder," it is plain that if Mr. Abbey had confined his work in black and white to tone-drawings he might be most highly esteemed and deserve to rank with the cleverest and most individual of illustrators. But though his work in this field is as good as may be asked for

A London Street Scene.

(From a drawing by Joseph Pennell to illustrate "Charing Cross to St. Paul's." By permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.)

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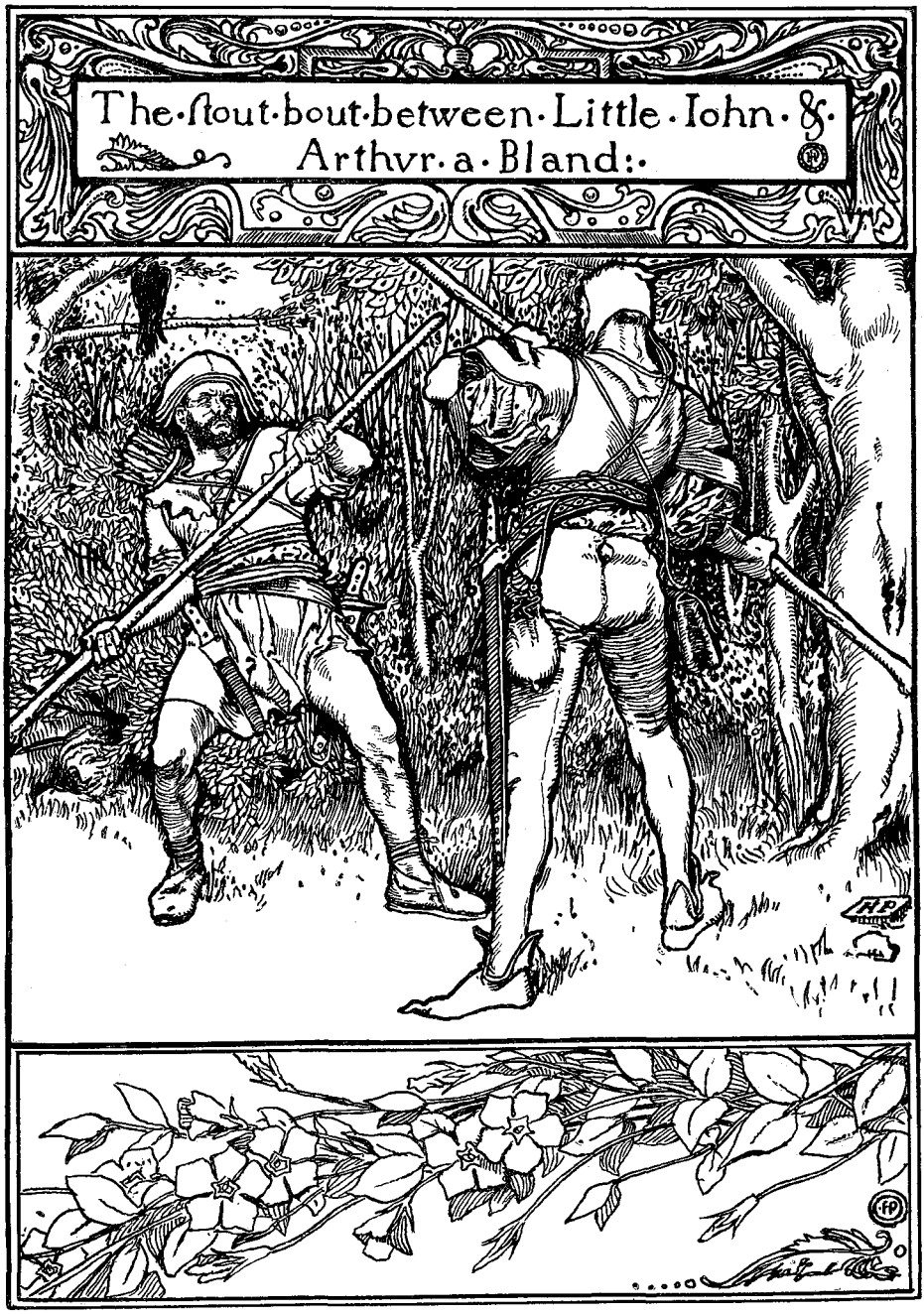

(From a drawing by Howard Pyle to illustrate "The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood.")

technically, and as charming in expression as it is sympathetic in purpose, his high reputation has been gained by the wonderful skill with which he interprets his themes with the simple lines of the pen. His methods are not characterized by the boldness and vigor that mark the strongly handled studies that have come down to us from some of the old masters, who used the pen in broad decisive

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fashion to indicate, with a few well-determined strokes, the contour of a figure in movement, or to sketch in a composition. They are without the careful exactness and finish that belong to Meissonier's admirable work, and they have but little in common with the dash and impulse of Fortuny. His style is self-contained, but not so staid as to be lacking in gaiety and lightness, delicate but forceful, firm but free and graceful. It is simple and wholesome, because it is so properly seasoned, like the perfect salad, and its beauty lies in its perfect proportion of one element to another, complete by the unity of all its parts. And how exquisitely it is adapted to the interpretation of these quiet idyls in the lines of the simple singer of the joys of rustic life! Take the drawings to "A Beucolick, or Discourse of Neatherds," "Lallage (with cow-like eyes)" sitting with arms akimbo on the stile, "The Equall Umpire I shall be," and "As wearie not o'ercome by either," the two merry swains and the maiden footing a

"A Labor of Love."
(From a painting by W. T. Smedley.)

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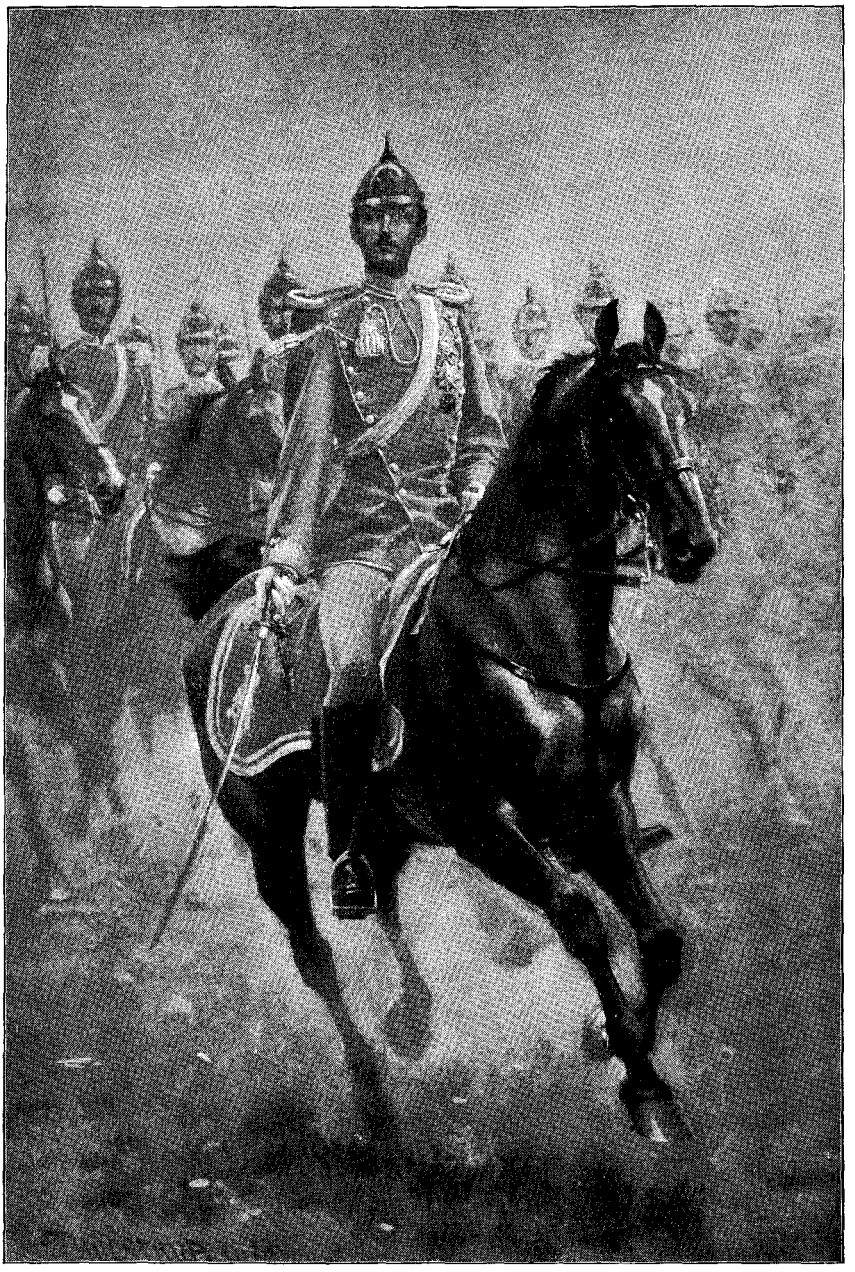

King Charles of Sweden.
(From a painting by T. de Thulstrup.)

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measure on the grass after the contest with the pipes is over. With what charm the character of the country-folk is given, how simply and sufficiently the figures are drawn, and how unmistakably the notes of locality and epoch are indicated! And this tall fellow "in gay cloathes," in "Upon Spur," who, vain as a peacock, passes the door of a house where there is a woman to look after him with admiring glance—what a brave figure for Metzu to paint if he had been an Englishman! Mr. Abbey has not even seen him, but he has "felt" him, and he makes us a picture that bears in every line the proof of faithful portraiture. Here again is another type in the "Cobbler's Catch," a pencil drawing by the way, equally good in character, with the two cobblers and a visitor "drinking roundly;" and others in "The Schoolmaster," the man who is "aged now," the tinkers, and the lovely little picture, "Sick is Anthea, sickly is the Spring." There is humor, quaintness, or grace in each of these, and all are drawn with consummate art. In "Old Songs" there are drawings by Mr. Abbey that in spirit as in charm resemble those in the Herrick series, a delightful collection containing some of the very best of his work; but we have not space to speak of them in detail, nor of the illustrations to "As You Like It" and "The Comedy of Errors." It must be said, however, of the drawings for "As You Like It" that, though they seem technically worthy to rank with his other work, they impress less with regard to character, one of the strongest points in the illustrations for the Herrick poems and "The Old Songs." *Julia* and *Lallage* are exactly what we should fancy them, but his *Rosalind* is not *Rosalind*, and nobody else. In the "Comedy of Errors" series the artist does not seem to be at home in the epoch, and there is a hint of perfunctory treatment in more than one of the eight or nine pictures. In the drawings for "She Stoops to Conquer," *Miss Hardcastle* is pre-eminently good in character, as we form an ideal of her from the play, and *Tony Lumpkin* is *Tony Lumpkin* for all the world. We shall look in vain through Mr. Abbey's work to find a better pen-drawing than the one of the single figure of *Miss Hardcastle*, a portrait in the *rôle*, so to speak, and a picture

"He heard the weak, spasmodic wail of another Dolph."

(From a drawing by A. B. Frost, to illustrate "The Story of a New York House," published in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.)

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that is in itself of the most winning grace. The face is indicated with such a very few lines that it is marvellous how much expression there is in it, and it is exquisitely modelled. It suggests color, too, and is clearly different in artist's knowledge is of what it is possible to do with the pen in the treatment of a composition defined by an enclosing line like the frame of a picture. The light is admirably disposed, and atmosphere is well suggested. Nothing in

"The Bookmaker."
(From an unpublished drawing by Frederic Remington.)

tone from the loose bow of the hat-strings at the neck, though that is put in with the same ink and the same pen, and the paper is left blank, as it is in the face in large part, and texture is given only by the direction and force of the lines. The hands, with the fingers uncovered by the *mitaines* that clothe the arms nearly to the elbows, are as simply indicated as the face and as full of expression, and the mantle and the quilted petticoat are rendered with breadth and freedom. In a few places the lines are close and run into black, but black is only used in this way and not in splotches. The sparing use of black—its absence it would be more near the truth to say—is a marked characteristic of Mr. Abbey's work, and he never uses it in masses. A beautifully arranged interior is the picture of the two young women sitting on a sofa, and in this may be seen how complete the the surroundings is slurred over, everything is in its proper place, and yet the figures are what first catch the eye and absorb the interest. To do this is a matter much less difficult of accomplishment in painting or in tone-drawing, and we have only to look at almost every other man's pen-drawing to see how rare it is that we can find a picture that approaches such a one as this by Mr. Abbey in point of completeness in detail and unity of effect. In the drawing "Then, Ecod, your worship must not tell the story of Ould Grouse in the gun-room," there are five figures, and the arrangement—the placing of *Hardcastle* doubled up with laughter in his chair at one end of the composition, and the servants in a row, each one desiring to show his appreciation of the old joke with varied expression of face and figure—is one of the best examples of what illustration may be made by an artist

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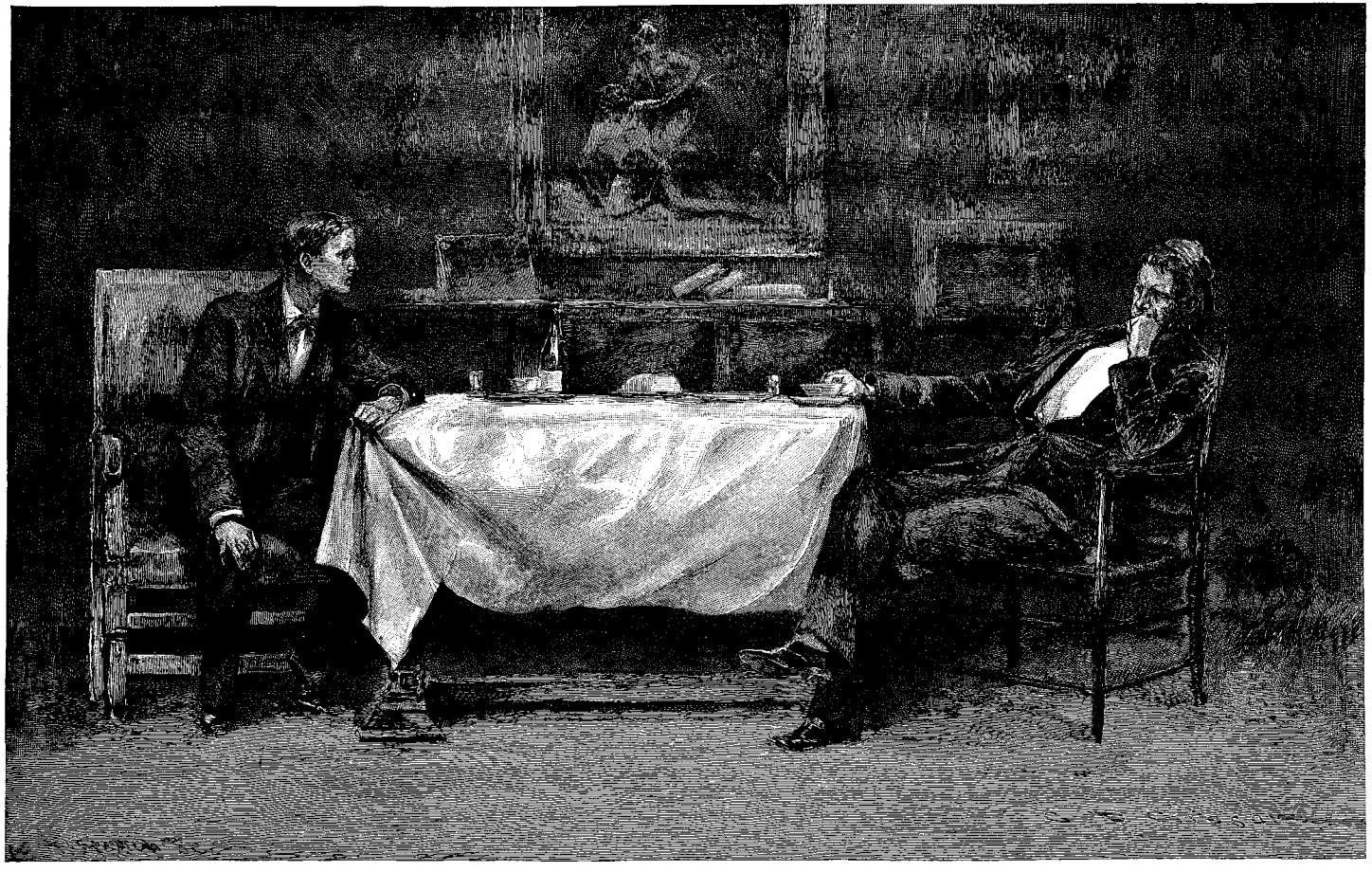

ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENCH.

A Serious Question.

(From an unpublished drawing by C. D. Gibson.)

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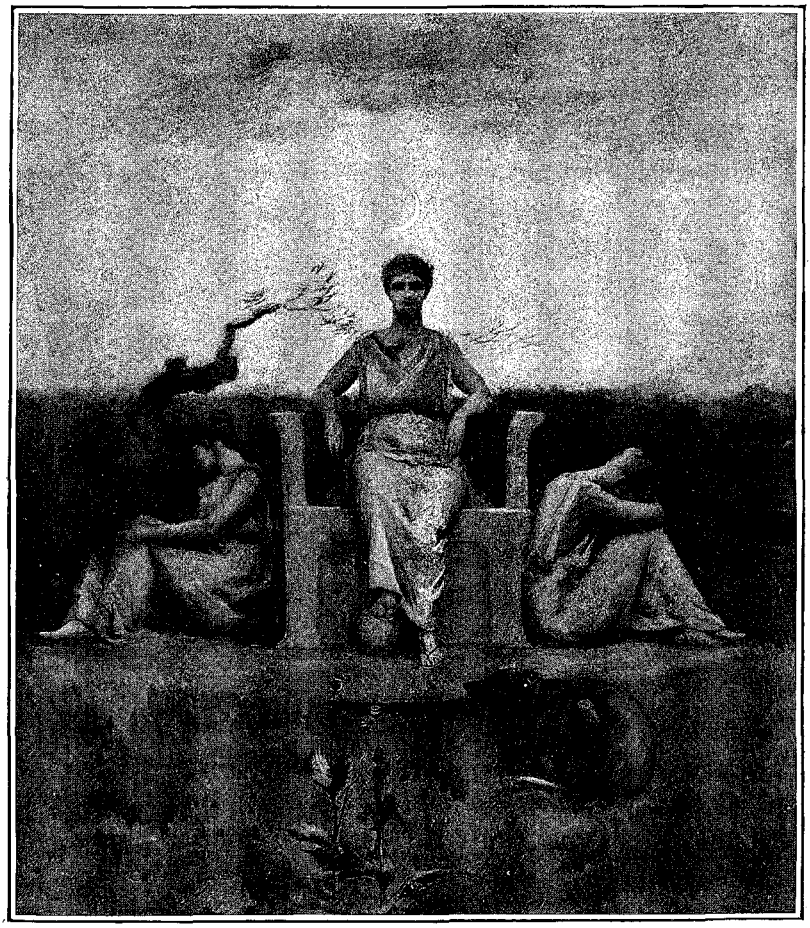

Diana.
(From an unpublished drawing by Chester Loomis.)

who is thoroughly in sympathy with his text, and has the ability to express his conception clearly and intelligently, to be found anywhere. The scene as it is given in the play is realized with the utmost perfection of wit and understanding. In "She Stoops to Conquer" there are half a dozen or more tone-drawings that show, as does some of his earlier work, how well Mr. Abbey can express his ideas when he draws with the brush. A scene in an old English inn, with the principal figures in the foreground, and the servants busying about the supper at the hearth fire at the end of the room, is the best of them, and, like the pen-drawing first mentioned, admirable in its illustrative intention aside from its great technical merit. Mr. Abbey's co-adjutor, Alfred Parsons, who has made some very tasteful borders and head- and tail-pieces for some of his books, is an Englishman, but a frequent contributor of landscape-drawings and decorative pieces to the American magazines. His treatment of flowers and plants in decorative style is particularly worthy of mention for artistic feeling and conscientious regard for truth, and his landscapes are marked by much quiet beauty and poetic sentiment.

Joseph Pennell, in his particular field, is the most skilful pen-draughtsman in the world. As everybody knows who knows anything about his work at all, he makes pictures of architectural subjects, cathedrals, and views of towns and streets. He has sometimes strayed

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into the fields also, and there are enough drawings that partake of the landscape element from his hand to show that he can do that sort of work sympathetically and well. He draws with delightful dash and sureness, and is a brilliant technician in several mediums. His wash-drawings are simple and direct in method, marked by a fine sense of comprehension of things seen in their *ensemble*, and a rare faculty for seizing upon those features in his subject that give it its peculiar character, and accenting them to make them "tell," without suppressing other points, and he is notably clever in the use of blacks. He has produced so much that is worthy of attentive consideration that it would require a long article to review the whole of his work adequately, so that we are forced to pass over a great deal that is interesting, and take note only

"The Proposal."

(From an unpublished drawing by Albert E. Sterner.)

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of a few of the drawings in the long list that bear his name. Whether at Wells or Gloucester or Peterborough, drawer in London streets or old houses in Antwerp, crowded town or country village, Mr. Pennell brings to his work

A Portrait.
(From a painting by Otto H. Bacher.)

ing the cathedrals in their surroundings from some advantageous point of view in the outskirts of the towns, or near them building up walls and towers and arches, or inside of them dealing with cross-lights and dark corners, and treating difficult problems of perspective and intricate detail of line and mass; wheth- the most astonishing resources in the way of technical expression, and a capacity for appreciating at their just value the traits of his motives that puts his drawings on a very high level as regards artistic achievement. And while they possess this artistic interest they also bear in themselves the evidence of

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faithful transcription of facts; they are not only beautiful interpretations, but also trustworthy records.

When one attains to such a degree of excellence as Mr. Pennell, the inclination to look about him to try to see what might have been in his eye while his style was forming itself is irresistible; but it is hard to say what models have most influenced him in arriving at the perfect technique of which he is a master. Perhaps he has learned something from Méryon's etchings that has helped him to give his work an aspect—an *allure*, as the French say—and perhaps from his contemporaries, Vierge and Rico, in pen-drawing, and from Jacquemart in water-color he has gathered some hints. He must be in sympathy with the methods of these brilliant artists at least, though his own development may have been brought to completeness without them. He has an unmistakably personal style in his work to-day, and it is safe to assume that it is most of it due to his own search for truth, his determination to take his tasks seriously, and what may not be attributed to innate talent is certainly the result of hard work and constant study of nature. There is abundant proof of his versatility in the drawings of the English cathedrals in the *Century*, in those made in the Musée Plantin at Antwerp, and in the streets of English and continental towns, and to speak of them in detail would be only to praise at length their different brilliant qualities as they appear, now in the clear rendering of an eye-confusing pile of sculptured stone-work; now in the complicated mazes of arches, buttresses, and roofs; in a vine-adorned wall, with thousands of little bricks; in the intricate patterns of a screen of old leather; in stone and iron and wood and glass and plaster. The point of view is always chosen to give the motive its most characteristic phase, the rendering always comprehensive in detail and complete in *ensemble*. In later works than this there are yet other merits. In a book of pictures of London, called "Charing Cross to St. Paul's," Mr. Pennell shows, along with his great skill in drawing buildings and monuments, a skill that in these pages is finer than ever in technical power, by the introduction of figures in his drawings, that he has become one of the ablest and most intelligent of modern illustrators of scenes of town life. He snatches the movement of a crowd, and puts in people, horses, and vehicles with spirit and animation; gives with what seems absolute truth, in a few strokes of his pen, the character of a hundred varying types, and infuses into his rendering of the scene before him a look of actuality that, while it is in no sense photographic, is as faithful as the instantaneous photograph, and has the charm that comes only from the interpretation of facts with artistic sensitiveness to the accents that most denote character and expression. Such admirable drawings of the kind as "Ludgate Circus," "St. Dunstan's-in-the-West," "Chancery Lane," "The Strand," and "St. Clement Danes," in this book have not only not been made by anybody else, but it is impossible to imagine any that could be better. They attest indisputably Mr. Pennell's right to rank as one of the very cleverest pen-draughtsmen, and one of the most original and versatile illustrators in all modern art.

The American public has been familiar for more than twenty years with the work of Charles S. Reinhart as an illustrator [see Frontispiece], and though since he went abroad, nine or ten years ago, he has also become well-known as a painter, it is as an illustrator that we wish to consider him here. His methods of drawing in black and white are those that are acquired only by long experience in working for reproduction, and his pen and pencil drawings have always retained a certain character that belongs more to the work of the artist who uses the point habitually than the brush. Mr. Reinhart possesses a facility in pen-drawing that is so remarkable that it must be mentioned as the first distinguishing quality in his work. It is apparent in all his drawings, which always look as if they had been easily done, and it is very rare to see one that has the slightest suggestion of having been retouched or worked over. There is more sureness and vigor in some of them than in others, but there is clumsiness in none. With this facility in exe-

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cution, and marked ability to seize and represent character in the figure, he is well endowed with the qualities of most service to the illustrator, and he is said to be a very rapid workman. He has signed a great number of drawings treating widely diversified subjects, all of them showing directness and simplicity of method. A large part of his work consists of single drawings, but he is also the author of numerous series of illustrations to stories and descriptive magazine articles, of which those for "Their Pilgrimage," "At the Red Glove," "Americans Abroad," "A Little Swiss Sojourn," and "The Pretty Sister of José," are among the best known and the most representative. His American types, no matter in what surroundings we may happen to find them placed, are always easily recognizable, and that without any hint of caricature, which many of our illustrators verge closely upon when attempting to hit off race characteristics. In an admirable series of studies in crayon, of prominent figures among German statesmen and politicians, the "Reichstag Sketches," Mr. Reinhart's cleverness in the portrayal of character is especially well shown, and the execution is incisive and virile when he uses the pen; and though he formerly worked principally in other mediums, his most recent and best work consists of pen-drawings. His style is bold and frank, and he secures his results by the simplest means, using long sweeping strokes, or quick sharp ones, as his motive varies and the needs of expression require, rarely cross-hatching, and striving for breadth of effect in black and white as such, rather than the suggestion of color. He varies his technique somewhat according to the character of his subjects, but always sticks closely to facts. His personages invariably look natural, and when he has a number of them to put in one composition they look as if they belonged there. When he has settled upon his arrangement and made his observations as to character, the completion of the drawing must be for Mr. Reinhart an easier task than for most draughtsmen, for his work, while it bears no suggestion of mechanical execution, seems to have been done with the greatest ease. It may have been very much harder to do than it appears to have been, but in this freedom and right facility is found much of the charm that distinguishes it.

What Mr. Abbey has done in the reconstruction of seventeenth-century life and manners in England has been done by Howard Pyle, in America, in his pictures of colonial days, and in many cases he has been his own author, finding in old tales and town-history the material for interesting descriptive articles and short stories, which he has illustrated with the scholarly taste of the antiquarian, artistic ability of a high order and sound technical treatment. His drawings are made generally in gouache or in oil-color, and are among the best examples of effective composition to be found in the whole range of American illustration. When he works with the pen, as he has in the drawings for "The Wonder Clock" and "Otto of the Silver Hand," he shows a curiously *naïve* method that reminds us of the early Germans, and that is as far removed as anything well could be from the tendencies of other men of to-day. Of course this adaptation of a primitive style may be criticised as being unprogressive and lacking in originality, but it must be admitted that Mr. Pyle has put into his adaptation much that is his own, and that the artists from whom he has taken his model did not possess, because modern study has taken other directions and it is almost impossible to free one's self from the influence of what is going on in one's immediate surroundings. As in some of Mr. Vedder's work, where he seems to have absorbed a certain modicum of ancient ways, the decorative side of these drawings by Mr. Pyle is both curious and pleasing. In his pictures of episodes in the Revolution, colonial life, and in some where the subjects are English, as in the interesting series depicting the triumphs and vicissitudes of chap-book heroes, we do not find the study of individual character made as much of as might be wished in all cases; but the excellence of Mr. Pyle's illustrations does not lie especially in the possession of that quality. Without being so personally distinct as Mr. Abbey's English folk, for example, his figures are easily

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identifiable by a general resemblance to the types of the epoch, and in the matter of costume and *mise-en-scène* there is no reproach to make. Above all, Mr. Pyle excels in composition, and there are very few among the many drawings from his hand that are not remarkable for effective arrangement. Ingenious grouping, dramatic concentration of interest on the principal figures, and clever management of light and shade to give his compositions breadth and unity of effect, are the qualities that most distinguish his work. It is needless to say that they are among the most essential ones in picture-making, and experience has taught him how to make the most of them to secure good results in reproduction, that ever-important consideration to the illustrator.

It might with justice be said that the architectural character of the city of New York, that character that is so marked in Paris for instance, is a thing that we do not really know very much about; for, except in the residence portions of the town, the buildings are so covered up with ugly signs, and the vista of the streets is so obstructed with poles and wires and elevated railways that the effect of roof-lines is lost. Single groups of buildings, even, cannot be seen, and their character appreciated as they might be if the streets were cleared and the walls stripped of the huge, sprawling, and protruding signs that shock the eye at every point. The inhabitants of New York would be surprised at the improvement it would make in the appearance of their city if they could once see it with these unsightly features obliterated and the streets well cleared of encumbering rubbish. There are some quarters of the town, however, that have a certain picturesqueness in their very untidiness, and others that are quite remarkable for urban beauty, such as Madison and Washington Squares and the lower end of Fifth Avenue, and in the Park and the harbor there are delightful subjects for the illustrator of city life. Fine effects are seen sometimes, particularly on a rainy day or at sunset, about the City Hall Park, and the whole city is interesting when it is clad in snow. The people in our streets have infinite variety of type, and though a New York crowd is wanting in some of the elements that make a continental *rassemblement* so picturesque, there is no lack of material for character study and abundant opportunity in the constantly changing panorama on Broadway and the other great thoroughfares for modern picture-making. Mr. Chase's work in the parks has been mentioned, and other artists, notably Mr. Hassam, have found material within the city's borders for charming pictures, as De Nittis and Jean Béraud have done in Paris.

Of the great number of illustrators of New York life whose work appears in the current periodicals William T. Smedley and T. de Thulstrup, by the variety and excellence of their productions, first claim attention. Mr. Smedley, who is one of the ablest of the younger American artists, and a water-color painter whose pictures are notable for refinement and cleverness in execution, has been, since he entered the field of illustration, a close student of character. His pictures of New England life, which were among the first things he exhibited, gave him a reputation with his fellow-artists, who recognized in him a hardy specimen of a genus the public is constantly clamoring for—the American genre painter. With study and travel abroad his work has improved in technical expression, and since his return to New York, a year or two ago, he has devoted most of his time to illustration. He is one of the most noted of our draughtsmen today, and one of those best fitted by temperament and training to excel in the field in which he is rapidly attaining to supremacy. He uses all mediums that are fit for reproduction, but works most with the brush. His drawing of the figure shows more seriousness and a better knowledge of construction than we are wont to find even in the work of men who treat more pretentious subjects in illustration than he. He shows a very just appreciation of values, and his groups are strikingly effective and true to life.

Mr. de Thulstrup manages a large drawing, with complete knowledge of how to make a realistic *ensemble*. Processions, public gatherings, receptions,

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and dinners, soldiers on land and sailors in their ships (for Mr. de Thulstrup, as well as being an illustrator of city scenes reaches out to all parts of the world for subjects, and "makes up" admirably from photographic suggestions), coaching-meets in the park, political reunions in the squares, crowds at the bulletin-boards, the rush of business in the streets and of fashion on the avenues, are all truthfully represented by this prolific and versatile draughtsman, and their characteristic features depicted with an observation that embraces great things and small, from a wide shadow that covers half of his picture, or a concentrating light that throws a group into strong relief, to the glint of the sun on a brass button, or the twist of a whip-lash in the air. City life in some of its phases has been well illustrated by Arthur B. Frost, who, however, has made the reputation he enjoys as one of the best delineators of American character in the portrayal of scenes that belong distinctly to the life that dwellers in the great cities see little of except it be when they make a summer excursion to some of the small country towns, and then they see it superficially, and not as Mr. Frost does, from the inside. He is a pen draughtsman of ability, with a sober, careful manner of working that is painstaking without being labored, and his compositions show that he is a competent hand at arrangement.

The cavalryman, the Indian, the scout, the miner, and the ranchman have furnished Frederic Remington with subjects that he illustrates with much vigor of line and striking effect. His drawing of horses in motion is spirited, and even if it is exaggerated sometimes, there is always a general look of truth and life and dash. In his pictures of life on the plains, and of Indian fighting, he has almost created a new field in illustration, so fresh and novel are his characterizations; and the hot, sandy plains, with soldiers marching doggedly under the burning sun, the vast prairies with the cow-boys in lonely watch over their herds, the frontier towns with their motley population of whites and half-breeds, are realized as they have never been before. It is a fact that admits of no question that Eastern people have formed their conceptions of what the Far-Western life is like, more from what they have seen in Mr. Remington's pictures than from any other source, and if they went to the West or to Mexico they would expect to see men and places looking exactly as Mr. Remington has drawn them. Those who *have* been there are authority for saying that they would not be disappointed.

The soldier's life in the Eastern barracks, as well as on the plains, is faithfully depicted by Rufus F. Zogbaum, whose drawings are especially notable for accuracy in all that concerns military equipment and military tradition. His illustration is not confined by any means to the life of the United States soldier, and he has given us interesting pictures of French and German and English armies in their manœuvres and on the march, describing them as well, in entertaining fashion, in a series of articles recording his impressions while in their company, and sharing their officers' mess. In his excellent pictures made on a cruise with the White Squadron, he has done as much for the navy as he had done before for the army, and he has found material for illustration in yet other fields. His best work is done in tone, and though broad enough in effect to deserve commendation in that respect, his most important service has been in the faithful presentation of the thousand things that make the illustration of the soldier's life one of unremitting study, and require in the artist special aptitude to embody them in a form that shall be picturesque and at the same time escape the slightest reproach from professional criticism.

In such a master of pen-drawing as Alfred Brennan, whose style is most individual, and whose invention is fertile and full of odd conceit; in such other capable pen-draughtsmen as C. D. Gibson, who possesses many of the best qualities of an illustrator, and gives promise in his work of even better things than he has yet done; in Chester Loomis, George Wharton Edwards, John A. Mitchell, W. A. Rogers, Albert E. Sterner, Otto H. Bacher, and E. W. Kemble, we have a body of men who, each in his way, offer something to commend in point of execution, and

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Grand Staircase at the Opéra.

PARIS THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

II. THE OPÉRA, THE OPÉRA-COMIQUE, AND THE CONSERVATOIRE.

By William F. Apthorp.

MANY people who have had occasion to consult Clément and Larousse's "Dictionnaire des Opéras," must have been somewhat puzzled at times by the seeming multiplicity of Paris opera-houses mentioned in that work. The names Feydeau, Favart, Opéra, Opéra-Comique, Comédie-Italienne, Ventadour, Académie Royale (or Impériale, or Nationale) de Musique are tossed about hither and thither in a way that threatens at moments to leave the reader, not well up in the operatic history of Paris, in a state of hopeless bewilderment. The matter is, however, really not as perplexing as it looks. To be sure, the question does not solve itself with quite that sublime simplicity that astonished the school-boy, who "looked out a dozen different words in twenty-

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"The Dear Girls."

(From a drawing by S. W. Van Schaick, by permission of the publishers of *Life*.)

something of special interest in the treatment of the wide range of subjects which inclination or the exigencies of professional work incite them to portray. The sympathetic landscape and plant drawings of W. Hamilton Gibson, the clever scenes of modern life by A. B. Wenzell, Wilson de Meza, and S. W. Van Schaick, the vigorous pictures of the ways of seafaring men by M. J. Burns, the versatile productions of Harry Fenn, the virile and characteristic point-drawings by Arthur Jule Goodman, the varied and competent work of William H. Shelton, Allen C. Redwood, J. D. Woodward, Mary Hallock Foote, Alice Barber, Charles Graham, J. O. Davidson, and others, might all be made topics for extended comment if our object were only to consider individual performances. But we have been chiefly concerned with the condition of illustrative art as a whole, in our day, in the United States, and it has not been our aim to look backward for the causes that have led up to its present development nor to predict its place in the world's art in the future. We are quite justified in saying, however, that if our draughtsmen abide by the precept that whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and bring to their work, as some of those we have mentioned have done, the seriousness of purpose and the honest search for truth to nature that mark the achievement of our American painters and sculptors, they will have little to fear in comparison with contemporary illustration anywhere else.

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four lines of Homer, and found that they all meant *kettle!*" These different French names do not all apply to one and the same establishment; still several of them are, after all, but different ways of saying the same thing; the complication is in the nomenclature more than in anything else.

The first idea of having an established opera in Paris arose in the head of the Abbé Perrin; it was suggested by the performances of the Italian company brought over from Venice by Cardinal Mazarin in 1645. Perrin soon found hearty and active sympathy with this idea of his in Robert Cambert, music-master to the queen regent, and the Marquis de Sourdéac. Shortly after the accession of Louis XIV. to the throne, Perrin obtained letters patent from the king (dated June 28, 1667) to establish an Academy of Music "like those in Italy," for twelve years. Cambert and the Marquis de Sourdéac were associated with him in this venture. A company was formed, and the Académie Royale de Musique was opened on March 10, 1671, in the jeu de paume de la Bouteille, in the rue des Fossés-de-Nesle (now rue Mazarine), in the faubourg Saint-Germain. The Marquis de Sourdéac was of especial service in superintending the remodelling of the old tennis-court, and in inventing some very ingenious stage-machinery; the musical and dramatic part of the scheme was in the hands of Perrin and Cambert. The associates quarrelled soon enough, being no doubt egged on thereto by Jean-Baptiste Lully, the composer, who had an eye to the management himself. Indeed, the wily, scheming Italian succeeded without much difficulty in walking off with the prize, for the privilege was transferred to him in March, 1672, not five years after it had been given to Perrin, and just one year after the opening of the Académie.

Lully was not long in finding the theatre in the rue des Fossés-de-Nesle unsatisfactory — or else he wanted to make the King think it was unsatisfactory, for there can be little doubt that he was even then bitten with the ambition to transfer the Académie de Musique to the large and handsome Théâtre du Palais-Royal, across the river, in the rue Saint-Honoré, between the rue de Valois and the rue des Bons-Enfants. But this most desirable theatre was occupied by Molière and his *Comédiens de Monsieur*, and Molière stood too high in the royal favor to be safely trifled with; besides, Lully may have felt, for other reasons, that he could not afford to quarrel with Molière just then. At all events it does not seem likely, when Lully moved from the theatre in the rue des Fossés-de-Nesle to the jeu de paume du Bel-Air in the rue de Vaugirard, near the Luxembourg—which he did almost immediately after assuming the directorship of the Académie de Musique in 1672—that he seriously meant the move to be a permanent one; for, although the new house was well fitted up for the purpose by Vigarani, machin-

Mme. Rose Caron of the Opéra.

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Café de la Régence, rue St. Honoré, opposite the Palais Royal.

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ist to the King, it was really little or no improvement upon the old one. It is far more probable that the move was a purely strategic one on Lully's part, intended to give the King a realizing sense of his discontentment with the Académie's quarters, and to serve, if possible, as a stepping-stone toward the Palais-Royal and the fulfilment of his pet ambition. It proved so soon enough. Molière died in 1673, and very soon after his death Lully succeeded in moving the Académie to the Théâtre du Palais-Royal, while Molière's company went to the theatre in the rue des Fossés-de-Nesle (known as the Théâtre-Guénégaud) which he had quitted only a year before. The Académie de Musique remained at the Théâtre du Palais-Royal just ninety years, until it was burnt in 1763. Here we must leave it for a while, and turn to the beginnings of another institution.

Of the great "*foires*," or fairs, held annually in Paris, two were especially noted for the dramatic entertainments given at them: the foire Saint-Laurent, and the foire Saint-Germain. The former was held in the winter (February, March, and April), the latter in the summer (July, August, and September). The foire Saint-Germain was, as its name implies, in the faubourg Saint-Germain, not far from the church of Saint-Germain-des-Prés and the Préaux-Clercs. The foire Saint-Laurent was held on the boulevard du Nord, away across the city. The boulevard du Nord has long since passed away, but the site of the old foire is on the present rue du Faubourg-Saint-Martin, just beyond the rue Saint-Laurent, on the left, as you come up from the boulevards.

In 1716 a company was formed for the purpose of giving light and popular operas at those two foires; it was, to a certain extent, dependent upon the Académie de Musique, and paid tribute to that institution. Its real name was Opéra-Comique; but it was quite as often called after the place in which it gave performances, the Théâtre de la Foire-Saint-Germain, or the Théâtre de la Foire-Saint-Laurent. Its management often changed hands; at times it even split up into two separate companies, performing during the same season. Its early career was not wholly smooth; like other operatic enterprises, it had its ups and downs, but, unlike other establishments of the sort, it owed its misfortunes, not to pecuniary failure and the bailiff, but to its own success and prosperity. The other theatres in Paris, especially the Comédie-Française, would now and then take it into their heads to be furiously jealous of it, and then have it suppressed. This was twice done, in 1718 and 1745; but the Opéra-Comique was soon re-established both times, in 1721 and 1752, and continued to flourish. In 1762 it left both the foires Saint-Germain and Saint-Laurent, and joined forces with the old Italian company at the Hôtel de Bourgogne, on the corner of the rue Françoise and the rue Mauconseil, the united troupes going under the name of Comédie-Italienne.*

In 1783 the company left the Hôtel de Bourgogne for a new theatre built especially for it, from plans by the architect Heurtier, on a lot of land on the boulevard du Dépôt, given for the purpose by M. de Choiseul. The lot was on the north side of the boulevard, between the present rue Marivaux and the rue Favart. To show its contempt for the boulevard theatres, and to avoid all possibility of being ranked in the same class with them, the company insisted upon having the new theatre built so as to back upon the boulevard, and to face what is now the place Boieldieu. Almost immediately after its erection, the name of the boulevard from the rue Richelieu and the rue Drouot to the Chaussée-d'Antin and the rue Louis-le-Grand, was changed in its honor from boulevard du Dépôt to boulevard des Italiens.† The theatre itself was generally known as the Théâtre-Favart, but

* Thus it should be remembered that the terms Théâtre de la Foire-Saint-Germain and Théâtre de la Foire-Saint-Laurent, *from* 1716 *to* 1762, and Comédie-Italienne, *or* Théâtre-Italien, from 1762 to 1794, are in reality synonymous with Opéra-Comique. Before 1762 the name Comédie-Italienne applied to another institution, as did also the name Théâtre des Italiens several years later than 1794.

† The original name of this stretch of boulevard, first opened in 1676, was boulevard Neuf; in 1764 the dépôt, or armory, of the Gardes Françaises was established there, and the name changed to boulevard du Dépôt. During the Revolution that part between the rue Taitbout and the rue Grange-Batelière (near the present rue Drouot) was nicknamed boulevard de Coblentz. In 1815, during the hundred days, it received another nickname: boulevard de Gand.

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sometimes also as Théâtre-Italien. The company, although still a tributary of the Académie de Musique, was now in prosperous circumstances; but soon a rival sprang up. One Léonard Autié, hairdresser to Marie-Antoinette, got the privilege for founding a new Italian opera. He associated himself with Viotti, the violinist, and placed the musical direction of the enterprise in the hands of Cherubini, who had but recently arrived in Paris. The new troupe opened in the old theatre in the Tuileries on December 23, 1789. From January 10, 1790, to January 1, 1791, it was at the old Théâtre des Variétés de la Foire-Saint-Germain. But a new special theatre was building for it, too, on the rue Feydeau (between the present numbers 23 and 25, where the rue des Colonnes now runs) by the architects Legrand and Molinos. Here the troupe opened on January 16, 1791, as the Théâtre de Monsieur; but it and the house were soon known as the Théâtre-Feydeau. Its original plan was to cultivate four styles: French opéra-comique, Italian opera, French comedy, and French vaudeville; but political events soon brought about the expulsion of Italians from Paris, which put an end to the Italian performances, and the Feydeau was not long in giving up the comedy and vaudeville part of its scheme, to concentrate all its efforts upon the giving of French opéra-comique. Thus a fierce rivalry sprang up between the Théâtre-Feydeau and the Théâtre-Favart, the latter, older house, adhering to the long-established and, so to speak, classic form of opéra-comique; the former, younger one, mounting works in a more modern vein, and approaching more closely to the style of grand opera.

By the law of 7 thermidor, year IX. (July 26, 1801) the companies of the Favart and the Feydeau were fused into a single troupe, under the title of Opéra-Comique National. It opened at the Théâtre-Feydeau on September 16th. By the law of 6 frimaire, year XI. (November 27, 1802), the First Consul emancipated it from its tribute to the Académie de Musique, and gave it a *surintendant*. It thus became a subventioned government theatre.

But it is now high time for us to return to the Académie de Musique once more. After its house in (or near) the Palais-Royal was burnt in 1763, it went to a temporary theatre in the Tuileries on January 24, 1764. On January 26, 1770, it opened again in a new theatre in the Palais-Royal, built especially for it on the site of the old one by the architect Moreau. This new house had a seating capacity of 2,500. During its eleven years occupancy the Académie de Musique passed through one of the most exciting phases in its history: the famous fight between the Gluckists and the Piccinnists. One of the chief battle-fields of this war—in so far as it was waged *viva voce*, and not with printer's ink—was the Café de la Régence, which played much the same part in the history of the Académie de Musique that the Café de Procope did in that of the Comédie-Française. It was celebrated, from the beginning, as the headquarters of chess-playing in Paris, and, except during the Gluck-Piccinni period, seems to have been one of the quietest cafés in the city. Why especially it was chosen by the adherents of the two composers as the arena for their furious squabbles, is not very easy to see. It was not particularly near the opera-house, certainly too far off to be a convenient resort between the acts, being situated near the extreme west boundary of the place du Palais-Royal, whereas the opera-house was on the other side of the rue de Valois, which marks the extreme east boundary. Indeed, I found last winter, that the site of the old opera-house could not really be seen from the doorway of the café. But the Gluck-Piccinni discussions did go on there, with what violence is tolerably well known, and no doubt to the dire disturbance of the chess-players.

The Académie de Musique continued occupying its new theatre, near the Palais-Royal, until it was again burnt out, on June 8, 1781. On August 14th of the same year it opened at the Théâtre des Menus-Plaisirs, in the rue du Faubourg-Poissonnière, where the Conservatoire now stands, and on October 27th, it moved to the newly finished Théâtre de la Porte-Saint-Martin, which had been built in eighty-six days by the

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architect Lenoir. But the enormous crowd that attended the first performance in this house gave the first balcony a permanent sag, and the Académie left the theatre on account of its want of solidity in construction, to go to the Théâtre de la rue de la Loi (rue de Richelieu), which it opened on August 7, 1794, as the Théâtre de la République et des Arts. This theatre was built on the site of the present square Louvois; it faced the rue de Richelieu (named rue de la Loi during the Revolution), and was surrounded by the rue Louvois, the rue Lulli, and the rue Rameau. Here the Académie de Musique found an abiding place for several years—long enough to give us time once more to look back at the Opéra-Comique.

We have seen how the Opéra-Comique was established in 1802, as an independent government theatre, at the Théâtre-Feydeau. Under the Empire its artists became Comédiens de l'Empereur, and under the Restoration, Comédiens du Roi. In July, 1804, it moved to the Théâtre-Favart, but moved back again to the Feydeau next year. Here it remained until the house was finally closed, on April 12, 1829, to be pulled down to make way for the rue des Colonnes, which now joins the rue Feydeau with the place de la Bourse. As the Théâtre-Favart was occupied at the time by an Italian company, the Opéra-Comique went to the Salle-Ventadour, opening there on Easter Monday, April 20, 1829. This once famous theatre is now turned into a bank. It is situated between the rue Neuve-Saint-Augustin and the rue des Petits-Champs, in (literally *in*, not *on*) the street which runs from the former up to the avenue de l'Opéra, and takes successively the names of rue Monsigny (from the rue Neuve-Saint-Augustin to the Salle-Ventadour), rue Méhul (from the other side of the Salle-Ventadour to the rue des Petits-Champs), and rue Ventadour (from the rue des Petits-Champs to the avenue de l'Opéra); as it meets the Salle-Ventadour, which stands directly in its course, it divides into the rue Dalayrac and the rue Marsollier, which run round the building and meet on the other side. The house became especially famous, a few years after the Opéra-Comique had left it, as the Théâtre-Italien, the most fashionable opera-house in Paris, made illustrious by Rossini, Donizetti, and Bellini, and by the singers Rubini, Mario, Tamburini, Lablache, Grisi, Persiani, and Malibran. The experience of the Opéra-Comique at this house was disastrous, and on September 12, 1832, it moved to the Théâtre des Nouveautés (afterward called the Vaudeville) on the place de la Bourse. At last the Théâtre-Favart burned down on the night of January 13–14, 1838, after a performance of "Don Giovanni" by the Italian troupe, which moved later to the Salle-Ventadour. It was rebuilt by the architect Carpentier, and opened by the Opéra-Comique on May 16, 1840, with Hérold's "Pré aux Clercs." So at length did the much-travelled institution get back once more, and, to all appearances, permanently, to its original home.

To return to the Académie de Musique, which we left in 1794 at the Théâtre de la rue de la Loi. This house was closed after the assassination of the Duc de Berri by Louvois on February 13, 1820, and was soon pulled down to give way to the square Louvois. On April 19th, the Académie de Musique opened at the Théâtre-Favart, but soon found the house too small for its purposes, as it had found the Menus-Plaisirs nearly forty years before. In May, 1821, it gave two performances and some few concerts at the Théâtre-Louvois, in the rue Louvois, opposite to the site of the old Théâtre de la rue de la Loi; and on August 16th of the same year it went to the large "salle provisoire," or temporary theatre, built for it in the rue Lepelletier by the architect Debret. Although this house was never intended for its permanent home, the Académie made a longer stay in it than any in its whole history, with one exception. It was for ninety consecutive years (1673–1763) in the old Théâtre du Palais-Royal; and it remained at the house in the rue Lepelletier for fifty-two years, until the building was destroyed by fire on the night of October 28–29, 1873. It was at this house that most of the grand operas which form the present repertory of the Académie de Musique first saw the light—Auber's "Muette de Portici," Rossini's "Guillaume Tell,"

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Donizetti's "La Favorite," Halévy's "La Juive," Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable," "Les Huguenots," "Le Prophète," and "L'Africaine." Indeed, as the first Théâtre du Palais-Royal is especially to be associated with the names of Lully and Rameau, the second house of the same name with that of Gluck, so is this house in the rue Lepelletier to be associated with the names of Auber, Rossini, Halévy, and Meyerbeer. Spontini falls within the Théâtre de la rue de la Loi period, with his "Vestale," "Fernand Cortez," and "Olympie." After the burning of the house in the rue Lepelletier, the Académie went to the Salle-Ventadour (January 19, 1874), where it gave performances on alternate nights with the Italian troupe. On January 5, 1875, it opened at the present grand opera-house on the place de l'Opéra, off the boulevard des Capucines.

The history of Paris opera-houses seems very much like a record of conflagrations; we have only one more great fire to mention, the burning of the Théâtre de l'Opéra-Comique (Théâtre-Favart) on the night of May 25, 1887. A few days later the Opéra-Comique was installed in the old Théâtre-Lyrique on the place du Châtelet, where it still is. Its store-house for scenery and properties is in the now otherwise disused Théâtre-Louvois (No. 6, rue Louvois). But there seems every probability of its old house on the place Boieldieu being rebuilt in time; according to the deed of gift from M. de Choiseul, in 1783, the land can be used for no other purpose than for a lyric theatre, and the situation has become so associated with the Opéra-Comique that it can hardly fail to go back there.

Everyone knows the outside of the present huge Paris Opéra; those who have been to Paris saw it there perforce —they could not help seeing it, if they tried—and those who have not been there know it from photographs. It has for some years rather usurped the position once held by St. Peter's in Rome, as the most familiar façade in the world. It is a singularly ugly building, this "Mausolée Garnier," or Garnier's Mausoleum, as it is sometimes called. A worse sky-line were hard to imagine, as one approaches it up the avenue de l'Opéra. It has one architectural virtue: the exterior gives one some clew to the arrangement of the interior; you distinguish plainly enough the flattened dome, or *lanterne*, that forms the roof of the auditorium, and you see with equal ease that the gable behind it marks the position of the proscenium arch. So far, there is a certain honesty about its ugliness. As you cross the boulevard des Capucines, and come near enough to it to have the gable and *lanterne* vanish from sight, you find the proportions of the main façade not unprepossessing—were only the hideous side-wings out of the way; but even this façade, with its galleries and *loggie*, is a little uncomfortably suggestive of a piece of furniture. It all lacks dignity. And yet, with and in spite of all this, the eye rests upon it not without pleasure; it is all so sumptuous, so gorgeous, so variegated and rich in color and material; there is no element of meanness or flimsiness in it. It is vicious, but, like many another vicious thing, not altogether unlovely. It seems to me that a man might easily get fond of it to the point of feeling homesick for it. But, if the exterior have its compensations, as much can hardly be said for the *salle*, or auditorium. Here there is abundant sombre richness of gold-bronze tone, but all else is irredeemable. What would, and should, have been a beautiful pearl-oyster outline of the balcony and tiers of boxes, is broken up by bulging curves and re-entering angles. If anything so huge as this sweep of balcony could be made to look weak and puny, these curves would do it; as it is, it only looks clumsy and ugly. The ornamental detail work is as bad as possible; it is in the same general style that prevailed here in the "black walnut age" of furniture and interior decoration. Worse than all, the acoustics of the place are bad. I believe M. Garnier, the architect, thinks that the *salle* is, if anything, "a *little too sonorous;*" but he has an undisputed monopoly of this opinion. Some people have thought that the acoustics of the Opéra have improved a little with time, since it was first built; but the difference, if real, is

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exceedingly slight, and all music sounds dull and lifeless there. There is great distinctness of melodic outline, but no warmth or vitality of tone. The real beauties of the immense building are to be found in the grand staircase and the two great foyers—the *foyer du public* and the *foyer de la danse*, or ballet green-room. This last is an especially beautiful hall, with its sumptuous decorations and daring frescos. Its being by far the handsomest thing in the building is, perhaps, significant of a good deal, for it is really the heart of the whole institution. It has long been recognized that the ballet is to the Académie de Musique what the bar-room is to many a large hotel: the chief paying factor, the one from which the surplus profits come.

The *abonnement*, or yearly subscription, to the Opéra depends overweeningly upon the ballet; this is what the special public, the regular customers of the house, principally care for. It used to be an iron rule that all five-act grand operas (the form established by Lully, and maintained by Gluck and Meyerbeer) must have two ballets: one in the second, the other in the fourth, act. The habits of the *abonnés* are still conditioned by this rule; or perhaps, it were truer to say that they still give it vigor and authority. The unpopularity of the Princesse de Metternich would not, in the opinion of good judges, have been enough of itself to quash "Tannhäuser" in 1861; what turned the scale was the great choregraphic scene coming in the first, instead of in the second, act—at eight o'clock, instead of at half after nine. This the Jockey Club (that is, the majority of the *abonnés*) would not put up with, for it cut short their after-dinner cigar. Anyone can appreciate this who will take the pains to notice how empty the stalls invariably are during the first act of operas, and how well they fill up for the second. There is a story told of an octogenarian *abonné*, who had hardly missed an opera in fifty years; one evening he heard a noted tenor sing Raoul's "*Plus blanche que la blanche hermine*" at a musical at-home; going up to the singer, he said: "That is a very beautiful *morceau;* pray, monsieur, by whom is it?" The song comes in the first act of "Les Huguenots," and the honest gentleman *had never heard the first act of an opera in his life!* The yearly *abonnement* to the Opéra gives all (male) subscribers free admission to the *foyer de la danse*. On opera nights this gorgeous hall assumes the aspect of a huge ball-room, only that all the women are in ballet costume, and "not inexorable to men." One of the striking peculiarities of the *salle* itself is not wholly unconnected with this passion for the ballet and for what hangs together therewith; this is the *avant-scènes derrière le rideau*. Both in the old *salle* in the rue Lepelletier and in the one of the present Opéra, one finds two stacks of stage boxes on each side of the proscenium. All the boxes of the outside stack are shut off from the *salle* by the falling of the curtain, but still command an uninterrupted view of the stage. These stage-boxes "behind the curtain" are in high favor with people who are curious to watch the working of the scene-shifters, the setting of stage groups, and other business that goes on between the acts. But not the least prized part of the sport is watching the entr'acte *tête-à-têtes* between immaculate dress suits and the nymphs of the ballet. Not a few ladies frequent these boxes *derrière le rideau* for the sole purpose of getting a glimpse of this phase of *la vie parisienne*. Indeed, to the old habitué, whether male or female, the Opéra has far other charms than are implied in hearing music or seeing dancing. The place is a focus of intrigues, which even those who have little or nothing practically to do with intriguing themselves delight in trying to unravel, as best they may. Why does this fair singer cast glances toward the third row of stalls on the left, when "all Paris" knows that her glances have been for the past fortnight toward the fourth row on the right? Whence comes the sudden apparition of a fourteenth solitaire in that danseuse's diamond necklace, which, but a few days ago, numbered only thirteen stones? Does the marquis know that while he is talking to the little blonde, the big brunette is frowning daggers at him from behind that oak-tree? These are questions compared with which a scene of Massenet's, a high note of De Reszké's, or a *pas* of la

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Mauri has but a merely passing interest. The innocent outsider, as he lolls comfortably in his stall, may find the air of the *salle* rather hot and oppressive, with faint suggestions of provençal garlic wafted down to him from the upper tier; but if all the significant glances that fly past him, between the boxes and the stalls, between the *salle* and the stage, could only leave their mark behind them in the air, he would see it thicker with telegraphic wires than that of the streets of New York in their worst days.

Now, it is a part of human inertia that no institution is much better than it absolutely need be for a very long time; a highly admirable supply can be steadily maintained only where there is a decided public demand. It is not hard to see what the effect upon an institution like the Académie de Musique must be, when the main staple of its support, the majority of its regular frequenters, care more for dancing and scandal than for music and acting. The result is all too evident. It is a notorious fact that the Académie de Musique has been going pretty steadily down hill artistically for many years. Some people date this decadence from the time the Académie entered its present quarters; but it really began much earlier. From what I saw and heard last winter, I should judge that the institution had nearly touched bottom.

The orchestra is excellent, and plays admirably when well conducted—which is not always the case, by the way. The chorus is fair, the ballet good, albeit by no means up to the level of the best Italian troupes. The principal singers range all the way from the admirable to the miserably incompetent. The standard of acting struck me as very low, but I was told that this was to be explained by the traditions of the house; that opera had always been recognized as a conventional form of art, and that anything but the old, conventional operatic style of acting would be considered beneath the dignity of the form and of the Académie. This may be so; but I still have a suspicion that, if a really strong actor were to appear on the boards of the Opéra, he would not be tabooed.

Of the singers I heard last winter few seemed to me to deserve the name of great artists. The De Reszké brothers were not in Paris while I was there, and after all, it would be needless for me to write of them if I had heard them, for all New York knows them now. Lassalle, the bass, is a remarkably fine singer; not a man to make you forget Faure, but one who impresses you at once as a commanding personality, as a man of mark. Unfortunately, he is a mere apology for an actor; but even here his earnestness carries him through, for his histrionic shortcomings spring evidently from a lack of specific talent, and not from apathy. He has neither the smiling fatuity of Rubini, nor the immovable stolidity of Brignoli—probably the worst two actors in the history of the lyric stage—only he produces no sensible dramatic impression, save through his singing. He was the one redeeming feature in the worst performance of Verdi's "Rigoletto" I ever saw anywhere. Melchissédec, the baritone, is a vociferous and, upon the whole, effective singer, with a rather defective method, and a general lack of finish; but he shows indubitable power in high-wrought and violent passages, and is, moreover, a great favorite with the public. He is one of the best, or perhaps I should say, one of the most effective, actors at the Académie; he seems to be naturally dramatic in facial expression and gesture, but one is fain to think that he does not use his head much, and he often seems to deserve the criticism Francisque Sarcey once made on old Sanson, of the Comédie-Française: "that he never *understood* a blessed word of his part," for he will now and then do the most superbly dramatic things entirely out of place. It is quite wonderful, for instance, to see his really grand outburst of rage as *Valentin* (in Gounod's "Faust"), when *Méphisto* toasts his sister in the second act—an outburst which comes ten good seconds before *Méphisto* has mentioned *Marguerite's* name. Of noteworthy tenors I heard none, and I am glad I have thoroughly forgotten the name of the hapless individual whom I heard murder the great quartet in "Rigoletto." I did not think a Frenchman could be found who would so distort the exqui-

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site, high-bred grace of that melody, and make its warmth seem so like ice.

In fine soprani the Académie was rather rich last winter. Mme Rose Caron has a pretty hard, dry voice, but she is an admirable dramatic singer, one who knows how to unite passionate fire with classic dignity; she is also, within the limits "permitted" at the Académie, a fine actress. Miss Emma Eames we all know by this time; I only heard her as *Marguerite* in Gounod's "Faust," but was much struck by the beauty of her voice, the excellence of her singing, and the nobility of her stage presence. She seemed like one who was just on the eve of becoming a great artist. Mme Melba, the Australian song-bird, has a voice of ravishing sweetness, and sings brilliant *fioriture* with the perfection of grace. One of the most remarkable members of the company is Mme Lureau-Escalaïs; she is not great in any sense of the word, but she is a thoroughly good and satisfying singer, one who has no particular line, but can sing almost anything well. She is equally good in recitative, in impassioned *cantilena*, and in *coloratura*. One evening she confounded all Paris by singing both the soprano parts (*Alice* and *Isabelle*) in Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable" at the same performance. I wonder whether this feat is not unique in the annals of opera!

One can see that there is no lack of good material at the Opéra; only this good material is mixed up with so much that is poor! The star-system is, in the end, at the bottom of much of the trouble. For years the really great singers at the Opéra have had occasional, more or less extended, leaves of absence, ostensibly for rest and recuperation, but really to enable them to sing at enormous prices in London and St. Petersburg. As the Académie de Musique cannot compete, or refuses to compete, with the prices paid in these capitals, its hold upon its best talent grows feebler year by year; the leaves of absence become longer and more frequent, until, one by one, the great singers drop out of its troupe entirely. Now New York also has entered the field; the De Reszkés and others are here for the whole season. All opera-going publics are more or less alike; audiences in Paris, London, New York, or Berlin are, at bottom, much of the same temper. What the public likes—in so far as it cares for the musical part of the entertainment at all—is stars. The star-system once in vogue in one great operatic centre, it can be combated only by the star-system in others. It has even worked its way into the Académie de Musique itself. Time was when no singer could be engaged there for less than a whole season; no one could sing at the Opéra except by becoming a regular member of the company; singers were thus engaged, not for certain specified parts, but for a certain class of parts; they had to accept the parts assigned to them, if these parts were in their line. But, for many years, this rule has been more and more winked at. Patti has been engaged for five nights; last fall Vandyk was engaged to sing *Lohengrin*, and these cases are by no means isolated. It is the star-system in full blast! Nothing is more demoralizing to a company than this. Wherever this abominable system gains foothold, the company soon ceases to be a "team," as the phrase goes, and becomes a mere aggregation of more or less competent individuals; *esprit de corps* and all characteristic style go by the board.

Of late years grievous complaints have been made on still another ground. Press and public complain bitterly, not so much of the scarcity of novelties brought out each year at the Opéra, as of the astounding immutability of its *répertoire*. This is a technical term in France, and does not quite mean what "repertory" does with us. A theatre's *répertoire* comprises all the *old works* in its repertory—all those which were successes in their day. Now, for many years the *répertoire* pieces given, over and over again, at the Opéra have been: "Les Huguenots," "Le Prophète," "L'Africaine," "La Juive," "La Favorite," "Faust," and less frequently "Robert le Diable" and "Guillaume Tell." Add to these some few newer works by Massenet and others, and you have about the whole list. When you consider that, at a moderate estimate, nine out of ten novelties are dead failures,

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you see that, for the "first lyric theatre" in France, this list is terribly short. True, the *répertoire* generally draws well, for people in general like what they know better than what is new to them. I do not think that the public of the Opéra would care to have more than one or two of these old works cashiered; but they do ask to have the list largely added to. Discontent reigns everywhere; and this discontent is not stilled by the well-known fact that some of the directors of the Académie de Musique have made enormous sums of money while in office. People feel quite naturally that, as the Académie is a subventioned theatre, paid for in part out of the general taxes, it should not be thrown open as a field for immoderate private speculation; that, if the director can make a decent living out of his position, that should be enough, and the surplus money should go to the institution, instead of into his pocket. They see vast sums expended upon the production of new works which have little chance of permanence, while the *répertoire* pieces are often given with scenery that would disgrace a second-rate provincial stage. The prison-scene I saw in "Faust" last winter was a marvel of shabbiness. When the Opéra does things sumptuously, its gorgeousness is well-nigh unparalleled; but when it does not, its stage mounting is astonishingly down at the heel.

In sharp contrast with the doings at the Académie de Musique are the performances at the Opéra-Comique, the "*deuxième théâtre-lyrique.*" Although this establishment has been somewhat under a cloud ever since the burning of its old house, the Théâtre-Favart, in 1887, and has been also in financial straits, it has not lost its prestige. The move to the old Théâtre-Lyrique on the place du Châtelet may have been unavoidable, but it was certainly unfortunate. In the first place, the *salle* is too large for opéra-comique, and Paris audiences feel the difference very keenly. Then the house itself has a reputation for failure that nothing can cure; it is, moreover, in the wrong part of the town, and this means a great deal in Paris. There is an immense amount of routine in all phases of Parisian life; no people on earth seem to live more automatically, to have such fixed habits. The bourgeoisie especially live by schedule; if they are in the habit of going to one theatre, they can hardly be persuaded to go to another. Now, the Opéra-Comique has, for years, had a special *clientèle*, a special public; and, when it was forced to move from the place Boieldieu to the place du Châtelet, the larger part of its public refused to follow it thither—the good people almost preferred going to look at the ruins in the place Boieldieu; the Théâtre-Lyrique made them feel ill at ease and home-sick.

But if something of its whilom air of comfortable prosperity has temporarily left the Opéra-Comique, it has suffered little loss in an artistic way. The orchestra, if not large, is admirable in quality, and plays with rare vitality and precision. Its conductor, M. Danbé, is a noted disciplinarian, and has the forces under his bâton under absolute command. The chorus, too, is excellent. Of the principal singers—all of whom are more or less good, and some of them surpassingly good, actors—Mme Landouzy, an admirable light soprano, holds the first place among the women, and Soulacroix, the baritone, among the men. Soulacroix is a singer far above the common run, and now that Talazac, the famous tenor, has left the company, may be accounted the Opéra-Comique's strongest card. He is also an exceedingly brilliant actor; his *Figaro*, in Rossini's "Barbier de Séville," is one of the best I ever saw. Last winter, Mlle Jane Horwitz made a brilliant début in Delibes's "Lakmé," and in other high florid soprano parts; she is still young, almost a beginner, but gives promise of doing great things in her line. She was certainly the sensation of the season at the Comique. Miss Sybil Saunderson I did not hear, as she was not in Paris. But the Opéra-Comique does not depend for its success upon the brilliancy of this or that singer; it depends upon the ensemble of its company, which has long since become a by-word for excellence. There are not a few singers now at the Académie de Musique who would not be tolerated here, even apart from

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DRAWN BY F. SINIBALDI. Behind the Scenes during an Entr'acte at the Opéra. ENGRAVED BY PECKWELL.

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the consideration that good acting is a *sine qua non* at the Opéra-Comique. The company is of extraordinarily even

Mlle Horwitz, of the Opéra Comique.

excellence, and is, in the fullest sense of the word, a "team;" its performances all have a characteristic style and snap that betokens years and years of unbroken tradition. Indeed, the Opéra-Comique could teach the Académie de Musique several things, were it once put to it. I should be by no means surprised to hear that the performances it means to give this winter of Wagner's "Maîtres-chanteurs"—the hugest task it has ever attempted—proved to be admirable.

The four subventioned theatres in Paris—the Comédie-Française (premier théâtre-français), the Odéon (deuxième théâtre-français), the Académie de Musique (premier théâtre-lyrique), and the Opéra-Comique (deuxième théâtre-lyrique)—all look to one common source from which to recruit their active forces; this is the Conservatoire de Musique et de Déclamation. There are probably few public buildings in Paris so little known to strangers in general as the Conservatoire; even comparatively few of the musically inclined visitors ever visit it, or, indeed, know where it is. The well-known difficulty outsiders have in procuring tickets to the concerts given there has frightened away many a music-lover from making the attempt, and what other solemnities go forward within its old walls are not of a nature to interest the general tourist. Yet it is a place well worth a visit from the dilettante, for, apart from its having the finest orchestra in the world, it is still the first music-school and the first dramatic school in the world.

The main entrance to the Conservatoire is on the rue du Faubourg-Poissonnière, on the corner of the rue Bergère; the building extends along the latter as far as the rue du Conservatoire, on which is its rear entrance, the one through which you go in to the concerts. The rear façade stretches along the rue du Conservatoire as far as the rue Sainte-Cécile, on which the side-wall extends nearly half-way back to the rue du Faubourg-Poissonnière. The ground plan of the building is in the shape of an **L**, the two long sides being on the rue Bergère and the rue du Conservatoire, and the two ends on the rue du Faubourg-Poissonnière and the rue Sainte-

M. Lassalle, of the Opéra.

Cécile. All within the building is old-fashioned and primitive; the class-rooms are small and ill-ventilated, with bare

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walls and wooden floors, hard, narrow, wooden benches or straw-bottomed chairs, and with a temperature fit for

Miss Emma Eames (Mrs. Julian Story), of the Opéra.

the roasting of eggs. The arrangement of these rooms is, perhaps, the best possible under the circumstances, for the Conservatoire is much cramped for space, but some rather ludicrous juxtapositions occur; for instance, the classrooms for brass instruments are next door to the rooms in which the harmony and counterpoint classes are held. But these shabby and comfortless apartments mean business, and that with a vengeance.

It was my privilege last winter to visit four of the classes, one in harmony, one in violin, one in singing, and one in solfége. Of singing and violin teaching I am no judge, but I could appreciate, at least, the care and thoroughness of the instruction given, and the high artistic point of view of the teaching; no drudgery was shirked, but it was not all drudgery and technique. One little incident in the singing class gave me an appreciative sense of what a luxury it is for a country to have an Academy to regulate its native tongue. A hulking young fellow of eighteen, with a bass voice like thunder, was singing a snatch of recitative, and stumbled on the words, "*et nōtre amour;*" the teacher stopped him off-hand: "My young friend, when you sing in French, it is just as well to sing French; it isn't *nōtre amour;* there is no circumflex there; it is *nŏtre amour.*" If a teacher had said a thing of that sort about English pronunciation in any American conservatory, the pupil would have talked back, and flung some conflicting "authority" at his head. But of the teaching in the harmony and solfége classes, I can speak with knowledge of the subject; the teaching seemed to me superlatively good and sound at every point, and the results most excellent. Some of the

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DRAWN BY EUG. MORAND.

Class-room for Declamation at the Conservatoire.

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

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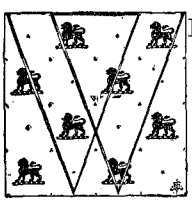
harmony exercises I looked over (written by young girls of fifteen or sixteen) were capital, and showed a care for something more and higher than a mere following out dry rules. The remarks made by the teacher, too, were always to the point, and actuated by genuine musical feeling. The classes in declamation I did not hear, much to my regret, for some of the best actors at the Théâtre-Français teach at the Conservatoire. Of the concerts given at this institution I will speak in my next article. As I have said, the four subventioned theatres in Paris have a sort of lien upon the students at the Conservatoire; they have a right to engage such students as take first or second prizes at the final examinations, if they think they need their services. These theatres have the first pick of the prize pupils. Per contra, students in composition who win the Grand Prix de Rome, have the right to have an opera performed, either at the Académie de Musique or the Opéra-Comique (according to its character), on their return from a three years' sojourn at the Académie de France on the Pincian.

THE REFLECTIONS OF A MARRIED MAN.

By Robert Grant.

I.



WHEN a man of thirty-five is happily, blissfully married, the scope of his reflections is necessarily limited. Owing to the circumstance that he is a husband and a father, many questions which used to occupy and agitate his mental faculties have been dismissed or solved. He is no longer haunted by the face of every pretty girl he meets, for he has already met the woman most fitted in the wide world to make him happy; and consequently all the cobwebs of cogitation concerning love which were wont alternately to exalt and depress his spirit as a single man, have been swept from his brain. He is no longer prone to dreams about the object of his affections, for he has her perpetually beside him, nor is he tempted to indulge in hyperbole as to what he would do and dare at her bidding, seeing that her bidding has now become his.

Analogously, he has dismissed as impracticable certain picturesque visions regarding his future which he had long entertained and kept in reserve in the secret places of his soul, to be acted upon under stress of circumstances. How often has he comforted himself, in moments of desolation, with the consciousness that if matters went too much awry he had merely to pack his portmanteau and start east, west, north or south in search of glory and adventure! He has jubilantly pictured himself a cow-boy snatching a splendid bride from the awful waves of a prairie fire; a conductor in a strange city working his way from the platform of a horse-car to the chief magistracy of a nation; a leader into the light of countless hordes, fascinated at first by the swathe of his sword, and later by his counsel; or a primitive forest-dweller, unhampered by clothes or codes, rearing a dusky race cheek by jowl with nature. He has many a time quivered at the thought of how he would be able to bestow, from the summit of his majesty or his independence, kindly yet contemptuous condescension on the associates of his early days who had failed to recognize his superiority. But these are bygone fancies. So far from becoming a cow-boy, or a satrap, or the President of the Republic, or a billionaire, or a bushman, he has reconciled himself to the idea of plodding along in a rut at home, unillumined even by the hope of stopping a runaway horse. With the consciousness of the mortgage on his little house fresh in mind, and the prospect of a larger family staring him in the face, he

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recognizes that the chances are against his ever seeing an ostrich farm or a dance of dervishes, and that he may thank his lucky stars if, after ten years of toil, he gets away for a flying trip to Japan by way of the Yosemite.

In other words, he has become a fixture; part and parcel of his own environment, and hopelessly entangled with the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker, the plumber, the school-teacher, the physician, and the clergyman. Instead of speculating as to whether one would rather love or be loved, he is likely now, in odd moments, to be wondering whether the languidness of baby may not be due to the presence of arsenic in the wall-paper, or crooning over the quarterly bill of his family for boots and shoes. The world has become for him, to all intents and purposes, the community in which he lives, with its hopes, its ambitions, its aspirations, its foibles, its idiosyncrasies, and its crazes.

I occupy a modest establishment in that portion of the city where people take daily baths, do not use the blade of the knife in order to convey food to the mouth, and drink tea from a cup in preference to a saucer. In a republic, where everyone is the peer of everybody else, one cannot be too careful what one says in order to avoid giving offence. In our neighborhood the husband and father who is able to bring up a family on an annual income of fifteen hundred dollars, and lay up money into the bargain, is not to be found; nor is the wife and mother who is able to provide for seventy-five cents, according to those marvellous bills of fare we see in the newspapers, a dinner which begins with raw oysters, includes soup, fish, an entrée, and a joint, and concludes with pudding, fruit, and coffee. Consequently I am obliged to earn an income larger considerably than the sum I have referred to, and although our repasts ordinarily lack fifty per cent. of the delicacies enumerated, I have noticed that on the first of every month my wife is apt to look as if she were going to cry, even if she has self-control enough not to.

I have read somewhere—it may have been in an electric car—that 500,000,000 of the world's population clothe the entire person, 700,000,000 wear more or less clothing, and 250,000,000 wear absolutely nothing. Had I been born in Timbuctoo, what would have been my destiny? The answer is far to seek; but it is irksome to the spirit at times to contrast the simple conditions of primitive man with the complex necessities of a highly civilized household. Given an adobe hut, a canoe, a bow and arrows, a fig-leaf, a pipe, and a string of beads, what does the most fastidious savage lack? As regards butcher's bills, traps against sewer-gas, the telephone, ball-dresses, electric light, private theatricals, and Christian Science, his mind is a complete blank.

When Josephine and I were about to begin housekeeping, she confided to me one evening that we should need only one servant. While I was pondering the matter in silence she continued, with plaintive earnestness:

"We shall really be able to manage perfectly well, Fred; I have thought it all out. I will wash the breakfast things myself, and dust the drawing-room and cut the vegetables on the days the girl has to wash and iron. And then once a fortnight we might have in a scrubbing woman for half a day."

I frowned majestically, revolting at the vision of my Josephine's dainty fingers dallying with a mop or intimately associated with potato-skins and pea-pods. In her mother's house she had been waited upon by inches all her days.

"I will have nothing of the sort, Josephine. I do not wish my wife to make a slave of herself. We must have as many servants as are necessary to do the work."

Josephine sighed and clasped her hands. "How generous you are, Fred! We couldn't possibly require more than two, under any consideration. I heard of two girls to-day who would do capitally for us if you really think we can afford it. They are sisters." If I live to be a hundred, I shall never forget the attractive picture which those sisters presented when I saw them for the first time, a fortnight later, on my return from our wedding journey. We had come back a day sooner than we had ex-

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pected, and we found them seated on the carpet in the centre of the drawing-room, busily engaged in burnishing a number of crystal pendents belonging to the chandelier, and as they looked up beamingly on our approach, it seemed to me that our domestic comfort was assured for years. They were both of buxom, sturdy physique. Delia, the elder, who was to cook for us and do part of the washing, had a firm, honest countenance, which was itself a guaranty that there would be neither waste nor pilfering below stairs. Mary Ann, the second girl, as I was instructed to speak of her, was of a more yielding type, a mild-eyed, dimpled, good-humored-looking woman whose smile suggested willingness to oblige to the last gasp. She was to do the remainder of the washing, tend table, dust and sweep, take care of the rooms, and make herself generally useful to her sister and to Josephine.

"Aren't they lovely?" whispered my darling to me on our way upstairs; and when we were within the privacy of our chamber she flung her arms about my neck and proceeded to expatiate exuberantly on our rare good fortune in having acquired two such treasures. Had she not many a time heard her mother declare that friction in the kitchen was the bane of domestic happiness? There could be none between sisters. They would work side by side in perfect accord, each helping the other.

For a month everything went more than smoothly. Delia's bread and pastry were so light and appetizing that I was never once tempted to make invidious comparisons between them and those which my mother used to provide, so that Josephine's somewhat pallid cheeks grew rosy from sheer delight at my content. Nor was our second girl less satisfactory in her sphere. Although everything in the house was brand new, she broke nothing except a vase in the drawing-room which we both cordially detested, and which had been suffered to figure as an ornament merely out of consideration for the dear friend who had given it to us as a wedding present. But Mary Ann could not have shown more genuine contrition had it been of Satsuma. Accosting her mistress with tears in her eyes and the pieces in her apron, she confessed frankly that she had switched it from the table with her skirt, instead of maintaining that it "broke itself," and begged to be allowed to replace it by a rebate in her wages.

"It made me feel positively wicked," said Josephine, "to see her feel so badly, and to be conscious all the time that I was thankful it was smashed, and that my only fear was we might be able to glue it."

Exemplary Mary Ann! She used to call me in the morning punctually to a minute, and fold my trousers as accurately as a valet, and never once during her incumbency did my darling, in passing her fingers over the plush furniture in the drawing-room, discover dust.

It dawned upon me one day that Mary Ann was a changed being. Instead of going about her work with a light-hearted smile which found vent at times, when she was at a respectful distance, in the snatches of a song, she had become moping and dejected. When I asked her one day for a fresh towel, I observed, while taking it from her through a crack of the bath-room door, that there were tears in her eyes.

"Have you noticed Mary Ann, my dear?" I asked my wife, at the first opportunity. "She has something on her mind."

Josephine nodded, and I perceived that she herself was in a melancholy mood. "I knew it was too perfect to last," she murmured.

"What is the matter?"

"I haven't the least idea, Fred; I have refrained from asking in order to put off the evil day as long as possible, but I have felt in my bones for the past week that we were walking over a volcano. I might have known it could not last."

"Pooh!" I answered. "You take the matter altogether too seriously, my dear. Mary Ann and her young man have probably had a falling out—that is all."

Josephine looked incredulous. The next day, when I returned home from down-town, I found her sitting limp and doleful on the sofa.

"Oh, Fred!" she exclaimed, as I entered the room, "Delia is going."

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"Delia? You mean Mary Ann."

"I mean Delia, Fred."

"What in thunder—" I began, but I was interrupted by the opening of a door behind me.

"Please, ma'am, may I say a word to you?"

It was our second girl, the picture of dejection with her handkerchief to her eyes.

"What is it, Mary Ann?" said my wife, with a touch of tartness unusual to her.

"Please, ma'am, since Delia is going I must go too."

Josephine gave a gasp. "Go because Delia is going?"

"Yes, ma'am. She is my sister, you know."

"But it is because she ill-treated you that she is going. You said that she had been cruel to you, and I remonstrated with her, and she said that she would not stay. And now you, on whose account she is leaving us, come and tell me that you are going too. What do you mean, Mary Ann?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the treasure, with a convulsive sob. "We came together and we must go together."

"*You cannot go, Mary Ann.*"

I saw my wife really angry for the first time since I had known her, and I interposed with masculine gruffness.

"What is all this nonsense, Mary Ann, about your going and Delia's going? You will both of you stay, of course."

"She told me this morning," burst out Josephine, indignantly, "that her sister had cruelly maltreated her ever since they had been here, and that she was very unhappy. And, Fred, I went down into the kitchen to speak to Delia about it, and Delia said that she wished to go at once."

"She went, sir, just before I came up the stairs."

Josephine gave another gasp.

"Well, then, what more do you wish, Mary Ann?" I said. "If your sister has gone, you have nothing to complain of, so back to your work."

She shook her head mournfully and answered slowly, while she mopped her streaming eyes, "She was my own sister, sir, but she was that cruel to me that I couldn't have lived in the house with her another day. And I've no word of complaint to speak against you, sir, or your lady. But if Delia's gone I can't stay. We came together and we must go together."

And she went.

II.

As I was saying, we began our housekeeping with two servants. When baby came and the monthly nurse was on the eve of departure, Josephine spoke of the necessity of a third. We had at this time a cook and second girl who were not even distantly related, and though our bread did not seem to me equal to that to which I had been accustomed as a boy, and articles to which we were attached "broke themselves" from day to day, we were tolerably comfortable.

I was brute enough to inquire nonchalantly why the second girl could not tend baby. Let me add, in my own behalf, that this was just after the judge had directed a verdict for the defendant in a big accident case which I had brought for an impecunious client, who had lost a leg, against a rich corporation.

"Cornelia tend baby? How could she?" my wife replied, with so much horror in her tone that, remembering the doctor's injunction that she should be agitated as little as possible, I hastened to add, "If she can't, she can't, and there's an end of it."

Josephine dropped the subject for thirty-six hours. She chose, as a time for taking it up again, the middle of the night, when I had happened to wake up for a moment.

"You would never be willing to live so, Fred," she began, suddenly.

"Live how, my dear?" I asked, at a loss as to the connection.

"Why, with two servants, of course. Haven't you been asking me why Cornelia could not tend baby in addition to doing all her other work?"

Now, I was infernally sleepy to begin with, and in the second place I did not like the insinuation contained in Josephine's opening sentence; so I murmured a little doggedly, "How do other people live?"

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"I should just like to see you living like other people," she answered, with a vicious dab at her pillow. "I should just like to see you."

"How does Harry Bolles manage?" I continued. "He has twins, and he keeps only two servants."

I ought to have known better than refer to Harry Bolles at this time of the night, because if there was one thing more than another calculated to arouse the indignation of my wife, it was the trick I had — she called it a trick — of citing the Bolleses as an argument on every possible occasion.

"That just shows how much you know," Josephine replied slowly, between her teeth. "You would not live as Harry Bolles lives for twenty-four hours."

I was thoroughly awake myself now, and rather mad, so I ventured boldly on the assertion that, so far as I could see, the Bolleses got along very well.

"Now it happens, Fred, that I called on Mrs. Bolles yesterday," said my wife, in a key of scornful triumph, "and it happens that she confided to me how they do live. One of their servants is a maid of all work, and the nurse divides her time between taking care of the twins and assisting her; and when she is assisting the other girl or waiting on table, Mrs. Bolles has to take care of the twins, and she looks dragged out, poor thing, in consequence; and the twins sleep in her room and they are very wakeful, for they are teething, and she told me that the other night her husband had to walk up and down with one, and she with the other, from twelve until three."

"Where was the nurse?" I inquired, loftily.

"How just like a man to ask 'where was the nurse?' I should be glad to know how you can expect a girl who does half of the work of a house in addition to taking charge all day of two helpless infants, one year and a half old, to lose her night's rest into the bargain. The nurse was in bed asleep, of course. Moreover, Mrs. Bolles told me that Harry looks after the furnace himself. I should like to see you raking out the ashes and shovelling in the coal every morning."

"Pooh!" I answered. "It would be fun rather than otherwise, if it were necessary."

"Necessary? That's just it. I suppose that I could manage to get along without a nurse, if it were necessary; only I will be honest, Fred, and acknowledge that it would not be fun."

"I wish you would let me go to sleep, Josephine," I remarked at this juncture. "Do you realize what o'clock it is? A man who has to work as hard as I do all day can scarcely be expected to lose his night's rest into the bargain."

Having covered my defeat by means of this adroit shot I lay awake for half an hour longer, absorbed in reverie. As indeed I had been well aware from the beginning, my wife was right about the Bolleses; I would not be willing to live as they did for twenty-four hours. I shuddered and drew the sheet over my head as I pictured myself in overalls, wrestling daily with the intricacies of the furnace and trying to make the world believe that I did it for the sake of the exercise. How pleasant, on a cold winter's night, when you had just finished dressing to go out to dinner and were taking a little pride in your fleckless shirt-bosom, would be the news that the furnace fire had gone out, involving the alternative that you should rekindle it or imperil the lives of your offspring! And if I shuddered on my own account, I shuddered tenfold more on account of Josephine, beholding as plainly as could be in my mind's eye, athwart the darkness, my darling pacing the chamber in her wrapper in the small hours of the morning, soothing her baby in order that I might sleep; for that is what Josephine would be likely to do, being a woman cast in a less selfish mould than the rest of her sex. Indeed, so deeply was I distressed by the pathos of this situation that in the morning, of my own volition, I remarked, in a brisk, off-hand fashion:

"If you're going to engage a nurse, my dear, be sure you get a good one. If you see the woman you like, don't haggle about wages."

My wife was silent for an instant, then she smiled to herself in a peculiar way she has and said, "How queer you are, Fred! One moment you put me in the dumps by talking as if we were on the

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verge of the poor-house, and the next one would suppose from your grandiloquent style that we were rolling in riches."

"Scarcely, my dear," I answered; "but I fail to see the advantage of making one's self uncomfortable for a paltry twenty-five or fifty dollars a year. That is a woman's idea of economy."

"I have noticed, though, all the same, that on the occasions when I have to ask you for money, you do not act as though you thought even half that sum paltry. I shall remind you of it the next time you dole me out a pitiful five-dollar bill," said the angel of my life, tempering the irony of her words by a sportive smile and an evident disposition to embrace me—from which she was deterred only by the fact that my cheeks were covered with lather.

How often have we enacted a more or less similar bit of private theatricals in the course of our gradual transition from the domestic simplicity represented by two incumbents in the kitchen, to the numbers and circumstance of the household of a modern family man! As the consequence of my reluctance, not merely to renounce clothes like to him of Timbuctoo, but to care for the furnace after the pattern of Harry Bolles, I find myself to-day the presiding genius of a retinue which includes, besides the four children who call me father, a cook and a nurse and a parlor-maid and a laundress and a chore-man, whose united efforts to do the work of the household are not entirely able to conceal from me the possibility that I may be cozened at no distant day into adding to their number a kitchen-girl, a coachman, and another nurse. And yet there are individuals who look askance at me as unimaginative, because under pressure of the consciousness that so much flesh and blood is dependent upon me for daily bread, I walk fearlessly under a ladder, am willing to move to the sea-side on Friday, and sit down at table without ado in a company of thirteen.

In the crush of modern civilization he who wishes to arrive must frequently walk under a ladder, will he, nill he; and analogously, it does not take a married man long to discover the limitations imposed upon his fancy by his responsibilities as husband, father, and master. Although I have never encountered a ghost, there was a time when I enjoyed listening to the blood-curdling experiences of those who thought they had, and I was altogether willing to ponder the arguments of those who maintained that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. But to-day I find myself in such a frame of mind regarding the unseen world, that I should like nothing better than to see a ghost, in order to be able to shie my boot-jack at it to prove my incredulity; and I am sorely tempted, when interrogated as to the authorship of Hamlet, to inquire what difference it makes anyway. Would not Hamlet still be Hamlet, and Othello, Othello, whether they were written by Shakespeare or by Bacon?

The reason for this frame of mind is evident enough. Before a married man, in the fulness of his responsibilities as a paterfamilias, leaves the house in the morning, he is likely to hear that there is more coal needed, that there is a leak in the roof, or that one of the children has swallowed a cent. His wife rushes after him and hails him at the foot of the door-steps to tell him that there is not a bar of soap in the house, and to be sure and bring home some money for the sewing-woman. Provided he has a telephone both at home and down-town, she does not need to send the chore-man to his office with the intelligence that not a drop of water will run in the house, for she is able to ring him up and to let him know at the same time that she fears she may have given away by mistake the wrong suit of his clothes to the chambermaid's brother just out from Sweden. When he arrives home at night he expects to hear that the laundress is utterly dissatisfied with the accommodations in the laundry, that his golden-haired daughter has dropped a doll down the drain-pipe, or that moths have honeycombed his riding trousers. After dinner, if there is no smell of gas which obliges him to ascend a step-ladder and press his nose against the chandelier in search of a leak, he is haply called upon to consider, for the benefit of the rising generation, whether Jonah's sojourn in the belly of

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the whale can be reconciled with the laws of natural science, or if it is advisable to allow his eldest son, aged seven, to hang on behind "Booby huts." Then like as not, after he has gone to bed and is just dropping off to sleep, his better half will nudge him to inquire if he *has* brought home that money for the sewing-woman. Then there are the bills from the butcher and the grocer and the milkman to absorb his attention on the first of every month, and from the plumber and the dressmaker and the gas company at the beginning of every quarter, and from the tax-collector, the ice-man and the dancing-school teacher at periods when they are the least welcome. Though he "remembers" substantially on Christmas day everyone who has the slightest claim on his bounty, from his wife's mother to the letter carrier and the elevator boy down town, he is certain to be lured from the dinner-table half a dozen times during the month of January by the mysterious whisper of the house-maid that there is "a gentleman" waiting to see him in the hall, who invites him to subscribe to the coachman's ball, the waiter's ball, the policeman's ball, or the fireman's ball, as the case may be. In the early summer he is moved to the country or the sea-side, and in the early autumn he is moved back again, and during the interim his office is a sort of receiving bureau for bundles, which he is expected to carry out to his family, containing everything from a single skein of sewing-silk to a carboy of analyzed spring water. Considering the multiplicity of these distractions, is it altogether surprising if he remains comparatively indifferent as to whether William Tell really shot an apple off his son's head or was only a mythical humbug?

I live in the city in an unpretentious little house which must be moderately elastic, seeing that Josephine confided to me, after the birth of our first baby, that if we ever had another we should have to move; for we have two boys and two girls, and I still have faith, in spite of my wife's direct asseveration to the contrary, that we should be able to tuck away a number five somewhere. We look out at our neighbors over an infinitesimal grass-plot which is brought to my attention conspicuously twice a year, once when an itinerant gardener calls, about the time the snow flies, with a bill for having kept it in order for a twelvemonth, and again in mid-summer, when happening to visit the house to make sure that the water-pipes have not burst or thieves taken up a permanent residence during the absence of the family, I am confronted by an army of weeds almost as high as the door-sill. What a ghoulish experience it is, by the way, to go prowling about a closed up house from sheer motives of domestic prudence and the expectation of disagreeable discoveries. There is a deathly stillness as you enter, consistent with the dim and stuffy atmosphere, which perplexes the nostrils by suggesting alternately sewer-gas, decomposing mouse, and insect powder. As you walk across the uncarpeted hall, sundry pieces of furniture detonate like pistol-shots to the infinite peril of your nerves, and it is only when you have examined the safe and found it unrifled that you are ready to believe that the establishment has no inmates. Your wife has told you that in order to obtain your gray trousers, which were left behind by mistake, you have only to look in the top drawer of her bureau for the key of the cedar chest and undo a bundle immediately under your eyes in the right-hand corner next the wall, marked plainly, "Fred's winter clothes." You fail to find any key in the top drawer, but you light upon three bunches of keys in the third, most of which are unlabelled. After trying the majority of those without labels you discover the key of the cedar chest, which proves to be unlocked after all. As you raise the lid a profound smell of camphor pervades the air. You gaze blankly at a wide expanse of neatly tucked in sheet, which you hesitate to disturb from the fear lest you will never be able to tuck it in again. Removing it gingerly, you behold a well-packed arrangement of bundles. You examine the bundle immediately under your eyes in the right-hand corner and find there is no mark on it; but the bundle beside it is clearly marked "my robin's egg blue tea-gown." You say to your-

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self that perhaps Josephine meant the left-hand corner next the wall and you investigate, only to find a bundle marked "baby's winter coat." You look in the right-hand corner away from the wall and in the left-hand corner away from the wall, but fail to find what you are in search of. Occupying the middle space is a huge, carefully swathed bundle inscribed "the drawing-room curtains."

"Dash it all! Where are my trousers?" you say to yourself, beginning to perspire freely from the intensity of your emotions. Regardless of your wife's strict injunction to disturb nothing, you seize upon "the drawing-room curtains" and deposit them on the floor beside you, exposing thereby an array of other bundles over which your glance passes feverishly, but in vain. "Dash it all!" you mutter again, and out come "my robin's egg blue tea-gown" and "baby's winter coat," and the bundles which bore no marks. "Dash it all, where are those trousers?" you repeat with rising exasperation, and out come "the children's winter leggings," "Fred's great-coat," "my velvet skirt," and "dining-room rug" higgledy-piggledy. You are fuming now, and you pitch out everything right and left until there is nothing remaining in the cedar chest but "my seal skin sack" and "Fred's arctics." Then you gaze around you gloomily, still dispossessed of the gray trousers, and not altogether satisfied with your handiwork. You begin to pitch the things in again, and to squash them savagely into position. You feel furious with Josephine for having deceived you. As you return each bundle, you note superciliously whatever writing there is on it. All of a sudden you flush, and a sensation of shame and disgust besets the small of your back, and you find yourself confronted by the words, "Fred's winter clothes." You realize, too, that the bundle bearing this inscription is identical in size and shape with the one which, when you raised the lid of the chest, was immediately under your eyes in the right-hand corner next the wall. You scan it for a moment ruminantly, examine the other side and proceed to scrutinize two or three other bundles. You have guessed the truth, which is that the unmarked side had happened to be uppermost and you had neglected to turn the bundle over. You undo it soberly, and there, sure enough, are the gray trousers.

After doing your best to repack the cedar chest, and finding that you cannot close the lid because of your inability to make room for "the drawing-room curtains," you decide to leave them on top of the chest, and you proceed downstairs to inspect the kitchen and laundry, which you have not yet visited. You go prowling through these lower regions, peering morbidly into coal-bins and wash-tubs, and scanning philosophically the cockroaches disporting themselves over the kitchen range regardless of your presence. A faint moaning sound breaks in upon the prevailing stillness, and you stand still to listen with thumping heart. It is repeated, and it seems to you to emanate from the cellar between the kitchen in the rear and the laundry in front, where the furnace and the store-closet and your private wine-closet are situated. You step thither, and noticing that the store-closet door is on the jar, throw it open, merely to encounter silence and coffee-scented space. As you stand still listening, the moaning sound is audible again close at hand and more clearly defined, suggesting to your imagination the throes of a dying victim. You say to yourself that a murder must have been committed in your wine-closet, and after a shaky pause you resolutely try the door. It is locked, as it should be. Puzzled, but none the less appalled, you tremulously draw your keys from your pocket, and selecting the right one, fit it to the lock. You draw a deep breath, turn it, and with a doughty effort fling open the door. For a moment there is a ghastly stillness, and then forth from among the demi-johns and wine-cases staggers the cat—the missing cat who, as you now recall, was nowhere to be found on the day your family moved out of town, just seven weeks ago.

"Miau—ow!"

"Poor, poor pussy!"

You observe with surprise that, though painfully shrunken and emaciated, she still is disposed to twist herself around your legs just as in the days of her well-

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fed prosperity, and recalling the adage as to the nine lives of a cat, you wonder how many of them she has left. She looks up at you beseechingly, uttering now and again a piteous mew, while you stand reflecting as to what you are to do with her. By dint of rummaging in the store-closet you find an empty basket into which you make sundry attempts to deposit her, but with so little success that you end by calling in at a neighboring grocer's and making an arrangement with him for a pecuniary consideration to capture her and feed her until you return to town. You leave him your keys for the purpose, with directions to return them to your office, and you proceed soberly on your way down town.

III.

I WAS describing my house. If it be true that a man's house is his castle, it is equally so that the chief seat of his domestic happiness is his parlor. I use the term advisedly, meaning by parlor the room in which his evenings are habitually spent and where he feels most thoroughly and comfortably at home, be it known technically as drawing-room, library, or den. There are people who prefer to maintain a best room for the entertainment of company, where the most magnificently ugly of their belongings are commonly to be found, and in which the window-shades are kept perpetually lowered in order to preserve the carpets, and a fire is never lighted from the dread of smoke-dust. But I agree with Josephine that what we deem comfortable is none too comfortable for our friends; and as a consequence we have participated freely from the very first in our own splendor.

Is there anything more attractive to the newly married Benedict than the cosiness of his evenings at home, in the midst of his household gods and by the side of his sweet partner for life? Even though she objects to his putting his boots on the sofa or badgers him into wearing a swallow-tail coat at dinner every night, is he not a thousand-fold happier than when flitting from ball-room to theatre and from theatre to club in search of feverish excitement? As a well-to-do bachelor, he may perhaps have endeavored to banish dirt by the witchery of assiduous tipping, and to produce the semblance of connubial comfort by a prodigal display of choice upholstery, rare Japonica, and a masterpiece or two in the line of contemporary art; but, except in moments of occasional self-delusion, he has ever been conscious that his hearth was alike cheerless and dusty. Now, under his changed conditions he has, if inclined for conversation, an ever delightful companion; if, moody and exhausted, he prefers silence or a book, even the traditional mouse cannot be stiller than his angel; and is she not perpetually ready to play bézique or back-gammon, or to read aloud, or to listen to him read in case he derives satisfaction from his own performance? He sits in his easy-chair under the latest improvement in lamps and the latest device in ornamental shades, surrounded by tokens from his friends, vases and clocks, thermometers and paper-cutters, a trio of etchings, and a bust of the young Augustus. It seems to him as though he would like to pass his evenings forever in this paradise with perhaps an occasional jaunt to the theatre every fortnight or so by way of variety.

Josephine and I had both, as young people go, seen a great deal of society before we became husband and wife. Although I was never bowled over by anyone so completely as by Josephine, there were, as I have often admitted to her, several young women — say half a dozen by way of a round number—with whom I was more or less infatuated during the course of my bachelorhood. Consequently I was an assiduous attendant at every form of evening festivity. The same had been true substantially of Josephine, who, by dint of her great social popularity, maintained sisterly relations successively with a number of young men ambitious to become still nearer and dearer to her.

We alike, therefore, rejoiced in our opportunity to stay quietly at home, and the long winter evenings of the first year of our married life never dragged. We read and we chatted, we dozed and we played games, we com-

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pared impressions regarding the cook and cavilled at the price of beef, and we were altogether happy. Of course, we dined out every now or then with Josephine's parents or with mine, and took what they were pleased to call pot-luck with intimate friends, like the Bolleses; but to all intents and purposes we eschewed society. Josephine had her own reasons for not wishing to appear in public, and I was only too willing to abet her in this respect. I invested in an encyclopædia, subscribed to the leading magazines, and pored over "Pigs in Clover" and kindred puzzles, with a view to making our domestic cosiness complete.

Baby was born in July, and by the time we returned from the sea-side in the early autumn, Josephine was looking not merely like her own self, but handsomer than I had ever seen her. Moreover, she was in famous spirits, and she declared that she was ready for anything and everything — words which sounded just a little ominous to my conjugal ear.

"Fred," she said, with rather an apologetic air, one evening shortly after, "I shall have to order some new clothes."

"Whatever you see fit, my dear," I answered glibly, for I wished my wife to have everything in the way of dress which she deemed essential to her appearance and happiness.

Being in the habit of leaving the details of selection and purchase entirely to her discretion, I thought no more of the matter until one afternoon, some three weeks later, when on my return from down town I was conducted upstairs into the spare room by Josephine, with a radiantly mysterious air, and confronted with a trio of elaborately flounced and furbelowed ball-dresses spread out upon the bed.

"Don't you think they're pretty, Fred?" she inquired, solicitously.

"What are they for?" I asked, with pursed lips and a wrinkling brow.

"For? Why, they're evening dresses, of course. The black lace and the lilac silk are for receptions or dinners, and the white tulle is for dancing parties."

"I thought we were not going to any more parties," I said, dryly. Josephine became suddenly grave, then answered, plaintively: "You know I haven't been anywhere for a year, Fred."

"Neither have I, my dear. What is more, I have no desire to," I retorted, with an air of such superior virtue that my wife was visibly disconcerted.

"You mustn't suppose for a moment, Fred," she faltered, presently, "that I don't prefer my quiet evenings at home with you to anything else in the world, for I do; but — but don't you think that if we were never to go anywhere people would forget us, and we should be apt to grow dull and rusty? Were it not that I feel as if we owed it to ourselves to go about occasionally, I shouldn't mention the fact that, while you are at your office, I sometimes never speak to anybody for days at a time excepting baby and the servants. Besides I don't see very well how we can avoid going to Mrs. Badger's reception. She would be sure to think it very queer and pointed if we stayed away."

It was now my turn to look grave. To begin with, Mrs. Badger was one of my oldest friends. I had been a frequent guest at her house during my bachelorhood, and was indebted to her for many kindnesses. It was she who gave us our six Apostle spoons when we were married. It would never do for us to fail to appear at her reception. Moreover, not being so bad a fellow at heart as some people would make out, I was experiencing qualms on the score of Josephine's allusion to her own solitary state while I was down town, and I could not help acknowledging to myself that it was only natural she should pine for a little diversion after being cooped up all day. Accordingly I answered, in a tone of subdued resignation:

"If Mrs. Badger is to give a reception, I suppose we shall have to go. We ought not, of course, to make complete hermits of ourselves. What is the date of it?"

"A fortnight from to-day. The invitation only came this afternoon. And there is an invitation, Fred, from the Dobbses for a dinner on the 15th, and one from Mrs. Cyrus Merryman for a

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small musical party on the 17th," added my darling, timidly. "What do you wish me to do about them?"

I gulped down my feelings so as to reply with an affectation of cheerfulness, "We had better accept. I dare say it will do you good to see a little of the world, for it *is* rather hard that you should be left alone with me the whole time."

"Oh, Fred, that wasn't what I said at all. It just slipped out anyway; but if I only were alone with you all the time I should never wish to be with anyone else."

"Flatterer!" I murmured. "On the contrary, I am ready to acknowledge that a little variety will benefit us both, and if you trot me out occasionally I shall do my best not to grumble."

"And you do think the dresses are pretty, don't you, Fred?" she asked, imploringly, after escaping from the embrace with which my magnanimity was rewarded. "I had been looking forward so to your liking them."

I praised her finery as in duty bound, and thereafter for the next fortnight Josephine's eyes scintillated expectation, and she went about the house humming snatches of old waltzes. But on the evening itself, while she was dressing for the party, she turned suddenly to me and said, with a little nervous shiver: "Fred, I don't believe a single soul in the room will speak to me. I feel positively like a green young thing going to her first cotillon. Remember that you are on no account to leave me all alone by myself."

"Bosh!" I muttered, sleepily. To tell the truth, I had indulged in a cat-nap after dinner, and had just been waked up with the injunction that it was time to dress. "I wish in the name of goodness that I was in bed."

How differently I would have reasoned a twelvemonth before! Then it seemed the most natural thing in the world to struggle into a dress suit at ten o'clock at night, when a large portion of humanity was getting ready for slumber. Now, while I fitted the studs into my shirt-bosom I silently reflected on the folly of turning night into day, and inveighed against the custom of going to parties two hours later than the hour specified in the invitation. We had been asked at eight, but, as Josephine sagely remarked, it would have been crazy to order our carriage before ten unless we wished to be the first to arrive.

We were tolerably early as it was. Josephine looked superbly in her white tulle with some roses, which I had given her, in her corsage, and I felt decidedly proud as I made my way up to our hostess with her on my arm. After exchanging greetings with Mrs. Badger, we fluttered a few yards to one side and found ourselves presently looking into each other's eyes with much the same helpless expression with which the babes in the wood must have regarded each other after their cruel uncle had abandoned them. I had taken it for granted that Josephine's old friends would stumble over each other in their haste to renew their friendship with her, and, though she asseverated afterward that she had no such expectation, I do not believe that she was prepared to remain for five minutes exclusively in my society. Several men whom she knew bowed low to her from a distance, but that was the limit of their devotion for the time being. A queer sort of look appeared in Josephine's eyes, and she fanned herself with a vehemence which seemed to me inconsistent with the temperature of the atmosphere. As for me, I felt like seizing the first available man I knew by the shoulders and asking him how he dared to leave a lovely creature like my wife standing without a soul to speak to except her husband.

Relief came from an unexpected quarter, in the person of young P. Augustus Tomlins, toward whom I shall ever cherish kindly feelings, despite the fact that he is a worm, socially speaking. At least, Josephine would scarcely have deigned to look at him in her palmy days, and, though she was considerate as belles go, would have been apt to crush him had he persisted in forcing himself on her attention. But you would have supposed that he was one of her oldest friends, from the effusive manner with which she greeted him on this occasion. Indeed P. Augustus himself seemed to be taken aback at the cordiality bestowed upon him; he literally gasped

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with pleasure, and as he ambled off a moment after with my darling on his arm, his features were singularly suggestive of an elated Cheshire cat.

A married man left to his own devices in a crowded ball-room feels a certain lack of responsibility. Society has become for him largely panoramic, and he is disposed toward contemplative torpor rather than action. Mrs. Badger's reception was a coming out party for her niece, to which, colloquially speaking, all the world and his mother had been invited, and I found myself viewing, as in a glass, the several generations struggling for elbow-room, with a sense of being a spectator rather than a participant. From the eddy, into which I was swept by the muslin skirt of a young thing fresh from the nursery, I scanned the assembled company irresolutely and without incentive. I saw a host of familiar faces and many new ones. The same Jacks were whisking the same or different Jills round and round the smoothly polished floor. The staircase was lined with couples who had sought shelter from the torrid crush of the main drawing-room, where it was barely possible to move, much less to sit down. The tum-tum of the instruments contended fiercely with the hum of many voices, to the evident discomfiture of that old beau Gillespie Gore, who, within ear-shot of where I stood, was describing the recent excavations on the site of ancient Troy to a matron whose eyes furtively followed her daughter's maiden progress. The ball was at its height, and—familiar sight—the couples on the stairs were making a pathway for Mrs. Willoughby Walton, who was arriving abominably late, in black tulle and ostrich feathers with a wealth of roses banked against her expansive bosom. All seemed so natural, and yet so completely different.

Just as I was saying to myself that it would never do for me to stand ruminating, and that I must speak to somebody, chance landed within a few yards of me my old friend, Miss Polly Flinders, almost breathless with waltzing. Pretty Polly Flinders! There was a time——. But let that pass. These are the reflections of a married man. The last time we had met, oddly enough, was in this very house, nearly two years before, when we had passed the evening together under an india-rubber tree, discussing the interesting problem whether girls are apt to accept men the first time they ask them.

I sidled up to her and inquired how she did, and the cordial manner in which she said, "Why, how do you do? it's ages since we've met!" warmed the cockles of my heart. Then with a beaming, but slightly quizzical, smile she inquired after the health of my first-born. Now, I had for a moment forgotten that I was a husband and father, and was willing for a single night to ignore the fact. Therefore I sought, by a nonchalant reply, to banish the subject of little Fred. But Polly, supposing evidently that the only hold she could hope to have upon my interest was through him, would not be balked. She not only made inquiries as to the color and amount of his hair, and the shade of his eyes, and the development of his teeth, and as to whether he favored Josephine or me in his infantile physiognomy, but she unearthed for my edification all the anecdotes concerning precocious babies which had appeared in the pages of *Punch*, *Puck*, or *Life*, for the past decade. She employed successively in his behalf the most flattering epithets — "cunning," "sweet," "cute," "angelic"—but always, be it said, under cloak of an ambiguous "it," which made clear to my paternal instinct that she was uncertain as to his gender, and did not really know him from Adam.

I sought refuge in a waltz, after which I asked Polly, with something of the archness characteristic of my demeanor as a bachelor, if she would not like to quit the dancing-room, where we were standing close to the wall in juxtaposition with everybody, for a more retired spot. I had the ottoman underneath the india-rubber tree in my mind. Polly shook her head, saying that she thought it was very nice where we were, and began to ask me about the Symphony concerts. From these we branched off to the current theatrical attractions and the unusual prevalence of pneumonia. Though she was kindly and amiable as could be, and was far too well-bred a girl to let her eyes wander deliberately

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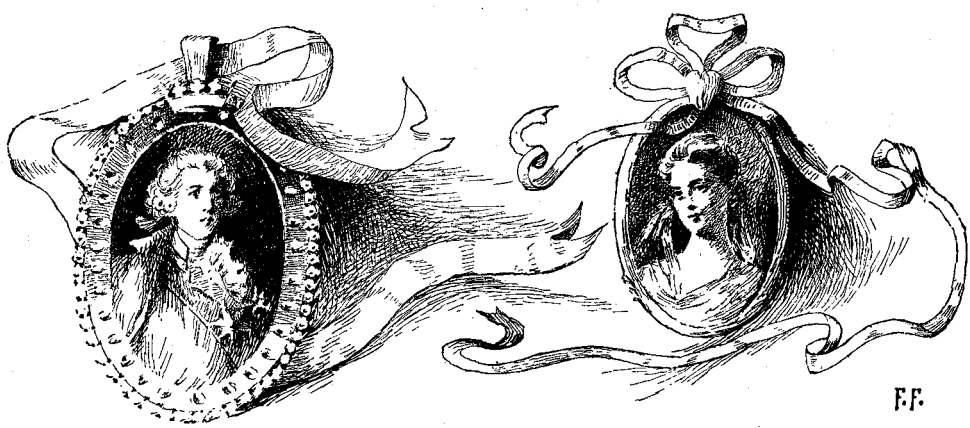
round the room, it came over me gradually that she was on the alert for someone else. I asked her to waltz again, but she sweetly pleaded fatigue and thrust herself further forward, so that she could be distinctly visible from every quarter. Happily, not many minutes elapsed before Andromeda was rescued from her monster by a magnificent Perseus in a white waistcoat, with whom I had the melancholy satisfaction of espying her later in the evening under the india-rubber tree, deep doubtless in some problem similar to that which she and I had left unsolved two years before. Could I blame her? Surely not. Polly was an old stager, and on her last legs, matrimonially speaking. I felt that it was rather for me to ask her pardon for having subjected her to the importunities of a social Methuselah like myself.

(To be continued.)



TWO PORTRAITS.

By Lloyd McKim Garrison.

A Marshal who had burned a town
And robbed its galleries for the Crown;
A Buccaneer who had unfurled
Out in the undiscovered world
His Christian Majesty's flag, and there
Claimed for him half a Hemisphere;
A venal Judge; a Fop o' the Court;
A Bishop of the easier sort,
Each bore away from the Levee
A portrait of His Majesty,
"For our most loyal Subject," where
The Painter, with discretion rare,
Had hinted at the Hapsburg chin,
But put the royal orders in—
The scarlet cloak—the powdered queue—
With all the art and skill he knew;
Then framed the flattered, simpering face
In a minutely-jewelled case.

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Poor fools, to whom that favor meant
Full meed for lives so basely spent,
How very mean it seems when I
(Who nor deserved nor looked so high)
Behold the miniature that She
So graciously accorded me!
A firm white neck and rosy face—
One shoulder through a mist of lace—
Blue eyes that waver not, but have
A something in them frank and brave,
Which the strong chin and forehead high
Confirm, though mirthful mouth deny—
And hair whose luminous fibres shed
Gold like a nimbus round her head.

Inspired young face! for centuries still
To make beholders stir and thrill,
While Majesty smirks, prim and set,
From some Collector's cabinet.

SPEED IN LOCOMOTIVES.

THE LIMITATIONS OF FAST RUNNING.

By M. N. Forney.

RACING seems to be a natural instinct in human beings as well as in other animals. In our natures this instinct seems to be stimulated, and not satisfied, by the means which science has supplied for achieving rapid movement, and modern appliances are now put into requisition for the gratification of this natural bent. Whole nations are now interested in the "records" of transatlantic steamers, and in the time made by the Flying Dutchman or the Columbian Express. Each gain in speed, in both land and water, seems to add to the eagerness with which people inquire about future possibilities.

When Stephenson's Rocket, on its trial trip, made a speed of nearly thirty miles an hour, doubtless those who saw and heard of it were as anxious then to know how much faster a locomotive could run as we are to-day when we travel more than twice as fast.

In speculating on this subject a sort of single-rule-of-three logic is sometimes applied to it which is apt to lead to erroneous conclusions. Mechanical dialecticians assume as a premise that the improvements which have been made in locomotives in sixty years have resulted in doubling the speed, therefore in sixty years more we will be able to travel twice as fast as we do now. Or, in other words, sixty years ago we travelled 30 miles an hour and now we travel 60, therefore as 30 : 60 :: 60 : 120 = the speed at which we will travel sixty years hence. There are, however, greater difficulties in the way of doing this than appear from this arithmetical syllogism. The aim of this brief discourse on railroad speed will be, to use words of Mr. Carlyle which referred to quite a different subject, "to tell practically, in reasonable words, what the possibilities, limitations, difficulties, laws, and conditions of the enterprise are."

It may be said, in the first place, that

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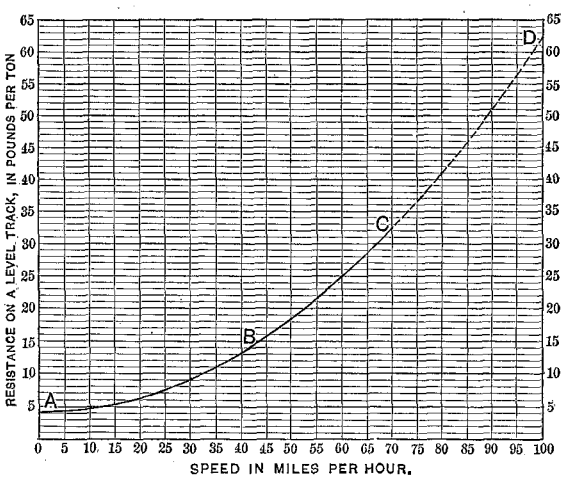
to move an ordinary car on a level railroad track requires the exertion of a horizontal pull of from four to five pounds for each ton (of 2,000 pounds) of its weight. That is, if it weighs twenty-five tons and a rope is attached to it, it will be necessary to exert a pull of from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five pounds on the rope to keep the car moving at a slow speed after it is started. As the speed increases, the "resistance"—as it is called—of the car also increases: that is, more force or pull must be exerted to keep it moving. The exact rate with which this resistance is augmented when the speed is accelerated, and the laws governing it, are still imperfectly understood. Our knowledge of the subject—especially that relating to the higher speeds—is only approximate, and probably not a very close approximation either. Tables have been compiled—from such data as are available—showing the resistance of trains at different speeds. The accompanying diagram is constructed from such a table, in which the resistances have been plotted, so as to show graphically the rate at which they increase. The speed in miles per hour is laid off on the base line 0–100, each space between the vertical lines representing five miles per hour. The spaces between the horizontal lines represent the resistance in pounds per ton. The resistance per ton for the speed represented by each vertical line is laid off from the base line, and a curve, *A B C*, is drawn through the points thus laid down. Its vertical distance, as 40 *B* above the base line, at any point 40, thus represents the resistance at the speed indicated by that point. At sixty miles an hour, it will be seen the curve shows that the resistance is twenty-five pounds per ton.



No data exist to show how much power is required to pull a train at a speed greater than seventy miles per hour; but if the curve in the diagram is continued beyond the vertical line representing seventy miles per hour, as shown by the dotted line *C D*, it will indicate approximately the rapid rate at which the resistance probably increases above that speed.

It must be remembered that to maintain a high rate of speed there must be a continuous pull exerted on the drawbar of a locomotive, and that the relative amount of this pull at different speeds is indicated by our diagram.

This propelling power of a locomotive is due to the pressure which is exerted on the pistons of two cylinders by the expansive action of the steam. Each piston makes two strokes, or moves twice through the whole length of the cylinder during each revolution of the driving-wheels.

It will be assumed that we have a locomotive with driving-wheels six feet, and cylinders eighteen inches, in diameter, and pistons which have two feet stroke. Such an engine with its tender would weigh about ninety tons. Each cylinder would have a capacity of about three and a half cubic feet. Excepting in starting a train, these cylinders are filled only partly full of steam from the boiler, for two reasons—first, because it would be a very wasteful use of steam to fill them entirely full, and second, it would be impossible for the boiler to supply enough to fill them when running fast. Therefore steam is "cut-off," as it is termed—that is, it is admitted to the cylinder during a third or a fourth or some other fraction of the stroke, and the opening which admits it to the cylinder is then closed, and the steam which has been admitted is allowed to

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expand while the piston is moving to the end of its stroke.

To show how the speed and load of a locomotive are limited by the supply of steam, it will be supposed that for each stroke of the pistons the cylinders are filled one-third full of steam of the boiler pressure of one hundred and sixty pounds. This is expanded in the cylinder during the completion of the stroke of the pistons. For each revolution of the wheels, therefore, four-thirds of a cylinder full of steam would be used. Wheels six feet in diameter would turn 280 times in running a mile, and at 60 miles an hour they would turn 16,800 times in that period, and would consume 79,161 cubic feet of steam. On making comparisons of the quantities of steam of varying pressures used, it is best to do it in terms of its weight, because that will represent the actual quantity irrespective of its pressure or volume; 79,161 cubic feet of steam of 160 pounds pressure per square inch will weigh 31,094 pounds.

It has been found that the greatest amount of coal which can be burned in an hour, on each square foot of grate of a locomotive, is about two hundred pounds. A locomotive such as we have described would have about twenty-four square feet of grate area, so that 4,800 pounds of coal is the maximum amount which could be burned in its fire-box per hour. At this high rate of combustion each pound of fuel would not evaporate more than about six pounds of water, and, therefore, not more than 28,800 pounds of water could be evaporated in such a boiler per hour. This, it will be seen, would not be sufficient to supply the cylinders under the conditions of working described. Consequently, in running an engine at 60 miles an hour we would be obliged to reduce the quantity of steam admitted to the cylinders, which would either diminish the load which could be hauled or the speed of running. If instead of cutting off the steam at 8 inches and filling the cylinders one-third full of steam during each stroke, it was cut off at 7 inches, the consumption per hour would be reduced to 27,207 pounds, which is somewhat less than the maximum quantity which it is possible for the boiler to supply. Not counting any back pressure or any other losses or waste, the maximum tractive or pulling force which this quantity of steam would exert would be equal to 10,700 pounds. As the resistance at this speed, as shown by the diagram, is 25 pounds per ton, the maximum load which could be hauled would be 428 tons, including the weight of the engine and tender, or 338 tons without. Practically, an ordinary locomotive would not do nearly as much work as this, on account of the back pressure in the pistons, waste, friction of the machine, and losses of various kinds in the engine.

If the speed were increased to 90 miles an hour, then the number of strokes made by the pistons would also be increased in like proportion. The capacity of the boiler to generate steam would, however, be no greater at this high velocity than it was at 60 miles an hour. Therefore, instead of cutting off the steam at 7 inches of the stroke, we would be obliged to cut it off at about 5 inches. The tractive force exerted by this steam could not be more than 8,494 pounds. The resistance of the train would, however, according to our diagram, be about 51 pounds per ton. The maximum load which could be hauled would therefore not exceed 166 tons, including the weight of engine and tender, or 76 tons without. In practice this could not be done with an ordinary engine, on account of the losses and waste of various kinds already referred to.

These calculations therefore indicate that at a speed of 100 *miles per hour on a level track, an ordinary locomotive would do little more than pull itself and its tender, and maintain the speed for any considerable time.* Of course, on an ascending grade it could not do this.

Before considering the possibilities of the future, some of the other obstacles in the way of making very fast time must be referred to.

If the driving-wheels of a locomotive are three feet in diameter, their circumference will be nearly nine and a half feet long, and in travelling a mile, or 5,280 feet, they must turn 560 times. A speed of thirty miles an hour is equal

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to one mile in two minutes, so that, at that velocity, wheels three feet in diameter must be turned 280 times per minute. We may double this speed by turning the wheels twice as often in a given time, or by making them twice as large, or six feet in diameter, and turn them the same number of revolutions in any given period. To quadruple the speed—that is, to run 120 miles per hour—wheels three feet in diameter would have to turn 1,120 times per minute, or if they revolve only 280 times, they must be 12 feet in diameter to make that speed. Big driving-wheels in a locomotive always excite popular admiration; but in designing a locomotive an engineer cannot allow his imagination to guide him. He is absolutely confined to certain limits, such as the weight which can be carried on each wheel, the space between the rails, or the "gauge" of the track, as it is called, the length of the wheel-base which will permit the engine to run around curves, the height of tunnels overhead, bridges, etc.

As a practical illustration of this, we may take the limitations which would be imposed on a designer of an express locomotive of the heaviest and most powerful type now used. The maximum which is now allowed in this country on each driving-wheel is 20,000 pounds. More than this would be considered injurious to both the rails and wheel-tires, and would be likely to cause the axles to heat, owing to the excessive friction due to the weight on the journals. The whole length of the wheel base must not exceed 24 or 25 feet, and if a truck is placed in the usual position under the front end of the engine, it will carry about a third of the weight of the engine, or one-half as much as the four driving-wheels. The total weight of such a locomotive, without its tender, will therefore be as follows:

20,000 pounds on each of four driving-wheels	80,000
10,000 pounds on each of four truck-wheels	40,000
Total	120,000

A still more powerful locomotive could be constructed if we used six driving-wheels, but for the present only the eight wheeled engine will be considered.

The problem the designer, then, has to solve is to proportion the parts of his locomotive so as to produce the most efficient machine of that weight. During each revolution of the wheels the pistons must be moved backward and forward through their whole stroke. At 70 miles an hour a six-foot wheel of a locomotive would revolve more than five times in a second. During every revolution each piston and its connection must start and stop twice. They come to a state of rest at the end of each stroke, and must be started and their motion accelerated to a speed of nearly 35 feet per second, in less than one-tenth of a second, and then come to a state of rest again in the same time. When it is remembered that each of the pistons, with their moving connections, weighs considerably over 500 pounds, the amount of power required to move them, and the disturbing effect which they exert on being started and stopped twice during each revolution at these high speeds may be imagined. To neutralize these disturbing effects balance-weights are placed in the wheels opposite the cranks. These accomplish their purpose, however, only partially, for the reason that they move in a circle, while the piston and other reciprocating parts have only a horizontal motion. Consequently, while the balance-weights may be made to neutralize the horizontal motion and momentum of the pistons, etc., the weights themselves thus produce a vertical disturbing force which at high speeds has been said to be so great as to bend the rails on which the locomotives are running. For these reasons a compromise is usually made by balancing the reciprocating parts only partially, which lessens the vertical disturbance but does not entirely compensate for the horizontal momentum of the reciprocating parts. Therefore, a locomotive at best is an unstable machine at high speeds.

The obvious expedient for getting over this difficulty is to increase the size of the wheels of fast engines, and it seems like a very simple inference to as-

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sume that, if a locomotive with wheels 3 feet in diameter will run satisfactorily at speeds of 30 miles per hour, therefore, to run at 60 miles an hour all we need do is to increase the wheels to 6 feet, and then with the same number of revolutions we shall make double the speed, and, with wheels 7½ feet in diameter we can run 75 miles an hour as easily as we can travel 30 miles with 3-foot wheels. But in enlarging the size of wheels we soon reach limitations, owing to their increase in weight and in that of other parts. The weight of a wheel increases about as the square of its diameter. If its diameter is enlarged, the size of the cylinders and their connections must all be larger and heavier. This makes necessary stronger frames and an increase in size and weight of many of the other parts. Now, the importance of having ample boiler capacity has been explained. If, then, the weight of our hypothetical locomotive is limited to 120,000 pounds, every extra pound of weight which is put into the wheels, cylinders, frames, etc., means that the weight of the boiler must be that much less. *In other words, the bigger the wheels are, the lighter and smaller must be the boiler.* The problem which the locomotive designer, then, has to consider and determine, is the sum of the advantages which will result from an increase in the size of the wheels, and a diminution of that of the boiler, or *vice versa.*

It may be said that no common agreement with reference to the size of locomotive wheels has ever been reached by locomotive engineers. Practice seems to vacillate: at one time wheels as large as 10, and we believe 12, feet in diameter were employed, but these excessively large sizes have now been abandoned. At present American practice seems to incline toward larger sizes. In running the Empire Express on the New York Central road, engines with wheels 6 feet, and others of 6 feet 6 inches diameter have both been used, with the result that the service of the engines with the larger wheels has been decidedly the most satisfactory.

As an essential thing to do in running fast is to turn the wheels rapidly, it might be thought advisable to increase the power available for this purpose by enlarging the cylinders. Here, too, we encounter a difficulty. If the cylinders are larger than a certain size, the force which will be exerted by a given steam pressure to turn the wheels will be greater than their "adhesion" or friction on the rails, and they will slip, and we shall have what engineers call a "slippery engine." The cylinders, driving-wheels, the weight on them, and the steam pressure must, therefore, bear such proportions to each other that the pistons can exert what is called a "rotative effect" on the wheels equal to, but not much in excess of, their adhesion or friction on the rails.

Another obstacle in the way of running at high speeds is that of getting the steam into the cylinders, and have it exert the requisite pressure on the pistons, and then get it out again, so that there will not be any, or as little, back pressure as possible in front of the pistons. The quickness with which the steam must act may be understood from the figure on page 383, which represents a section of a locomotive cylinder with its piston. As already remarked, at 70 miles per hour this action must begin and be completed in less than a tenth of a second. What adds to the difficulty is the fact that, in order to stimulate the fire, the opening in the ends of the exhaust-pipes through which the steam escapes must be more or less contracted, so as to produce a blast in the chimney to stimulate the fire. This, of course, obstructs the free flow of the escaping steam from the cylinders, and produces more or less back-pressure on the pistons.

The mechanism for admitting the steam to, and exhausting it from, the cylinders, performs a very important part in fast-running engines, as the action of the steam in the cylinders depends very much on that of the slide-valves, and no problem connected with locomotive construction has been the subject of so much thought and invention as that of "valve-gear," or the mechanism for working the valves. It has been analyzed mathematically, elucidated graphically, demonstrated mechanically, and tested experimentally in every conceiva-

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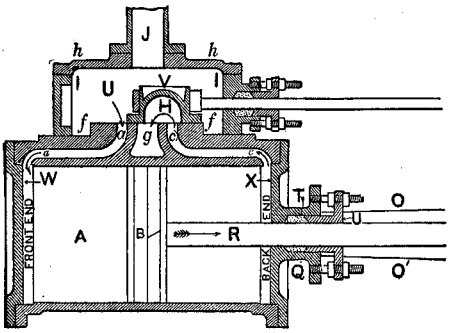
ble way. Numberless inventions have been made of mechanism for this purpose, but what is called Stephenson's



Section of a Locomotive Cylinder with its Piston.

A is the cylinder, *B* the piston, and *U* the steam-chest, which is filled with steam by a pipe communicating with the boiler; *V* is the slide-valve. It must be kept in mind that when an engine with 6-feet wheels is running at the rate of 70 miles per hour, that the piston moves from one end of the cylinder to the other in less than one-tenth of a second. While it is doing this, the valve *V* uncovers one of the steam passages, *aa*, and steam must flow through it from the steam-chest and partly fill the cylinder. At the same time the valve opens communication between the steam passage *cc*, connected to the opposite end of the cylinder, and the exhaust passage *g*, which communicates with the chimney of the engine. While the piston is moving from the front end *W* toward the back end *X*, the steam in front of the piston is escaping through the passages *cc* and *g*, as indicated by the darts.

"link motion," which was adopted by him, although he was not its inventor, still holds its supremacy among valve-gears, and there are at present no signs that it will soon lose it.

There is much less difficulty, however, in getting the steam into the cylinders than there is in getting it out, because there is a pressure in the boiler of from 150 pounds to 200 pounds per square inch to force it in; but after it has done its work in the cylinders it has been expanded and its pressure and temperature very much reduced, so that it is partially condensed or liquefied, and consequently does not move with as much celerity as "live" steam, as it is called, fresh from the boiler does. The result is that at high speeds there is always an increase of back pressure in front of the pistons, which has a retarding effect, at the time when it is essential that the maximum power should be exerted by the pistons. If the engineer tries to compensate for this by admitting more steam in front of the pistons, then the demand on the boiler becomes so great that it cannot supply it. Besides this, the escaping steam then has not had sufficient opportunity to expand, and escapes up the chimney with such violence as to "tear the fire to pieces," as firemen express it. An engineer who is running an engine must therefore be careful, at high speeds, not to use more steam in an engine than the boiler can supply, and generally the limitations to speed in a locomotive are the same as those of a horse—want of wind.

A writer on this subject has formulated the maxim, that "within the limits of weight and space to which a locomotive boiler is necessarily confined it cannot be too big." Certainly the larger it is the greater will be the efficiency of the engine, and the more economical will it be in the use of fuel.

The limitations in the weight of a locomotive have been explained. Its size is necessarily confined by the distance between the rails, or their "gauge," as it is called. This on ordinary roads is 4 feet $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The flanges of the wheels are inside of the rails, so that the distance between the tires is 4 feet $5\frac{3}{8}$ inches. The frames of the engine are ordinarily inside of the tires and the fire-box inside of them. Therefore, as usually constructed, it can be only about 3 feet 7 or 8 inches wide. The result is that this part of the boiler is contracted in one of its vital parts, and it has been remarked that the back end of a large locomotive boiler looks like a broad-shouldered woman in tightly-laced corsets. Under these conditions the vital parts of both the woman and the locomotive are contracted. To partly obviate this difficulty in locomotives, their fire-boxes are now often placed on top of the frames. This allows them to be about 8 inches wider than they could be if they were between the frames, but the height of the fire-box must then be reduced. In the Wootten locomotive—named after its inventor—the fire-box is located entirely above the wheels, and can then be made as wide as the widest part of the locomotive. This necessarily raises the centre of gravity of the boiler and reduces the depth of the fire-box.

From what has been said it will be seen what an exceedingly difficult prob-

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lem is presented to a locomotive engineer in designing an engine for very high speeds. It is largely a matter of relativity and proportion. A maximum speed can be attained only when the different organs, as they may be called, bear the proper proportion to each other, and the ability of the designer is shown by his recognition of the relative value and importance of the proportions of the different parts.

The question whether we shall ever be able to travel on railroads at a regular speed of 100 miles per hour is often asked. Most railroad managers are disposed to answer the question as David Copperfield replied to the disparaging remark about the inability to swing a cat in his room. He replied that he didn't want to swing a cat, and so most managers say they don't want to travel at the rate of 100 miles per hour. Those who know most about the risks of such speeds seem least inclined to encounter them. Every school-boy knows that after a kite has reached a certain height, no amount of added string will allow it to fly higher. The span of a bridge may be so long that it will not carry its own weight. So our diagram of train resistance shows that when we get above 70 miles per hour, the resistance of the locomotive and that of the cars becomes so great that it will do no more than pull itself and its tender. When this point is reached, further increase of speed becomes impossible with the locomotives we are now using.

Besides the difficulties which have been pointed out, there is the risk, at high speed, of the breakage of the coupling-rods—by which the cranks on adjoining wheels are coupled together—owing to the strain to which they are subjected by centrifugal force. This danger increases with the distance apart of the wheels and the length of the rods, and the centrifugal force which acts on the rods increases with the number of revolutions of the wheels; and consequently, as large wheels make fewer revolutions at a given speed of train, the centrifugal force exerted on the rods is then inversely to the diameter of the wheels, or, in other words, the larger they are the less is this force.

With high speeds and the heavy express engines which are now used, a good deal of trouble is also experienced from the heating of the journal bearings of the driving-axles, owing to insufficient bearing surfaces. Their size is limited when the fire-boxes are placed between the frames, because in order to make the former as wide as possible, the frames are placed as far apart as the wheels will permit. This shortens the journals, and consequently diminishes the surface of their bearings. The cure for this is to bring the frames nearer together and thus lengthen the journals. There is no objection to doing this when the fire-boxes are not between the frames.

It may therefore be inferred that there is not much probability of attaining regular and continuous speeds of 100 miles per hour with our present locomotives. Their fire-boxes—which perform the same functions for the machines that their stomachs do for animals—are, with the present system of construction, necessarily contracted in size. The weight of the whole locomotive being fixed, the dimensions of the different parts are also limited.

It is proverbially dangerous to prophesy when you are not quite sure, and if prognostications are based upon calculations the mendacity of figures may rise up hereafter to deprive the prophet of all honor.

From what has been said, however, it will be seen that *fast running is largely a question of steam production.* Given a boiler which will generate enough steam, and the other problems are of comparatively easy solution. The difficulty is to get the boiler sufficiently large within the limits of size and weight to which it must be confined.

It will be safe to say that to be able to travel continuously at 100 miles per hour we must have either boilers or fuel which will generate more steam in a given time than those we are using now do, or our engines must use less steam to do the same work, or, what is more probable still, we must have all three of these features combined. In the locomotive of the future the action of the reciprocating parts will probably

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be more perfectly balanced than it now is; coupling-rods will either be dispensed with altogether or their risk of breakage will be lessened by placing the driving-wheels near together, and both this danger and the disturbing effect of the reciprocating parts will be lessened by increasing the size of the wheels. To enable the engine, or, rather, its journals, to "run cool," the journals and their bearings will be increased in size so as to have ample surface to resist wear.

Just how these improvements will be made, it is perhaps too early to predict. Coming events are, however, already casting their shadows before them, and there are indications that the improvements which are here foreshadowed, or some of them, are in process of evolution. In Mr. Webb's new engine, Greater Britain, recently built for the London & Northwestern Railway, the boiler has been materially increased in size, and he reports the remarkable performance of evaporating nearly eleven pounds of water per pound of coal while pulling a heavy train at the rate of over 44½ miles per hour. This engine is compounded so as to use steam with the greatest economy, and is without coupling-rods. These are dispensed with by using three cylinders — two high pressure and one low pressure. The two former are connected to the back pair of driving-wheels and the latter to the front pair. By this means both pairs of wheels are driven by separate cylinders. A new express locomotive is now in process of construction in this country with a fire-box about twice as wide as those ordinarily used. The problem of improving the balancing of engines is attracting much attention, and the bearing surfaces of many recent locomotives have been materially increased. Driving-wheels have been enlarged in size with the increase in speed, and if the march of improvement continues—and there is no reason for thinking it will not—the anticipation that we shall travel at the rate of 100 miles per hour may be fulfilled while some of us are left here to see it.

TRAIN-SPEED A QUESTION OF TRANSPORTATION.

By Theodore N. Ely.

It is a pleasing sign of the times to witness the growing interest taken by the general public in railway matters. This demand has caused the daily press and magazines to give considerable space to a presentation of such of the problems as can well be treated by them. As a supplement to the more detailed and technical discussions of the scientific journals, the opinions of the press will be welcome to all professional railway officers; and without doubt will go far toward securing high standards of management. Much has been written relating to speed of trains, the different phases of which have been so well explained that anything to be said at this time must in a measure go over oft-trodden ground.

But what is a fast train? The very difficulty in giving a proper definition here helps to prove that speed is a relative term.

> "Will you walk a little faster?" said a whiting to a snail,
> "There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail."

This couplet suggests to me, as it probably did not to its author, a perfect description of a slow-moving train — even to the necessity for, and evident absence of, the Block System! But it is not so easy to say what speed entitles a train to the distinction of being called fast.

It can hardly be said that the possible speed of locomotives has improved in the last fifteen or twenty years. The records would no doubt show that the locomotives of that period made, on occasions, as fast runs with trains within

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their capacity as those of the present day. It is indeed reassuring when we recall the high-speed journeys taken safely over the tracks and alignment which existed twenty-five years ago. We were either very brave or very ignorant in those days; for, from our present point of view, we would regard the running of trains at such speed over such tracks as extremely hazardous. There were accidents, to be sure, but not of such frequency as the railroad engineer of to-day would predict.

Briefly, the radical improvements which have been accomplished may be comprised under three general heads—Roadway, Equipment, and Signals.

Roadway.—Some twenty-five years ago the Pennsylvania Railroad adopted broken stone as best meeting the conditions of a good track foundation; at the same time the dimensions and number of ties were fixed, and finally the rails and turnouts were laid according to carefully considered rules. The weight of rails has been increased, with a corresponding improvement in fastenings; the old turnouts have given place to those of more modern design; but the foundation is much the same as that first adopted. Closely related to the roadway are crossings at grade. These have, from time to time, been abolished as detrimental to the safe passage of trains.

Equipment.—In equipment, the locomotive has been thoroughly redesigned and made stronger in all its parts. The air-brake applied to its driving and tender wheels, has made it possible not only to stop itself quickly, but assist in retarding the train, as well. The strength of passenger cars has been increased, until they have reached a weight of 27 tons, and the couplings and platforms have been greatly improved. Sleeping-car construction has likewise advanced, until the more modern ones have reached a weight of nigh 50 tons. The air-brake has become indispensable as a condition of safety in fast-moving trains.

Signals.—In the early days of railways there was nothing that could properly be dignified by the name of signal. By slow degrees, as is usual in matters involving questions of safety, a high state of development has at last been reached. The best systems of signalling and interlocking are marvels of mechanical skill and ingenuity, and command the respect due to their wonderful reliability.

The pirate of the Mediterranean would be flattered, indeed, if he could know that the semaphore signal of warning he was wont to display from the rock of Gibraltar had become the recognized danger signal of modern railways.

It may be interesting to note in passing, a few instances of train movements which have come under the writer's observation. Nearly sixteen years ago, or to be exact, in June, 1876, a Pennsylvania Railroad standard locomotive drawing a train of two sleeping-cars and a dining-car, covered the distance between Jersey City and Pittsburg, 438.5 miles, without a stop, in 605 minutes, or an average rate of 43½ miles an hour. This journey is interesting as the longest known continuous run; and one which involved thorough transportation arrangements for its movement, and great endurance on the part of the locomotive. The special train was *en route* to San Francisco, which city was reached in 84 hours and 17 minutes after leaving New York.

The train which conveyed our lamented President Garfield from Washington to Elberon, September 7, 1881, was run under conditions of great excitement and anxiety. His life hung upon a thread, and any detention to the train would have resulted disastrously. The heat was intense and prostration was imminent. The physicians had fixed upon 30 miles an hour as the speed which would give the least discomfort to the patient. After the train was well under way, and without warning, an increase in speed was determined upon, which reached 65 miles an hour before the journey was completed. The orders for the transportation of this train were contained in one message, and so skillfully was it worded that, despite the changed conditions, there was not the slightest detention from any cause.

A most noteworthy accomplishment was that of the Pennsylvania locomotive which drew the special train of the delegates to the International American Conference on their tour to the principal cities east of the Rocky Mountains.

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This engine traversed the rails of twenty distinct lines of railroad, and covered 10,000 miles in its course, without accident of any kind or unreasonable delay.

Another example of endurance may be mentioned—the 126,000 miles made by one locomotive between Philadelphia and Washington in the year 1891—equal to five complete journeys around the world.

From the lessons of the past we may forecast the future, for certainly we have reached that stage in railway progress where we may assert with confidence that our acts and opinions are based upon accumulated experience and not upon prophetic inspiration. Guided by this light, let us consider what factor will control the limit of speed in the passenger-trains of the future.

In the road-bed we shall have to demand that the alignment be almost free from curvature, and the width between the tracks be increased; that the foundation shall be stable and well-protected from rain and frost; that land-slides and other accidental obstructions shall be provided for; that the ties shall be firmly embedded; that the rails shall be heavy — one hundred pounds, or more, if necessary — and securely fastened; that all frogs and switches shall be proof against accidental misplacement or rupture; that all drawbridges shall be made secure beyond question, and, finally, that all crossings at grade be abolished. We must further insist that a thorough system of supervision and inspection shall be carried out.

With a fulfilment of these conditions, which, professionally speaking, are perfectly practicable, trains, so far as the road-bed is concerned, may be run in safety as fast as any locomotive can be made to haul them.

Of the locomotive, it may be said that, only with the improvements in road-bed referred to, can its highest attainable speed be utilized.

The measure of the speed and capacity of the locomotive rests in the fire-box, the length and breadth of which cannot exceed certain dimensions. It therefore follows that when this furnace is arranged to burn the maximum quantity of fuel, the steam-producing limit will be reached, and with it the limit of speed. But this steam must be used to the very best advantage, as relating to the proportions of the locomotive, as well as to its type; the first of these are already well known, and it will probably be found that some form of compounding will suggest the type. With these limitations the speed of locomotives with passenger trains will not fall far short of 100 miles an hour; by which is meant a sustained speed at that rate, as, for instance, a trip between New York and Philadelphia in about one hour, or between New York and Chicago in ten or eleven hours.

As to car equipment, it is probable that, with some change in size and proportions of wheels, journals, and other parts of the trucks, the best class of cars in present use would be suitable for the highest speed. They should be made to run as noiselessly as possible, that the occupants may be relieved from any feeling of insecurity or nervous strain. The air-brake should be applied in its best form to both locomotive and cars, so that every pound of braking weight would become instantly available.

The above conditions have been cited in detail to show that they all must be fulfilled in order to make possible our future travelling at the rate of 100 miles an hour. Make possible, yes, but only upon the fulfilment of one other condition, namely, a clear track ahead; and this it is which brings us to the real measure of speed, which is the question of transportation in its strict sense. This limit will vary with the number of trains already on the line and with the facilities for handling them. First of all, we must know how soon after receiving warning of danger a train, running a mile in 36 seconds, can be stopped. It is estimated that if running at 60 miles per hour, with the full braking weight of the train utilized, and the rails in the most favorable condition, this train could be brought to a full stop in 900 feet; at 80 miles per hour, in 1,600 feet; at 90 miles per hour, in 2,025 feet, and, finally, at 100 miles per hour, in 2,500 feet. These figures at once establish the fact that under the best possible conditions the track must be kept clear of all obstruction for at least

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2,500 feet in advance of a train running at the highest limit; but we must estimate the clearance for the worst conditions, such as slippery rails, foggy weather, and unfavorable grades; the personal equation of the engineman must also be considered in a train covering 145 feet each second.

Would it, therefore, be too much to ask that the engineman receive his warning at least three-quarters of a mile before he must halt?

The difficulties of arranging for the passage of trains of this character are manifest; we are not speaking of special trains, but rather of regular trains, running as frequently as may be desired. It should be remembered that, in a two-hour run, the fastest trains of to-day would require a leeway of an hour, and slower ones would have to start proportionately earlier, or be passed on the way.

The most improved forms of signalling and interlocking, be they mechanical, pneumatic, electric, automatic, or otherwise, which are so necessary to the safe movement of passenger trains, may be introduced, but cannot be placed nearer together than three-quarters of a mile. The very presence of these signals, while giving the maximum safety, has in practice made prompt movement more difficult. They are governed by fixed laws, which, if obeyed, make chance-taking impossible, for trains must keep a prescribed distance apart, and increase in speed involves greater intervals. This state of affairs would point to the necessity for an increase in the number of tracks, so that passenger trains could be grouped on the basis of speed just as it has been found necessary already, on crowded lines, to separate the freight traffic from the passenger.

If this be done, and unlimited track facilities are furnished, the prompt despatching of trains would not be the ultimate measure of speed; but such an outlay would be beyond all reason. It is fair, therefore, we think, to rest the burden upon the transportation shoulders, and predict that with it, and it alone, lies the practical limit of the speed of railway trains drawn by steam locomotives.

A PRACTICAL EXPERIMENT.

By H. Walter Webb.

On September 14, 1891, a train, consisting of a locomotive and three large private cars, made a run over the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, from New York to Buffalo, on a schedule the most extraordinary on record, and which is destined to exert an important influence on railroad travel during the next few years.

The engine was of a new class, especially designed for fast passenger service by Mr. William Buchanan, the Superintendent of Motive Power of the road, and built by the Schenectady Locomotive Works, its total weight in working order being 100 tons. The aggregate weight of the cars when empty was over 130 tons.

The journey from New York to East Buffalo, a distance of $436\frac{32}{100}$ miles, was made in $439\frac{45}{100}$ minutes. Allowing for time lost in changing engines at Albany and Syracuse, and for cooling a hot journal at Fairport, the run of 436.32 miles was made in 426 minutes, or at the rate of 61.44 miles per hour.

Previous to this run there were scores of records of fast time made by passenger trains, special and regular, both in this country and in England. Records of fast runs of 10, 15, or 20 miles were exceedingly plentiful, but there were few records of long distance runs that had attracted any special attention. The most remarkable on record, and the ones that until last September were unequalled in railroad history, were those made between London and Edinburgh, in the summer of 1888, when the "race to Edinburgh" was in progress

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between the London & Northwestern and the Great Northern Railways of England. The distance over the former is 400 miles, and the run was made daily on a schedule calling for a speed of 53⅓ miles per hour. On the Great Northern the distance is 393 miles, and the schedule in this case called for a speed of 54 miles per hour.

These trains were run daily for many weeks, and were generally punctual and within their schedule time. On several occasions, however, they exceeded the schedule, and made what at that time were regarded as phenomenal runs.

On August 13, 1888, the Northwestern train covered the distance of 400 miles in 427 minutes, or at a rate of 56⅛ miles per hour, and on August 31st the Great Northern train made the run of 393 miles in 412 minutes, or at the rate of 57½ miles per hour. These individual runs were both remarkable, but the daily running of the trains on their published schedules were regarded by railroad men as still more extraordinary, and at that time there were no schedule trains in this country that approached them in point of speed. It must be remembered, however, that these English roads are possessed of many advantages not enjoyed by railroads on this side of the water, as, for instance, the long and numerous tangents, the entire absence of grade crossings, and, more especially, the light weight of the cars, 80 tons being the maximum weight of the trains used in the "race to Edinburgh."

With equipment of the character required and used in this country, provided as it is with all luxuries, conveniences, and comforts, and a rate of two cents per mile, a train limited to the above weight could not carry a sufficient number of passengers to enable it to earn its running expenses.

Three years previous to these English records a special train weighing 64 tons made a run on the West Shore road from Buffalo to Weehawken in 9 hours and 23 minutes. In the published accounts different allowances for stops were made, making the average rate per mile vary from 51 to 54 miles per hour; either rate, however, making it the best long-distance run on record in the United States, until the run from New York to Buffalo, over the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, described in the beginning of this article.

That remarkable run eclipsed and left far behind all records for long-distance runs formerly made in this country or England. And to fully appreciate the importance of what was demonstrated by it, we must remember that within six weeks after it was made a passenger train was running between those cities on a schedule two hours shorter than had at any time previously been made by the fastest limited or mail train, and the air is even now full of rumors of shorter time to be made on important lines between great cities during the coming spring and summer, so that it is not at all improbable, in view of the power now to be obtained and the public demand for faster service, that in the near future we shall see trains from New York to Buffalo in 7½ hours, from New York to Boston in less than 4 hours, and from New York to Washington in the same time.

But to railroad men and to those familiar with the characteristics of the New York Central Railroad, between New York and Buffalo, the record of the trip referred to was far more significant than was indicated by the mere statement that the run had been at a speed averaging $61\frac{44}{100}$ miles per hour.

They appreciated the fact that the journey out of the Grand Central Depot, through the Fourth Avenue tunnel, over the Harlem drawbridge, following the winding curves along the Harlem River to Spuyten Duyvil, along the banks of the Hudson, through Yonkers, Peekskill, and Poughkeepsie, rounding the curves of the Highlands, and taking water twice from tanks between the tracks, meant frequent reductions of speed in order to make the run in comfort and ease; and from Albany, west, the long and heavy grade over the hill, the thriving and prosperous towns of the Mohawk Valley, the slow, tedious run through the streets of Syracuse, the viaduct at Rochester, and the 11-mile grade at Batavia, all furnished reminders that the train must have at times attained a high degree of speed to have

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made the average mile at a rate of over 60 miles an hour.

A careful schedule of the running time of each mile was kept, an analysis of which shows the following:

Four hundred and thirty-six miles were run in 426 minutes.

One hundred and thirty miles were run at a rate of less than 60 miles per hour.

One hundred and eighteen miles were run at a rate varying from 60 to 65 miles per hour.

One hundred and fifty-one miles were run at a rate varying from *sixty-five to seventy miles* per hour.

Thirty-seven miles were run at a rate varying from *seventy to seventy-eight* miles per hour.

The schedule and analysis certainly indicate a radical change in the conditions affecting fast passenger train service in this country. For many years the problem has been to obtain power sufficient to draw heavy trains long distances at high rates of speed. The above figures make it evident that steam will without difficulty furnish power sufficient to take a train heavy enough to be profitable over a long distance at a rate of speed very much in excess of an average of 60 miles per hour; and attention is now diverted from the motive power to other departments of the railroads and a consideration of whether the road-bed, bridges, tracks, and safety appliances are such as to permit the use of this power and speed with entire safety and comfort to passengers.

The question then naturally arises, and is repeatedly asked: If it is incumbent on most roads to raise their standards of roadways, tracks, and bridges in order to permit of the use of the best and most effective power, if the motive-power department is now in advance of the other departments of railroads, wherein has there been a change? On what lines and in what particulars has the locomotive so developed in the past few years as to become so much superior to what it was before?

The best and most complete answer is a comparison of the distinctive features of the type of engine now in use on the New York Central road for fast passenger service with those in use in the same service two years ago. To fully appreciate the comparison it must be remembered that the ability of a locomotive to draw a heavy load a long distance at a high rate of speed is limited.

First, by the capacity of the boiler to furnish steam rapidly enough and in volume sufficient to supply the demand.

Second, by the adhesion of the engine; that is, the resistance which prevents or opposes the slipping of the driving wheels on the rails, and,

Third, by its tractive power; that is, the force by which it is urged onward by the pressure of steam in the cylinders.

The problem, therefore, presented to Mr. Buchanan in designing the new type of passenger engine was to obtain greater boiler capacity, greater adhesion, and greater tractive power. The engine in use on the New York Central two years ago for the movement of its fast passenger trains is a fair exponent of the best type then in use or known. It rendered excellent service and attracted frequent attention from motive-power men, both here and abroad, on account of the work it did.

The fire-box of this engine was as large as it was possible to make it, located where it was between the frames and driving-axles, its width and length thereby being limited. The problem of increasing the boiler capacity was for that reason a difficult one, and also because the weight of the boiler itself in a locomotive and the space it occupies is necessarily less in proportion to its capacity than that of any other boiler, and for this reason it must produce much more steam in a given space of time, in proportion to its size, than a boiler of any other kind of engine.

To obtain the desired increased boiler capacity and heating surface, Mr. Buchanan located the fire-box, which formerly was between the sides or frames of the engine and between the axles of the driving-wheels, on top of these frames and axles, and by so doing obtained an increase in the width of the fire-box of $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches and an increase in its length of 25 inches, being an equivalent of *nine and three-quarter square feet* of additional grate area. The boiler-flues, which in the former engine numbered 238, he increased to 268, and by

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the change in the fire-box he was enabled to lengthen them $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, thus obtaining an increased heating surface of *two hundred and twenty-one and a half square feet*, the diameter of the boiler being increased from 51 to 58 inches. With this increase in the grate area and heating surface, the desired increase in boiler capacity was obtained.

To secure the adhesion the weight on the four drivers, which formerly was limited to thirty tons, was increased to over forty, or, over ten tons' weight on each driving-wheel.

Here, however, came in the question of road-bed, rail, and bridges, as there are but few roads in the country that would permit the use of an engine with such weight located on four drivers. In this case, however, the matter had been fully provided for and extensive alterations had been made to many bridges, a large amount of work done on the road-bed, and the old and lighter form of rail removed and replaced with the standard 80-pound section. To increase the tractive power of the engine the cylinders were enlarged 1 inch in diameter; being formerly 18×24, they were now made 19×24.

All these changes had vastly increased the height and weight of the engine, and by some faint-hearted friends the criticism was freely made that its use would be destructive of roadway, tracks, and bridges. These objections, however, were more than met by a departure from the usual and by original methods of suspending the engine on its springs. Formerly the springs were placed on top of the driving-boxes; in this case they were located beneath them and connected with equalizing bars, thus allowing the use of a longer and more elastic spring than was formerly used, and it has been demonstrated that these engines are less destructive to road-bed and rail, are freer from the swaying motion usually found in engines hung from above the driving-boxes, and ride smoother and more comfortably than any in the service.

Of course, to obtain the speed that was sought, it was desirable to increase the diameter of the driving-wheels; but this was not done at first, nor until it was ascertained how successful had been the efforts to increase the boiler capacity of the engine. When it was found that this increase was ample, and even more successful than had been hoped for, the driving-wheels were changed and the new ones of 6 feet 6 inches in diameter, or 8 inches larger than the old ones, were attached. The gain in speed is most apparent and can well be appreciated when it is remembered that the large driver makes 29.51 less revolutions in a mile than the small ones. On a trip from New York to Albany the decrease in the number of revolutions by the large 6 foot 6 inch wheel would be 4,219.93, an equivalent of 86,154.09 feet, or a saving of nearly $16\frac{1}{3}$ miles. From New York to Buffalo the saving would be nearly $50\frac{1}{100}$ miles.

With a locomotive such as this for motive power it is not a difficult matter to run profit-paying passenger trains over long distances at a running rate of over a mile a minute; this, of course, assuming we have proper character of road-bed and rails and approved appliances to insure safety and rapid speed.

That the speed of passenger trains in this country is destined to rapidly increase in the near future seems certain. There is nothing in railroading that renders such large and quick returns to the management as catering to the wants and desires of the travelling public. Nothing so fully exemplifies this as the immense change that has taken place in the past five years in the equipment of through express trains from the seaboard to the West and Southwest.

The luxury and comfort that can to-day be obtained on one of the many limited trains passing over any of the great trunk lines, is in strong contrast to what was furnished five or six years ago, and it would seem that there was not much room for further improvement in that direction. What the public are now seeking, and what will certainly be furnished, is fast time; and that this is appreciated by railroad managers is well evidenced by the large sums that are now being spent to perfect the roadways of the more important lines.

One word, in closing, in regard to the alleged danger of the fast train. It is most emphatically untrue that it is more

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dangerous than other trains. Those familiar with the subject will agree that the very reverse is the case. As an eminent English authority writes, "With picked engineers, trainmen, and firemen, with the best and newest rolling-stock and the most perfect engines the company possesses, with every signalman and flagman all down the line on the *qui vive*, it is difficult to see where there comes in any special source of danger." And in addition to this, it must be remembered that fast trains such as are now being run on many roads in this country would be simply impossible without the vigorous discipline, the constant energy, the keenest exactitude, and the care and attention to the details of the service that is the surest and most effective guard against accidents.

A GIRL OF POMPEII.

By Edward S. Martin.

A PUBLIC haunt they found her in:
  She lay asleep, a lovely child;
  The only thing left undefiled
Where all things else bore taint of sin.

Her charming contours fixed in clay
  The universal law suspend,
  And turn Time's chariot back, and blend
A thousand years with yesterday.

A sinless touch, austere yet warm,
  Around her girlish figure pressed,
  Caught the sweet imprint of her breast,
And held her, surely clasped, from harm.

Truer than work of sculptor's art
  Comes this dear maid of long ago,
  Sheltered from woful chance, to show
A spirit's lovely counterpart,

And bid mistrustful men be sure,
  That form shall fate of flesh escape,
  And, quit of earth's corruptions, shape
Itself, imperishably pure.

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THE POINT OF VIEW.

A PERSON who had been invited to invest a sum of money in a project which promised gratifying returns, was disposed to do so, but bethought him to advise first with an investor of large experience. The investor's advice was adverse, partly because he learned that his inquirer had no money in hand and convenient to lose, and partly because the project did not altogether please him. One of his objections that impressed the inquirer was this. He said: "It is not listed stock, and not easily marketable. If it starts to go wrong, you can't get rid of it. Now, if it were something that you could dump on the market when it began to weaken, you could get back part of your money at least."

Now, the adviser was a man in whose integrity the inquirer had very great confidence, for he knew him to be a church-warden, as well as president of a bank. He noted, therefore, as a thing fit to be remarked, that a man of whom more than ordinary scrupulousness was to be expected took it as a matter of course that an investor whose investment seemed likely to prove disastrous should get out from under it with the least possible delay, and try to let the loss fall on someone else. He didn't mind this sentiment in the bank-president, but in the church-warden it seemed a misfit, as being contrary to the Golden Rule. Yet he was perfectly aware that it was a sentiment of all but universal prevalence, and that it was exceedingly unbusinesslike to cavil at it. So he went his way and eventually took two-thirds of his friend's advice, in that he only invested in the project that he was considering a third of what he originally hoped to put in. It happened just as the bank-president said, that when the bottom fell out of the project (which happened cruelly soon) there was no getting rid of that stock at any price. But, so far as that went, the investor averred to himself that he was glad of it, and he really got a good deal of solace out of the feeling that whatever was the size of his financial misconception, at least he was going to pay the whole cost of it himself. Moreover, he has the stock still, and whatever possibilities are left in it are still his.

It is a very common thing for people to lament that they did not get rid of this or that property before its value depreciated. Of course, what they are really sorry for is that they could not have contrived to saddle their loss on some one else. It is a sign of the imperfection of contemporary benevolence that good people should have such feelings and should regard them as matters of course. They are humorously unchristian. The utmost the average contemporary moralist enjoins is that a man shall not "unload" upon his friends. He cannot so much as imagine a scruple about selling out cadescent stocks in open market.

It will not be so when the millennium comes. Property will continue then, as now, to fluctuate in value, but the prospect of a depression will no longer strike the owner as a good reason for selling out. His superior moral sense will then, as now, be profitable to his estate, since property doesn't always depreciate as much as is ex-

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pected, and often in the end it recovers more than it lost. But the great advantage from a business point of view of the perfected altruism will be emancipation of the altruist from panic and all its consequences, since the man who is more ready to accept his loss than to pass it on is not to be scared into a foolish sacrifice by the shadow of it beforehand.

In the book of criticism which Mr. George Saintsbury has just translated from the French of the late Edmond Scherer, Scherer nowhere better proves his breadth than in the essay on Wordsworth. For any foreign critic, and particularly for a Frenchman, Wordsworth is a supreme test. The critics of his own race and tongue have not found it easy to come into the sympathy with him that is requisite to a large and worthy appreciation. Scherer, however, has been able to do so to a degree that calls out especial mention from Mr. Saintsbury in his introduction, and the result is a study of Wordsworth full of interest and suggestion.

In a criticism of Wordsworth the central point must always be the interpretation put upon Wordsworth's relation to nature; and here Scherer has a passage particularly worth attending to. Wordsworth, he says, "is the poet who has most profoundly felt and most powerfully expressed the commerce of the soul with nature, the dialogue of the human mind with the spirit of things, the 'obstinate questionings' of which he himself speaks, the vague disquietudes of a creature moving in 'worlds not realized,' the high instincts which surprise ourselves." This Scherer offers as an enlargement of a definition of Matthew Arnold's, which, he thinks, "is not enough to characterize the poet's highest inspirations," though it "suits the Wordsworth of the pastorals." But Scherer's own definition, I fancy, will be found most pertinent when one has Wordsworth's pastoral quality most in mind. The heart of it—that phrase, "the vague disquietudes of a creature moving in 'worlds not realized'"—is a good account of the whole body of pastoral poetry; and one marvels a little that Scherer, come so near the subject as he is, entirely passes over the connection of Wordsworth's verse with the general body of pastoral compositions.

Arcady never arose out of sheer gladness of heart and lustihood of fancy. To the poetic imagination the difficulties, depravities, and insufficiency of actual life have always been especially manifest and oppressive. But the poetic imagination at its best never rests in discontent, in the mere apprehension and recital of woes. It is creative and seeks a remedy, or at least a refuge. From the first it has found some approach to that peace and sincerity which it cannot do without, but which actual life seems to deny everywhere in nature. Thus the poet's favorite haunt has always been the vales and the groves, the flowery banks and the green fields. But nature wholly unpeopled still failed to satisfy, and so the poets, in their aspiration after earthly perfection, fell to colonizing their placid retreats with the children of their fancy. Thus came Arcady—the land of fantastic shepherds and shepherdesses, where everybody was honest and simple, where the tending of sheep was but a pastime, and the chanting of madrigals the chief pursuit. It arose out of "the vague disquietudes of a creature moving in 'worlds not realized.'"

It was already a remote, rarely visited country, when Wordsworth was born; and he was not behind his age, rather in advance of it, in his poetical and spiritual impulses. By being in advance of his age he experienced even more than the poet's usual affliction of heart over the ordinary ways of men, and he went for consolation where the poets before him had gone, to nature. The impulse thither, it is true, was greatly strengthened in Wordsworth by rural birth and breeding. But the end sought—rest and soothing for a spirit that craved them intensely, and found nothing but sorrow in the world at large—was the same with him as with others. And he, too, found that nature unpeopled would not suffice. But he did not undertake to bring in a perfectly new race of his own creation. He took the shepherds and shepherdesses that he found already there. Remarking the development from his love of nature of a "love for the human creature's absolute self," he says:

> And shepherds were the men that pleased me first.

And he adds that these were not such shepherds as Saturn ruled, Shakespeare

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found in Arden, or "Spenser fabled;" such as have

> Left, even to us toiling in this late day,
> A bright tradition of the golden age.

But the shepherds that he found, Wordsworth did not scruple to make over. Their actual "vice and folly, wretchedness and fear," he confesses that he "little saw, cared less for;" and they became to his mind and under his hand

> Far more of an imaginative form
> Than the gay Corin of the groves, who lives
> For his own fancies, or to dance by the hour,
> In coranal, with Phyllis in the midst.

Thus Wordsworth lived in as complete, though not as fantastic, an Arcady as that of the elder bards; and one who went in search of his country with the eye of sense only would have as vain a search as if he sought the country of Colin Clout. Nor does Wordsworth's promise to become a much more popular resort than the earlier Arcady. Those who can abide there with honest delight are for the most part the same chosen few to whom even Gabriel Harvey, wielding the pipe of Pan, is a spectacle not wholly ludicrous.

Of course if a thing isn't so, the more reasons a man knows that prove that it must be so, the farther he is from the truth and the less chance there is of its percolating into him. Thus, when bleeding was the great medical cure-all, the worthy physicians who knew exactly why it must be the one indispensable remedy were really in a more hopeless bog of ignorance than people who knew nothing about medicine at all, but simply regulated their practice by the light of nature. Every man to his trade is a maxim that we habitually respect, in that we don't send our horses to a carpenter-shop to be shod, nor employ a gardener to look after the plumbing. The man whom we expect to be conversant with horseshoeing as a contemporary art is the blacksmith, and the person with the requisite skill and appliances for dealing with lead pipes is the plumber. But if the contemporary art of horseshoeing has a radical flaw in it, the carpenter, whose mind has not been prejudiced by mistaken instruction, nor his natural gumption perverted by malpractice, may be a likelier man to detect it than the blacksmith. And so the gardener may see that the plumber's pipes are unsafe, the plumber's argument, and usage among the best plumbers to the contrary notwithstanding.

Experto crede is sound advice, and ninety-something times out of a hundred we take it and do well. The other odd times either we take it and don't do well, or we take it with misgivings, or we don't take it at all. The world's experience has taught that in certain kinds of cases the wisdom that has finally justified itself has been the wisdom of the unlearned. The babes and sucklings of knowledge have hit upon the truth that the doctors have not been able to see. And so, ordinarily sagacious people come to make instinctive allowance for the prejudices of learning, as they do for what the unlearned don't know. A valuable pocket of knowledge on some particular line of investigation is often acquired, like ambergris in whales, at the cost of a considerable degeneration of the rest of the creature. Even so great a man as Darwin had to give up such intellectual valuables as his taste for music and his interest in religion in exchange for what he learned about deep-sea fishes and the habits of earth-worms. Medical specialists, especially, come in for a degree of chastened mistrust, and are in danger of being regarded as intellectual cripples whose minds, from too incessant application to one class of phenomena, get a list, as the mariners say, in that direction.

The point of all of which is, that humanity has a rational ground for appeal from all the high intellectual courts. Not only does perfect wisdom not lie in even the highest learning, but the cultivation of microscopic powers of the intellectual vision has a recognizable tendency to make the cultivator intellectually near-sighted. It is a tendency that was recognized the other day by the Secretary of the Treasury when he told the New York financiers, at a Chamber of Commerce dinner, that he was not satisfied that their opinion was infallible as to the effects of the coinage of silver. The same tendency is tacitly recognized day by day when we wonder if some person on whose insanity the experts have pronounced is really demented or not; or if

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there is really virtue in a remedy that the doctors say is bogus; or if there really are ghosts after all, or miraculous cures, though science says there can't be; or if the doctrine of evolution is a mistaken hypothesis, in spite of all the wise men who believe in it.

In every-day practice it is wise for us to listen deferentially to the men of highest learning and to act upon their advice, but it is neither necessary nor even advisable to let the voice of authority wholly extinguish our speculations, since great practical benefit has come to the world in time past from the faith of the unlearned, and imaginings which authority has ridiculed have finally worked out into marvellously fruitful results.

When Arthur Balfour—the "bloody and brutal"—Chief Secretary for Ireland of the English Government of the day, went up to Glasgow to deliver his address as Rector of the University, he chose for the title thereof "Progress." The title was slightly misleading, since the purpose of the address was to show how little adequate ground there is for the belief that there is, on the whole, any such thing as progress. With the soundness of the argument I am not now concerned. I incline to the opinion that it is a theory to which the inborn optimism of Americans renders them indifferent. But no one, I should say, can be indifferent to the fact that this still young man, in the situation he has made for himself, could find the time, the disposition, and the strength to submit such an argument. Mr. Balfour is the one man on whom nearly all the anger aroused by the Irish question is necessarily visited. He is officially commissioned, if I may say so, to take it in the House of Commons, and while he could not well avoid it, he has in fact rather courted it. In addition to this, which would seem a sufficient strain on his nerves, he has direct responsibility for a great amount of delicate, difficult, and complicated business. Despite it all, he appears before the Glasgow students with the air of a man whose life is passed in the study of philosophy, science, history, and discusses with a firmness and breadth of grasp, a clearness and symmetry of statement, and an elevation of tone that would be remarkable even in a student, a subject at once recondite and vast.

It is noteworthy that his immediate predecessor in the office of Irish Secretary, Mr. John Morley, of Mr. Gladstone's cabinet, and his present most formidable opponent, is also a thinker and a writer in fields that might be supposed to engross his energies. Lord Roseberry, another politician of high rank, deeply engaged in the intricacies of the new municipal system for London, has just published a brilliant and original study of the life of the younger Pitt; while Mr. Gladstone is famous for his "diversions" in the direction of literature.

Certainly the fibre of the race is not more relaxed on this side the water. And if we ask why our scholars are rarely politicians, and a still smaller percentage of our politicians are ever scholars, we find ourselves facing a wide problem. It may be that the inveterate decentralization, or rather the failure to centralize, of our politics has something to do with it. Then, too, the literary mind, if I may use that term, shrinks from activities that do not possess considerable definiteness of method and of principle. When once engaged in such activities it is often bold enough, and feels the temptation to break through or extend the limitations. But it does not willingly engage itself in a field where there are no limitations, and these are very few in American politics. Mr. Bagehot somewhere defines the English parliamentary mind as one that hesitates to concede wholly even that two and two make four, but persistently refuses to act on the assumption that two and two make anything but four. But the American Congressional mind is ready to submit to an election the question whether they do not make three or five, if the advocates of either seem to "hold the balance of power." From the arena where such questions may be gravely discussed the scholar is not unnaturally absent.

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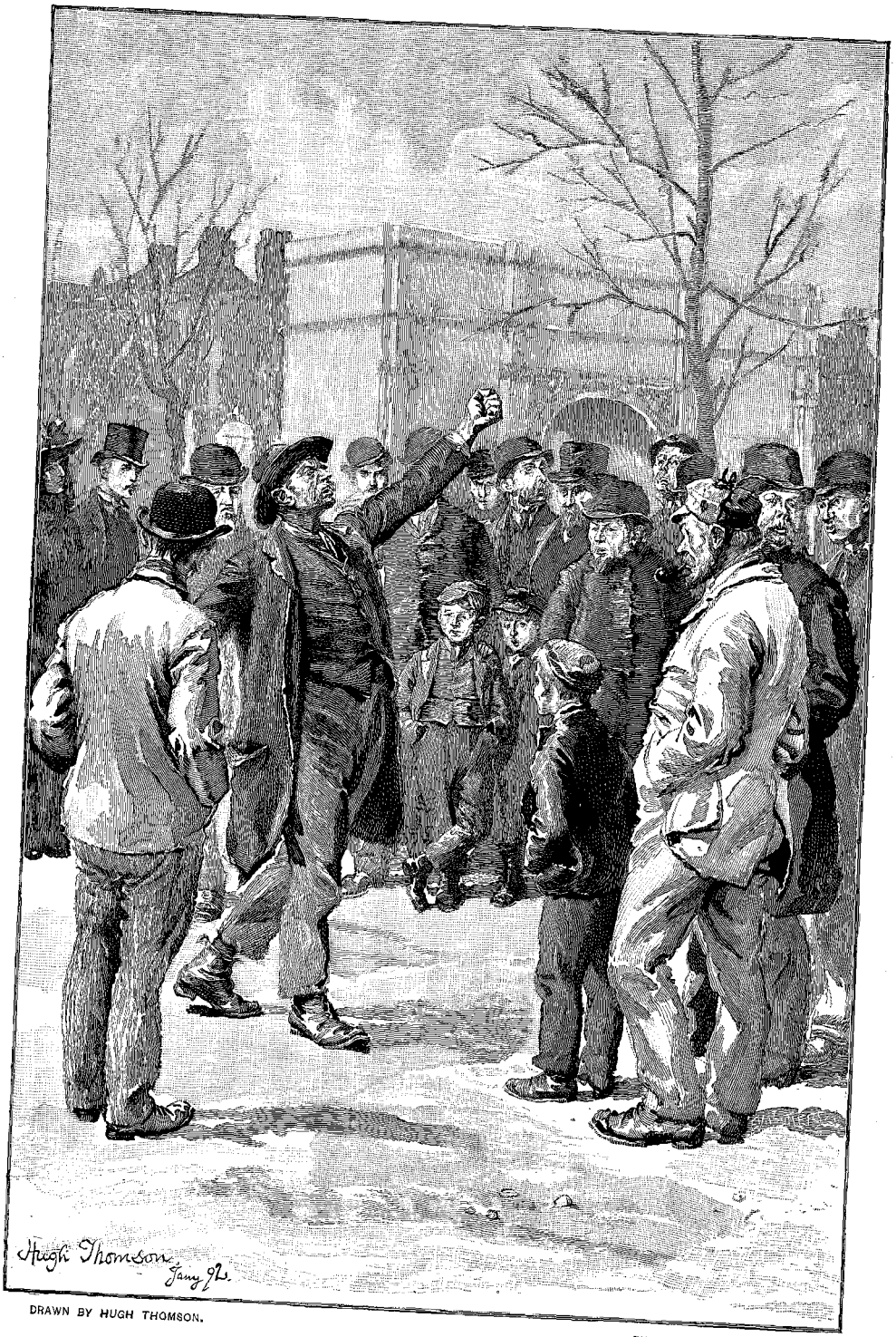

DRAWN BY HUGH THOMSON. ENGRAVED BY C. I. BUTLER.

SOCIALISM IN HYDE PARK, LONDON.

(A meeting on Sunday *afternoon*, near the Marble Arch.)

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